Chester, Jan. 7th 1865.

Rec'd D. G. Jan 17 '65.

Dear Will

I received the knife which you ~~so~~ sent me and I think it ~~w~~ is a real beauty and you do. n't know how much obliged to you I am. I think that it is as pretty a knife as I ever had and it so happened that I had just lost my old one so it came exactly at the right time. You must n't think that I have forgotten you this year but you must remember that I am in a little country town where I can't get everything so easily as in a city, and I couldn't think ~~w~~ of any thing to send you; but at last I happened to think of my eggs which you have so kindly

kept for me and though they are not a valuable present yet they are the only one that I could think of and I believe that there are a few which you have not in your collection and you can change the others off so as to make up your hundred that you spoke of in your last letter. I hope that you will accept them as a Christmas present though it is rather late in the day but "better late than never" you know and I hope that you will think so now. There is some too ~~wired~~ so that they are packed in and you can use that in stuffing birds. I had a good many presents Christmas, and I didn't expect any of any consequence. Will sent me Buckland's Natural

Curiosities, Second Series, and Father the money for a sled. Those are the only ~~two~~ ones that you would be interested in.

Since I wrote last another boy and I have set some snares for rabbits and hares and we drew lots to see which should have the first one but of course the luck was with the other fellow. ~~and we~~ We have caught one of the hares and hope to get some more. I have n't seen any snowbirds or snow-buntings or golden crested wrens yet, but I have seen redbellied nuthatches and chickadees though there dont seem to be many of any kind of bird around here. I wish that I had brought my gun up here, for I shall forget how to stuff birds if I don't have some practice

soon. We have had ever so much skating this year up here, and I have taken more interest in it than ever before I think, and I suppose the reason is that I ~~have~~ can skate better than most of the boys up here and you ought to see their skates and you would see the reason why they cant skate better.

I can do the outer edge pretty well now and can skate backwards faster than ~~most~~ any of the boys. The weather has been very cold lately as the thermometer has been down to 10° below zero once or twice.

But I don't know as I have any more to say except

Goodbye

Your aff. Friend

Dan.

(1) 10/11/24 eg

Amherst, June 3rd, 1865.

Dear Will,

Received a note from your father together with the owl's eyes which are exactly right, and I am very much obliged to you for getting them for me, but you did'nt tell me how much you paid, however I enclose fifty cents to pay for them. I have'nt been egging a great deal lately for I don't have much time; but I think Amherst is a good place for eggs. A week ago yesterday five turkeys hatch from those eggs that I set so long ago, but as I didn't know how to treat them they all died except one which I suppose will die before long. Yesterday, I set some ducks eggs, and I hope I shall have better luck with them.

I guess. There is a farm swallow's nest in our barn but I am afraid that I can't get it very well. You were lucky to find the owls nest for I guess she will set in the same place in next year.

Give my love to your father and mother.

Your aff. friend
Dan.

I believe that I told you I had some old ducks. They lay better than any hens that I ever saw for I only have three ducks and a drake and get 3 eggs every morning. Father bought a cow a few days ago, a grade short-horn for which he paid a hundred and twenty five dollars. She is a very fine one and has made as much as fifteen lbs. of butter in a week. We are keeping a horse which belongs to ~~another~~ a man who has done a good deal of work for us, and which makes believe kick and bite and is not handsome, ~~nothing~~ and has nothing to boast of except speed. ~~It~~

Yesterday afternoon father and I went fishing for trout and I caught one which weighed over a half a pound and on which I broke my pole and line. While father was fixing it he told me to go into the woods and see

if the brook kept on through the woods or not. When I had got a little way I thought I saw a thrush fly up, ~~and when~~ so I looked for the nest and found it in a tuft of grass with three eggs, ("what joy what rapture fills each breast") which I took, but could n't take the nest very well as I wanted to fish. I found them to be perfectly fresh or very nearly so. Nuttall description of ~~them~~ Wilson's thrush agrees exactly with this. I wish you would tell me whether a Wilson's thrush's eggs are dark or light green for these are almost as dark as a catbird's and I had an impression that they were light coloured. I also found a yellow throated vireo's nest yesterday in our yard which has no eggs in it yet but it will have soon as it is almost done. A boy showed me a meadow lark's nest with young ones in it yesterday,

and it was about as pretty a nest as you often see. I was on the ground of course and was made of hay or dried grass entirely and was roofed over so that it looked something like a mouse's nest scooped out. I found a phoebe's nest yester-day under a bridge with young ones in it and also a boy whom I was with found one with young ones in it. There is a good place for vireo's nest very near here where I have found two three or four old nests in going through it. A wren is building its nest in our yard in a box which I put up for it. There are also two least pewee's nests making and numerous chip-bee's in our yard. A boy presented me with a young wood chuck but died before long. I am going to get some chimney swallows eggs from our chimney next Saturday

Wilson Bull. 16 | Bonn. B. 35

Give my love to your father and mother.

Will

Monday, P.S. Since I wrote I have found another little sparrow's nest, and I did think I found a ruffed grouse's nest with about 20 eggs in it and I am going to have some of them. If it isn't too much trouble I would be willing to send one or two pairs of great-horned owls, if they do not cost more than 40 cents; and I will send you the money when I write.

Goodbye

Your aff. friend

Dan.

I am sorry to say that I have not any vacation until about the last of July; but I should like to have you come in your vacation ever so much. Our school keeps two sessions, from 9 to 12 o'clock in the morning and from 1½ to 4½ in the afternoon, ~~and~~ does not keep at all, Saturdays, and is dismissed at about 3 or 3½ o'clock on Wednesday afternoons; so you see I do not have a great deal of time out of school. If you wanted to stuff birds, only, you would have a good chance for I never saw so many warblers in my life as I have seen this year. I was going to put down when they came here but I have given up in despair, for I can't begin to tell the names of them but I guess you could. I saw a true blackburnian warbler yesterday that was darker colored on

if I had a vacation. But you can come again in the summer vacation

the breast than any I have ever seen but was not as dark as Audubon's picture is though it agreed with the description I think. A week ago last Monday a boy who goes to our school said that he saw some owls in some woods behind our house, ~~and~~ the day before and said that if I would shoot them both and give him one he would show me where they were; so after school I went with him and pretty soon we saw them sitting up in a tree, where they were the day before. I killed both, and found them to be great horned owls almost grown though not quite. Then the boy said that if I would him how to stuff birds I could have both of them. I agreed to it and so I have stuffed them and they look very well. I have not the eyes to put into them. Do you know how much they cost? I went egging the other day after school with one of our boys and we found a field

sparrow's nest with four eggs of which I have two. I also know where there is a blue jay's nest which had no eggs in it though the bird flew off. I shall go to it again in a few days. I shot a scarlet tanager a few days ago which I have stuffed. They are the hardest birds to stuff that I ever saw because the feathers drop out at the least touch. Tomorrow after school I am going to a hawks nest where (a boy told me) I can shoot the old one on the nest, but probably the nest it is so high up that I can not get at it. I have seen several scarlet tanagers and yesterday I saw as many as eight and I guess more than that different kinds of warblers just walking through some woods near here; so you see you would have a good chance to shoot birds. I intend to study a lot of them this spring, but I don't have much time though. A boy gave me a golden winged wood-

of he's egg which he found in a nest. I think you did well to get those hawks, though you don't seem to have very good luck with wire cartridges. I have four ducks and I guess I shall raise a lot from them. I also have some hens and I guess I shall have some young turkeys in about a week if the eggs hatch. We also have a pig and a cow; all of which I take care of and we shall have a horse pretty soon and then I shall take care of that. The girl milks the cow, but I do everything else. I think that Amherst is a good place for eggs, as the boys seem to have very good collections. The chimney swallows build in our chimneys and I guess I can get some eggs. Will you look in Audubon's and tell me when they have eggs, as Nuttall doesn't say? I hope you will come, but you can decide for yourself. I think you would have a better

Arnold W. Gill

Chester, Aug. 7 1865.

Dear Will,

I received your letter a few days ago but as it was missent and forwarded to Chester I did not receive it as soon as I otherwise should. You were lucky to get the redbellied nuthatches but I don't think they are as rare as we used to think they were for I have seen one and heard several more while I have been here. I have stuffed an albino striped squirrel which a boy's rat caught and last evening a bat flew into the parlor and I killed him with a broom

and shall stuff him tomorrow.

I think I saw some of the red breasted birds such as you spoke of the other day and I also saw a little black bird with just a little pure white on his wings. Hawk are pretty common here and are not yet very sky. The other day I was under a large oak tree with my gun and was thinking whether if a hawk flew over I should take him on the wing or take the chance of his lighting when out of the tree under which I was standing flew a great hawk and light in the next tree. So I went under that tree but the leaves were so thick that I couldn't see him and out he flew again and light on a stump and then I lost sight of him. Will came here Thursday and going away tomorrow.

There are ever so many purple martins here and you might shoot them if you were here but

I somehow don't seem to hit birds on the wing. When I go to Milton perhaps I shal call out to see you for an afternoon and bring a chimney swallows nest to you which fell down into the fire place, I killed a cat the other day with my gun. I tied her up to a stone and shot her. I don't know where to direct this letter to but I you will get it sometime if I direct it to Boston. Give my love to your father and mother

Goodbye,

your aff. friend

Don.

P. S. You directed your letter right but it went to Chester, Vt.

Richard G.
Aug. 21 1865

Amherst, Oct. 1st. 65

Dear Will

I promised to write to you as soon as I got to Amherst but I thought I would wait awhile so as to tell you something about it. I stopped at Milton a week after I came to see you. One day while I was there we went shooting on the marshes and a flock of golden plover flew off towards a hill near by and Tom Mills thought that they light so we went over there and when I got almost to the top I could hear them peeping over the other side and Tom and Bijah made motions to me to keep back and then Tom fired and killed two and wounded another that they got a lit-

the while after. The firing scared them and the came pretty near me and I killed one of them so we got four in all and they are worth $0.62½ in the market. I stuffed the one that I killed and he looks as well as any of my birds if not better, but I had to leave him behind. The same day we got three grey squirrels, five bluejays, two flickers, and one woodduck. Of these I shot a grey squirrel three & four blue jays and one goldenwing. Don't you think we were in luck that day. The quails were as thick as they could be, and one day I saw ever so many running and flying round but it was in a grove where shooting was not allowed so we couldn't shoot them.

I have gone into school here and have taken up Latin and I don't like it very well. I have got aquainted with the boys and I guess they are

are a pretty good set but I miss you and the other boys very much. I have not been shooting here yet but the boys say that there are partridges, ducks, a few quails and once in a while a grey squirrel. Blue jays and meadow larks are common as they can be. I like Amherst very well and think I shall like it better when we get into our own house. The college farm is in a very nice place and there are lots of woods on it. I can get as many chestnuts as I want to eat on the farm as there is are ever so many trees on the farm. I have to study about all the time I have out of school making up what I have lost.

Give my love to your father and mother, Good bye.

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Edward D. G.
Oct 1 - '65

Amherst, Oct. 15, 1865.

Dear Will

I received your letter and I think you must be having a very nice time. I think it is rather strange that the grey squirrels should come around Cambridge so much. I wish you would tell me where you shoot the musk rats, and who goes shooting with you. My prencipal friend here, is Frank Cowles, but I miss you ever so much. I haven't been gunning yet, but I set some snares about a week ago, and saw a great flock of rusty blackbirds, and while I was setting a snare two partridges flew up, not more than three or four rods off. When I went to the snares next day, I found them sprung,

and the foot of the a partridge in one of them, and the feathers scattered around everywhere, and I happened to see a heap of leaves near by, and under that I found the body of the partridge about half eaten. Some dog or fox had found the partridge, and made a meal of him; "wasn't it mean". Yesterday I went chestnutting, and got about two quarts, but the fellow who was with me got four quarts. The chestnut is about as common a tree as they have here. There are ever so many woodchucks here, and I found a dead one in the woods the other day.

I have unpacked my birds and most of them are hurt a good deal, and some are entirely spoiled, so that I shall throw them away.

If it would not be inconvenient to you, I would a little rather you would keep my eggs till I can get them, as I am a little afraid

to trust them to mail or express, however if they are in the way at your house you must send them of course. Almost all the boys around here are collecting eggs, but they give such names to them that I cant make "heads or tails" of them.

Yesterday I went over to a mill, and went up three stories in an elevator, and down again. We went pretty fast coming down and I was pretty glad when we got down.

A boy there, said that the rope or something broke the other day, while he was on, and down it went "full drive," but it didnt happen to hurt him. I am not in the High School here, but I study Latin though. It requires a great deal more to get into the High School here, than in Cambridge, but you get through it in three years, so I guess I shall come out even with you, though

probably, I shan't know so much. The class that I am in, is to be examined for the High School in about six weeks, when we shall have a vacation of two weeks, but I guess I can't get up. They give a good deal of vacation here; two weeks in winter & eight or ten in ~~summer~~ spring, and about six or eight in summer. I received a letter from Dick the other day, and I hope to hear from you soon. Give my love to all.

Your aff friend,

Dan.

Henry S. Oct. 15 1865

P.S. I didn't tell you that I caught another grouse but some one took out of the snare we heard.

His letter doesn't look very well but as I know you are pretty well.

Amherst, Oct. 29, 1865.

Dear Will

You seem to have great luck in catching muskrats and I wish to know what you do with their skin; but I suppose you sell them, and if you do, tell me how much you get for them. I think I will try to catch some if you will tell me how you set the traps. A few days ago it snowed quite hard all the afternoon, but it all melted again almost as soon as it reached the ground. I was mistaken about our having so much vacation, as we only have twelve weeks in the year. We shall have one of two weeks, in about three

weeks. You inquired if there were any hills and mountains near here. I guess you would think there were if you should look out of our windows, for Amherst is entirely surrounded by hills. There are ever so many woods here and a boy who goes to our school says he caught thirty or forty rabbits one winter and they say that there are several trout brooks near here but its not the season to catch them now. I have also found that that there are some grey squirrels pretty near here

Yesterday I went to the Natural History Rooms of the College and they have a very good collection of birds and then there was a panther that was stuffed better than any animal that I ever saw. They have the greatest collection of fossil birds tracks in the country and they have the foot of one of the

birds that made them and it is three or four times the size of an ostrich's and I wish you could see the tracks. Some of the pieces that the tracks are on are fifteen or twenty feet long where they have taken three or four steps.

We have to speak and write compositions at our school and I have spoken and written a compositions and I can tell you it is not very pleasant speaking before a school that you have just entered. I have entered the Sabbath School and have the same teacher there as at the day school. I wish you were here and we could have a good time for if you were here we would set snares every where but the boys here haven't enough spirit for that or else they have something else to do, but as the chestnuts are gone I may have some

chance for it. I have just sat down to finish this letter as I have been ~~out~~ to walk up to the farm and we found quite a number of chestnuts and I saw about six or seven robins, some of which had the brightest red breasts that I ever saw, I think. I also found a splendid place to set snares and I think I shall set some there next Saturday. I don't have much time for play except on Saturday as I have to study pretty hard and then our school keeps two sessions one from 9 A.M. to 12 M. and the other from 1½ P.M. to 4½ P.M. and then we have supper at 5½ P.M. so you see it is pretty close work. I will write to you again soon and tell you what luck I have snaring.

Good by

Your aff friend

Dan.

Dear Mamma

Amherst Nov. 12 1865

Dear Will

I received your letter with your instructions for setting traps for musk rats. My traps don't succeed as well as yours do, for I haven't got a single thing from them; I mean from my shares for I haven't set any musk-rat traps yet. The two Saturdays before yesterday were rainy, so that I did not go shooting, but we have a workshop here, so I set about making a squirrel cage; but I haven't got it done yet. Yesterday (for a wonder) was pleasant, and so Will Hingman (a fellow whose father keeps this hotel) and I started off in the morning with a dog to set some snares and I thought that he would set as many as I wanted to; but when we

got up into the woods, he complained that his feet were cold, and he wanted to go to a house (Dick Lewis') and get warm, so we started off; but just as we got out of the woods we came to a chestnut tree where the chestnuts were thick; and then ~~his~~ he wanted to stop, and pick them up, (and I can't say that I didn't too) and after that I got him to come back, and set one snare, and then we, I, went down to Dick's ~~with~~ him, and saw the "gals" and warmed ourselves, and then we went to where I had set some snares before, and we found that the squirrels had eaten the bait, and sprung the traps, and so we set a trap for the squirrels. While we were setting it, the dog started a rabbit and it ran into its hole, and he barked so loud that we went to where he was, and found him digging away after him, and

we called him off, and set a snare for the rabbit right in front of the hole, so that he would would have to go into it, when he came out or else dig another hole. I forgot to say that we scared up six or seven partridges or grouse, as I suppose I must call them when I write to so great an ornithologist, as you are. I saw some of the best red squirrels that I ever saw. They were so tame that the boy who had them let them run all over him and he could take them up in his hands and one he brought over to the hotel in his pocket. I think I shall try to get a pair..... I have now got home again after having been to church and sunday school. I have got through speaking for this term, and am getting along pretty well in Latin. We have began to translate and parse

and I get along as well as most of them, though I haven't been through adjectives or pronouns, but the other scholars have.

Sallie sends her love to you and wishes to know how the first class in the high school behaves.

I intend to write to Dick today.

Give my love to all.

Goodbye,

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Franklin Co.

Dec. 12. '65.

HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

Friday Evening, Nov. 24, 1865.

Exercises begin at 7 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

1. DECLAMATION.—The Fire King.—*Scott.*

GEORGE H. BELL.

2. READING.—"High School Portfolio."

FANNIE L. HOWLAND, SABRA G. AYRES.

3. RECITATION.—Little Mabel.—*From the German.*

AMELIA S. DICKINSON.

4. DECLAMATION.—Polyphemus and Ulysses.—*Saxe.*

JOHNNIE M. TYLER.

MUSIC.

5. COMPOSITION.—Sowing beside the Hidden Path.

JENNIE L. BARROWS.

6. LADIES' DIALOGUE.—The Well of Truth.

7. DECLAMATION.—Chamouni.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

AUSTIN P. CARY.

8. COMPOSITION.—Women of the Bible.

MARY E. LINCOLN.

MUSIC.

9. RECITATION.—Apostrophe to the Ocean.—*Byron.*

MARY E. MOSMAN.

10. DECLAMATION.—Mr. Pepperage's Peroration.

RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN.

11. COMPOSITION.—Crowned and Uncrowned Heroes.

HATTIE H. KELLOGG.

12. DECLAMATION.—The Voice of Freedom.—*Whittier.*

HERBERT B. ADAMS.

MUSIC.

13. COMPOSITION.—Tribute of Suffering to Genius.

SARA J. LONGLEY.

14. ORIGINAL COLLOQUY.—The Rebellion Squelched.

Scene 1st. Jeff Davis's Private Apartment.
" 2d. Pat at the Telegraph Office.
" 3d Jeff's Kitchen ;—What the Darkies think.
" 4th. Bad News, Jeff prepares for Flight.
" 5th. Finale, Jeff's Capture.

15. COMPOSITION.—Light ; with Valedictory.

HELENA F. BRIDGMAN.

MUSIC.

16. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

Amherst, Nov. 26, 1865.

Dear Will

I received your letter and am very much obliged to you for your invitation. I should like to come very much indeed, but I don't think that I can come this time very well, but I do want to see you and the other boys ever so much. Last Thursday there was a fair in the vestry of the church and we all went to it; but such an atmosphere as there was there! it was enough to smother any one at first; but after a while they opened the windows which made it better. There wasn't much fun to be had except talking with the girls, and I was rather glad to get out of it. Friday evening

the High School Exhibition came off. I was in a colloquy which one of the boys made up and it was quite a funny one, too. There were four fellows blacked up as "niggers," and I was "Bub," Jeff's son. Then two of the young ladies read the High School Portfolio which was quite funny the way that they brought in the scholars. They said that they said several languages were spoken there being a genuine Frenchman in the school, also for Natural History they had two of Mother Cary's chickens which were two fellows by the name of Cary, whom I called Mother Cary's chickens as soon as I knew them. I will send you a programme so you can see for yourself what it was.

Yesterday father saw a grey-

squirrel on the College Farm but I don't think I shall kill it if I do see it, for perhaps they will breed and I shouldn't object to having a lot of squirrels round there. I have nearly finished a squirrel cage and I have set traps for squirrels but I seem to be rather unlucky, for I can't catch one. There are ever so many hawks road here but they are pretty shy so that I can't get a shot at them but it is vacation at our school for the next two weeks so I shall go gunning a good, I guess. Yesterday I went to the College Gymnasium Exhibition and it was about as good as a circus and I never saw fellows swing around the parallel bars &c. as they did there. I am &

afraid that this letter will not be very interesting ~~to you~~ as ~~there~~ I have not been shooting; but I have been taken up principally with the Exhibition so that I haven't had a great deal of time.

Give my love to your father and mother and thank them from me for their kind invitation. I wish you would tell me how many rabbits the Russells have and tell me about all the boys.

Goodbye,

Your aff friend,

Dan

Hiawatha D.T.

Apr 26 1875

Chester, Dec. 24th 1865.

Dear Will

I have just finished a composition the subject of which was ~~a~~ A Visit to Rye Beach and it is the second one that I have written on that subject. Our school keeps just as it did at Amherst except that it begins at one o'clock in the afternoon instead of 1½. Last Wednesday I spoke a piece at school and a week from next Wednesday I shall read my composition. I have not seen any goldfinches. Sally but I asked the boys if white birds ever came here in winter and they said that they did just before a snowstorm and they said that they are very tame and come around

the houses after something to eat and I suppose that they must be snowbunting, and I guess that I can get some of them this winter sometime. When I was out in the woods yesterday I saw ~~eversomany~~ ever so many rabbits tracks and I think that I shall set some snares pretty soon but I haven't much faith in my snares now, and I guess you haven't either. There is a good deal of snow on the ground now but it is raining and so I guess it wont last long and I hope that we shall have some more skating soon. I have the best pair of skates that there is in Chester most of the boys having the true original skate turning up in front with a long curve.

The thermometer has not been much below zero yet but some mornings it has seemed rather

cold when I came down to make the fire in the morning; but I have done it every morning but two and then I was about 20 minutes late and grandmother had got up before me. My cousin Nellie Seale goes to school with me and she and I are learning to play chess and I think it is the best game that I ever played but it is very hard to play a good game. If you see Will I wish that you would please ask him to send my "Young Folks" along, I want the Dec. No. I have not much more to tell you as one day is pretty much like another so I will wish you a Merry Christmas though you will not receive this till after the day Goodbye

Your aff. friend.

Dan.

French D. C.
Dec 24 - 65

Chester, Jan. 21, 1866.

Dear Will

I received your letter and am glad you are pleased with my present. Last Monday I saw a flock of about three hundred snow buntings and didn't I wish had a gun? When flew it seems as if I could have shot five or six at once. When I got home I told the folks that there was going to be a snow storm within two days because I had seen the "snow bunts", and sure enough it did snow the next day five or six inches, and it is splendid sleighing. How I wish I could go sleigh riding with your Hattie the way we used to?

I have concluded that we used to have a pretty good time in Cambridge on the whole for all I used to think I did it. Yesterday I saw ever so many goldfinches in a tree in our yard, and to-day I heard some chicadees but they don't come round the house any and I haven't seen a single snow bird or golden-crested wren this winter. You and Ruth Deane were lucky to get those creepers eggs and you seem to be pretty lucky with Samuels. I think I shall buy one of his ornithologies and I should think that it would be a pretty good thing. I want to know whether you have shot any snow buntings or stuffed any other birds. I have made two snow dogs lately but the first ran away because it rained and he

didn't like it and the most of the other is left now. Week before last we had very good skating and I went several times. I haven't caught any more rabbets in my snares and I am afraid I shan't for I don't have much time to tend them. If Dick is at Cambridge I wish you would tell him to write to me for I wrote to him last. Do you know how much steel traps like yours cost? The fellows say that there are minks round here and as their skins are worth $10., I should like to get a few. I think that I shall stay up here about five or six months more though. I shall have a vacation in about five weeks. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Goodbye

Your aff friend
Dan.

Hench D.C.
Jan. 21
1866

Chester Feb 4th 1866.

Dear Will

I received your letter and am very much obliged to you for your invitation and I should like to come to Cambridge and see you very much, but my school is rather undecided and so I can not give you a decisive answer but I certainly will come if I can for I long to see the boys again.

I am very much obliged to you for your offer to buy the traps for me but I don't think that I shall set any this winter. I wish that there were as many cats around here as there were at Cambridge for catskins are worth .25 apiece here, for robes. The snowbunting's have been here all this week but

they have not come into our yard yet, and I have not been able to get one yet though I have seen them every day "down town" among some weeds where they found seeds. They are not alike in color, some of them have white breasts with a black spot on their heads and others have sort of grey breasts with lighter color on the head. I am about wild for them but I have to "stand and grind my teeth" to see them fly around and not being able to get even one. I have offered ever so many of the boys ten cts. for one but I can't get it. I saw them this morning running round picking up seeds. I have seen quite a number of chicadees this last week and I saw three song sparrows the other day and they were not tree sparrows. This morning in church a mouse ran up one aisle and down the

other till a man stepped
and killed it. I should think that
you would be contented with the
case for your egg now. I shall begin
another collection of eggs in the
spring and you must not think
that I don't feel any interest in
them now for I do just as much as
ever. I think that you made a
good change for that grosbeak's
egg and I also think [illegible] that
birds are uncommonly scarce this
winter for I haven't seen a single
snow-bird golden crested wren or white
[illegible] nuthatch though I did see
some redbellied ones when I first
came here. I am in hopes that
our school here will keep another
term but I am afraid that
it won't. Is Charlie Carter in
Cambridge [illegible]. Remember me to the
boys. It has been good coasting
lately but I have not been any

of any consequence. Give my love to your father and mother.

Goodbye

Your aff friend
Dan

Branch C. D. R.
Feb. 4 - '66.

Chester, Feb. 18th 1866.

Dear Will

I received your letter and I wish that I could come to Cambridge in your vacation but I shall be obliged to refuse your invitation. Don't think it is because I don't want to come because is it isn't for I should like to come very much. Our term closes next Friday and I shall have to stay here for about three weeks and then I shall go to Concord, N.H. to see Hattie and then I hope to come to Cambridge to stay a while with Will. F. (and then I shall go back to Amherst,) so I shall see you if nothing happens to prevent. You said in your last letter that the robins and cherry birds had come,

but I haven't seen a single individual of either species though one of the boys said that he heard a robin. I have seen a good many chicadees snow buntings and tree sparrows since I wrote last but no real summer birds. Have the bluejays stayed in Cambridge this winter because they have here. One of the boys caught one in a trap alive and ~~was going~~ would have ~~to~~ given it to me but he pulled two of the tailfeathers out and so I didn't want it. All the boys here are trying to get cats for catskins are worth 25 apiece for making robes, ~~A~~ and we have had several boy come here to see if we had any cats to give away. You could make your fortune killing cats in Cambridge and bringing them up here. Last Wednesday evening I went to a party

and staid till about 12 o'clock and had a real good time. It wasn't like the Cambridge parties where they do nothing but dance, but we played games and talked with the girls and so on. There is to be an exhibition at our school on the last day when I shall have to speak and I don't like it very well.

Yesterday we had the best skating that I have seen this year. I think that you were very lucky to get those shore larks and I should think you would have been mad when the cap snapped.

I hope to see you before long.

Goodbye,

Your aff friend,

Dan.

French D. C.
Feb. 18 - '66.

Chester, March 4th 66

Dear Will

I received your letter last Tuesday as usual. I have n't seen any birds lately except crows and chicadees, the former every day and the latter once in a while. The robins have n't come yet, nor the cherry birds either, that is I haven't seen any. A week ago Friday our exhibition took place and there were ninety one spectators. In the forenoon I recited Algebra and in the afternoon Analysis and Latin, and got through pretty well. Then I spoke my piece which I dreaded all day but when I began to speak it I didn't mind

it at all and when I got al-
most to the end wished the
piece was longer. The piece
was "Sheridan's Ride" and is a
very fine one. Friday evening
we had a reunion that is all
of our scholars met to in the
town hall and had a very nice
(in other words "tiptop") time.
Last Tuesday I tapped a ma-
ple tree that is in our yard
and have got a good deal of
sap, and I think that it is
the sweetest that I ever ~~say~~
tasted. My cousin here had a
cat that had so bad eyes and
my Aunt Helen wanted it killed
so one day it mysteriously disap-
peared, that is I told one of the
boys that he might have it
so he took it in the afternoon,
(Wednesday) and just hit it a
little tap on the head and my

cousin thought some boy must have caught it in a trap and she continued to think so till today she questioned me a little too hard, and I guess she suspects me. I haven't taken much vacation, for I began to recite to Miss Melvin last Thursday. You asked me if there was any snow on the ground. There is not any now though there has been a little snow storm since you wrote. The reason I don't say more about birds in my letters is that there are not any to tell ~~abo~~ about. Yesterday I made a birdhouse but didnt quite finish it. Give my love to your Father and Mother.

Goodbye

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

French D. C.
March 4. '66.

Chester, March 18th, 1866.

Dear Will

I received your letter last Tuesday, and I don't see, exactly why the robins don't come here. I saw a few of them last Friday for the first time though I have heard that one or two were seen before that. The bluebirds came here last Monday and so did the red winged blackbirds. The "golden wings", I saw for the first time, last Tuesday and they ~~were~~ were quite numerous; Redwings and bluebirds, ditto. I heard songsparrows last Friday for the first time, but didn't get a sight at one till yesterday. Perhaps you remember, that in a letter to you a month or two ago I said that I saw some songsparrows, but I think

now that they must have been tree sparrows, but I didn't have a very good sight at them. Friday, I heard a redstart too though I didn't see him. I don't think I could have been mistaken for I guess you remember what a lot of them there used to be in our yard. It has been uncommonly mild weather for the last week, and I suppose that is what brought the birds, but today is very cold and I haven't seen any birds except some crows and some members of the hen tribe. I believe I told you in my last letter that I was making a bird house. Well, I finished it and I thought it didn't look remarkably well, so I added a steeple and got some white lead and painted it and it looks very well. It has six rooms in it besides one in the steeple. Two other boys helped me put it up, but I put it on

so slender a pole that I guess I shal [illegible] to take it down again for fear the wind will blow it over. I guess I shall take it down tomorrow and get a better pole to put it on and I think I shall stand a good chance of getting some martins as there are ever so many of them up here and two persons have taken down their birdhouses which used to be full of martins. I don't know but what the wind will save me the trouble of taking it down for it is blowing pretty hard. Last evening I attended a singing school, and waited on a young lady home. I have tapped several trees lately and have got quite a lot of sap which has been boiled down and made a little syrup but it takes ever so much sap to make a pint of

syrup, say, ten or twelve [illegible]

Last Tuesday was town meeting day and it is one of greatest days to the boys here. They buy a lot of molasses candy "and so on" ~~forth~~ and sell it for about twice what they gave for it and so make quite a lot of money.

You may expect to see me within two weeks, but I shall go to see H at the next Tuesday, probably, and expect to stay about a week. I am sorry I could not come in your vacation but it can't be helped as I see. Give my love to your Father and Mother.

Goodbye

Your aff. friend

Dan.

Franklin D.C.

Mar. 15

1866

Dear Will

I want you to be sure to come to see me next Summer and I guess you will make it to stand it.

Give my love to your Father and Mother.

Good bye
Your old friend
Dan.

P. S. April 23 Some weeks came ~~there yesterday~~ ~~day~~ ~~before~~ last Thursday. I went to work yesterday and was ~~to have~~ you near when I was and I so I am a word than ok

I was sixteen years old last Friday and Father presented me with a fishing pole (a very nice one with four joints) and yesterday Father and I went trout fishing. We started in the morning at about six o'clock; took the first train of cars, and went about five miles from here, to Dwights Station. Then we walked about a mile up a hill, and found a brook, where they said there were a good many trout. We scared up one

ruffed grouse and ~~scared~~ heard another drumming a good way off. The hill is covered with wood except in some places where it is cleared off. When we first struck the brook, the banks ~~it~~ was so covered with bushes that we couldn't feel much, but in a little while we came to a place where the brook flowed over a ledge of rocks about ten or twelve feet high and then flowed for about a quarter of a mile between two ledges about twenty feet high; so that it made a ravine about twenty feet wide with a small brook running through it. I never saw anything half so beautiful before,

but of course you have often, at the White Mountains for Father said it was just like some places in the "White Mountings", as Theo. Russell calls them.

We didn't catch many trout on the hill though it looked like a splendid place. But after we got into the open fields we caught between sixty and seventy ~~trout~~ that would weigh from a half of an ounce to nearly a half a pound. Yesterday I saw some barn swallows for the first time and I saw white-bellies the day before. Last Sunday I was out walking with Father and Mother on the College Farm and I saw a

robin with a white head, that is, it was white where it was generally black. I watched it for some time and got close to it and it was just like any of the others except the white. I went up the next day with a gun to see if I couldn't get it but I didn't see it any where. I have seen quite a number of turtle-doves since I came here, which I never saw before alive. I have found that a good many of the boys are collecting eggs, but they don't know much about birds. Great crested flycatchers build here and the boys don't seem to consid. them as rare as green herons' eggs, and I guess I could get two of them

Received Dec 21 '06

for one green heron's eggs. The boys call them "yellar hammers" but of course I can tell what they are for they are not like any other bird's egg. I told you that the hawks had a white place above the tail like the golden wing, and I have noticed it since I came this time. I think that I can get some hawks to stuff this season for they are not very wild and there are a good many of them. Yesterday I saw one while I was fishing that flew ~~right~~ over Father within good shot that was marked like a gull, and had fully as much white on it. I have seen this white

headed eagles since I came here. Last Sunday I saw a hairy woodpecker. I never saw so many meadow larks as there are here, and I could shoot one any time, almost. There are a good many muskrats in a pond and brook near the house where we are going to live, and I am going to set some traps for them. The people who live in the house killed one in their cellar. We hope to get into the house, the ~~the~~ first week in May, and when we do I shall go into farming. I like Amherst very much now and have entirely turned round to liking it.

Amherst, Mass.
May 6th, 1866.

Dear Will,

Father says he saw your birds and thought they were stuffed well. He also said that you had shot two hawks but he didn't know what kind they were. Did you shoot them with wire cartridges?

I have been going to school and like Amherst very much. I am now in the old farm house which has hardly a right angle in it. Last Saturday (a week ago yesterday) Dick Bowles gave me a hen and some turkeys' eggs and we set her up in the barn, and in about three weeks, now, I expect to see some little turkeys. I am going to set some ducks' eggs this week sometime, and a boy said he would get me

some last night. Father has bought a cow and a pig and wants to get a horse. Last Wednesday I spoke a piece in school, and I shall have to write a composition in a little while. Last Friday a circus ~~and menag~~ came here and one of the boys in our school got up a petition that we might have the day. All the scholars except two or three signed it and one of the boys carried it to the committee and he said 'that he couldn't give us the day, as the law required that we should have forty ~~days~~ half-days of school in a month, but that if we would all agree to stay away from school, and the teachers were in their places at the right time, that nobody would be to blame'; so we got

the day. In the morning I went-
egging, with a boy named How-
land who knows a good deal a-
bout birds, and we climbed up
to several crow's nests, but they
were last year's ones and full
of leaves. Then we went into
a swamp and saw some red eyed
vireos, and black and white creepers
and heard an owl in the distance
making a noise like too hoo, too
hoo, too hoooooo &c. We went in
the direction he was in but
couldn't see him anywhere. When
we were coming home we were
walking in a lane and Howland
saw a nest in a pine tree, and
we threw up a cent to decide
which should go up, and it fell
to him. When he had got about
half up the tree a crow flew
off of the nest and flew off,

and when he got up to it
there were five eggs in it. Then
I tell you we yelled with delight,
and made pretty quick work
with them. Of course they were
cow's eggs. They had young ones
in them, but we blew them with-
out hurting them much. H. had
three and I two. I saw a blue-
bird fly out of a tree when we
got nearly home, and when I
took an egg out of the hole, that
she flew from, it was pure white,
without the least blue tinge
in it, and looked exactly like a
downy woodpecker's, and of course
I thought I must have mistaken
the bird. There were five eggs in
the nest and while we were
blowing them the bluebirds (male
and female) came back and went
to the hole and looked in, and
then began to fly round the tree.

The nest was exactly like a blue-bird's and the entrance to the hole was large enough for me to get my hand in. This morning I took an egg from a bluebird's nest in a box back of the house and compared it with one of the white ones, and I found the white one was shorter and larger at the little end than the true bluebird's. Then, it had the glossy, ~~shiny~~, smooth surface that all woodpecker's eggs have. Father asked a gentleman here about it, and he said that he thought that a woodpecker had destroyed the eggs of the bluebird and laid its own eggs in ~~it~~ the nest. I wish you would ask Mr. Samuels about it if you happen to see him. In the afternoon I went to the circus and I think that it was about the

best one that I ever saw.
They had quite a number of animals and among them the hippopotamus. They also had a lioness with four cubs.

There were three elephants which were the worst ones that I ever saw. They were all skin and bones and looked as if they hadn't had anything to eat for a week. Yesterday, we moved into the house and worked hard all day. Do you know where your Father got the paper that you cover the holes in your eggs with? I want my Father to get me some. All the boys blow their eggs "end to end," here, and keep them on sand. I have found several robins' nests and bluebirds' nests, but no song sparrows'. Give my love to your Father and all other friends. Goodbye

Your aff. friend
Dan.

Frank D. C.
Aug 17 '66

Amherst Aug. 17th, 1866

Dear Will,

I hardly know how to decid the question about the savannah sparrow's nest, but I think that the boy who found the eggs ought to have all of them. Charlie Howland and I went off the other day, egging, with the same agreement, that the boys, you mentioned had, and when we were coming home we separated, purposely, to go home different ways, and on the way home he found a field sparrow's nest but we didn't share the eggs, and I think your case was something like it.

I am glad poisonous ivy doesn't poison me for you must have had a hard time. I haven't found ~~a great~~ many eggs since I wrote last. A week ago yesterday I went off on a long

tramp but found hardly enough to pay for it. I found a maryland yellow-throats nest with four eggs, and also a song sparrow's with four, and that was all. Last Wednesday I got three yellow-throated vireo's eggs and yesterday I got another one. Yesterday I found a king bird's with three and a song sparrow's with four. I think they were song sparrow's but it was so dark that I couldn't see the bird plainly, and sparrow's look a great deal alike. Tuesday, I too looked into one of our chimneys and found a ~~nest~~ chimney swallow's nest all finished, and the chimney swallow was on but no eggs. I shall go up again next wednesday and look in the other chimney also. A wren and a bluebird have nests in my boxes, but white bellies have their nests in holes in trees here. Howland, ~~ab~~ a boy who lives here has found two or-

chard orioles nests with four eggs each this year and also a yellow-winged sparrow's (he thinks they are but I haven't seen them yet) with four. ~~Friday~~ Thursday I found a purple finches nest with four. Thursday, I also caught a woodchuck in a steel trap, and yesterday I caught another. The one I caught yesterday, got into the hole a little way and when I tried to pull him out the chain on the ~~the~~ trap broke and my woodchuck went into the hole. But the trap stopped him so that he could only go a little way into it; so I got a shade and numerous other tools and dug him out, and killed him but it was pretty ~~warm~~ warm work. What has become of that humming bird's nest that was in John Nichols's yard. I don't have a great deal of time to go egging for going to school twice

a day the takes up most of my time. I have two hens sitting one on duck's eggs (I believe I told you, but no matter for I want to fill out this page) and the other on hen's eggs I am going to set another tomorrow I guess on hen's eggs. I wish you would tell your father that our shorthorn cow makes about two pounds of butter a day, and the butter always comes in about half a minute and mother churned the other day with a spoon in less than that time. The cow is rather an exception to the general rule of shorthorns; but "exceptions prove the rule". My vacation comes in about three weeks, and I have seven weeks. I am looking forward to the time that you will come here "patiently as possible". Give my love to your father and mother Goodbye

Your aff. friend
Dan.

Amherst, July 1st, 66

Dear Will,

I never saw such luck as you have had with eggs this year. I showed your last letter to a boy, here, who is collecting eggs and then we both gnashed our teeth and pulled our hair we were so jealous of your good luck. You ~~too~~ didn't tell me exactly when your school closes but I believe it closes next Friday; does'nt it? Our school will close at the end of this week. I want you to be sure to come the first week in your vacation if you can and stay just as long as you can. If you will tell me when you will come I will be at the depot. You take the 2½ train

at the Worcester depot and ~~we~~ arrive at ~~Palma~~ Palmer at about 5½ o'clock where you get out of your train and then you will see another ~~one~~ on your left which will start for Amherst ~~at~~ in from 5 minutes to ~~a~~ ¾ of an hour. This is the one you take for Amherst and as it the only one in the depot, I think, you will not be likely to make a mistake. You will get to Amherst at about 7½ o'clock.

A boy near here says that he found a nest the other day in a hole big enough to put his head in with two nearly white eggs rather larger than a hen's egg and more nearly round and he says that it was a big white bird that bristled up so that he was afraid of it. He says he will give me one of the eggs if

I will go up to his house tomorrow.
I think it must be some kind of an owl's nest but as I haven't seen either the eggs or the nest I can't tell yet. Yesterday I fished for chimney swallow's eggs and got two out of a nest of three and I thought I would leave the other one. I have nine young ducks and eight chickens hatched Friday and Saturday. One of my old ducks stole a nest in a swamp near here which I found yesterday. It was made almost entirely of feathers and had 6 eggs in it so I suppose she has not got through laying yet. I hope to have another brood of young ducks in two weeks. I know where there is a Wilson's thrush's nest with 4 eggs but I don't believe I shall take them.
The other day I bought 4 grass

finch's eggs, 2 phoebe's, two bobolink's and a meadow lark's, a gold robin's for 31 cents, and another boy bought 4 Wilson's thrush's eggs of the same fellow for 15 cents. I think if you should bring some of your duplicates of eggs here you could make good changes. One boy here has found two orchard orioles nests this year, that is the boys he was with found one of them so he had half. I haven't found many eggs this year for I haven't had much time to look for them. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Goodbye

Your aff. friend
Dan.

Edmonds Co.
July 1 '66.

Aug. 5th, 66

I am obliged to tell you that I am unable to go ~~tho~~ to Rye with you. I am very sorry ~~but~~ for there is nothing I should like so well as to go with you. You were very kind to ask me to go ~~with you~~ but ~~[illegible]~~ I am obliged to refuse. I should have let you know before if I had known where you were but ~~you~~ I didn't know how long you intended to stay at the Profile House. I am afraid that I made you think that I could go when you were at Amherst but I thought I could go then.

I hope you would think I should like to go for I have spent a pretty good time last year. I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner as I should have done if I had known where you were. Goodbye.

Yours truly

Dan.

The week after you left Amherst I began to work at haying and have worked, except in rainy weather and one pleasant day, ever since. A few days after you left I found that a skunk had taken all the eggs under the white duck over in the swamp. She was the one that had 4 eggs. So I shut her up and set a trap in the nest and next day I found I had him in ~~the trap~~ it. So I took my gun and killed him. Yesterday I went to see how the grey duck with ten eggs was getting along and found that a skunk had taken two of the eggs so I set a trap for him but last night

was so rainy I don't believe he came out. One of my youngest ducks has died but that was no great loss, for he never grew at all after he was hatched that I could see and sometimes he could not stand. Last Thursday when I was coming home from swimming I saw something hanging up on a tree and found out that it was four bats all hang up together; so I took two hats and shut them together over them and caught the whole. I think that they were the old one and her three young ones. I took them home and at night let them all go. A few days ago a boy ~~showed~~ showed me a field sparrow's nest

with two eggs, in a bush about four feet from the ground.

The same boy and I found a ~~fo~~ grass finch's nest with four eggs. The redeyed vireo didn't lay any more eggs so I took those. Thursday I went up to the goldfinch's nest in the maple tree and found that it had five eggs in it, but after tipping two out I had to give it up. I could have ~~reach~~ reached the nest but I should ~~have~~ have tipped all the eggs out. ~~I am sure th~~ I don't think those eggs can be hairy woodpecker's for several nests have been found in the same way; so I think Samuels is wrong for once. My Aunt (Mrs. Brown of Concord) sent me a

Received July 5 '66

Amherst, Sept. 2nd, 1866

Dear Will

I received your letter as usual and I never saw such luck as you had at Rye, shooting. Our school began last Monday and I have to study harder now than I ever did before. I have begun Physiology and we have to take such long lessons that I don't like it very well. I have been doing just about nothing since the term began except go to school. The other day I went shooting for ducks ~~on~~ but though I saw a good many yet I couldn't get a shot at

one, that is, I did get a long flying shot at some, but I guess it only frightend them, though at the time of course I thought I hit one. I got a rose breasted grosbeak and have stuffed and he looks pretty well, though it was n't a handsome one. I set my trap for a muskrat day before yesterday but they are too shy and I can't catch one. I suppose you will begin shoot them pretty soon; ain't you?

I caught a skunk the other day in my trap. I set it in what I thought was a wood chuck's hole, but when I went to it I found an ~~old~~ skunk in it and as he had gone

into the hole about two feet I couldn't very well shoot him, but at last Bolio, (the Frenchman), crept up to the hole and tied long pole onto the ~~ch~~ chain on the trap and pulled him out and then I shot him. I forgot to tell you that you left a shirt and pair of stockings (I believe) here which Fattie carried to your father's office while you were at the beach. I dont think I can spin out this dry letter any longer. Give my love to all. Goodbye

Your aff. friend
Dan.

French D. C.
Sept. 2, '66.

Hurrah!

Amherst, Sep. 23, 1866

Dear Will

I suppose that you will be rather supprised to receive a letter from me when it isn't my turn, but I have some news to tell you, but you mustn't tell any one of it. Father is going resign his position as "President of the Ag. Col." and is going to live in Waltham, only about 5 or 6 miles from Cambridge. As I said before, "hurrah!" "three cheers and a tiger!

The reason that is going to resign is that (as I suppose you know) the trustees will not let him do any thing; but just as soon as he gets

things going on they call a meeting and stop it and father didn't like it very well of course.

Please don't tell any one except your father and mother and ask them not to tell yet, because he has not resigned yet and he would rather not have it known until he does. He will probably resign ~~at~~ this week sometime but I am not sure.

We shall probably move in about three weeks, into a house which is owned by Mr. Bachelder in Waltham. Yesterday I went over to Mt Holyoke and went up and down in the car. I meant to walk up but when we got over there I found that the steps had been washed away by the rain. There I guess I would tell any thing else because I sup-

pose that I shall have to write next Tuesday also. Now, be sure and not tell that father ~~he has~~ is going to resign until you hear that he has resigned. Give my love to your father and mother.

Goodbye
Your aff. bro.
Dan.

French D. C.

Sept 23

1866

Amherst Sep. 30th 66

Dear Will

I suppose you received my letter telling you that father intended to resign. Well, he sent his resignation to ~~the~~ Gov. Bullock, and so you can tell the boys now if you wish and any one else. We shall probably move the week after this, during the last part of the week. Father will go down to Boston tomorrow, probably, to see about a house in Waltham. I shall be rather glad to be ~~down~~ near Cambridge where I know the boys though I like Amherst pretty well.

Yesterday, father and I got up at 4 o'clock (or about that) and went off to shoot grey squirrels and got back about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We only saw two grey squirrels and couldn't shoot either of them. We also scared up quite a number of partridges (excuse me; ruffed grouse) and one rabbit ran past me - but we didn't shoot any of them. I shot, however a pigeon hawk which flew past me at a long shot. At first he didn't know whether to fall or not and flew around for sometime so father fired at him but he says he didn't hit him, so I was going to "let drive" my other barrel but perhaps he saw it was no use trying to get away and so he fell. It is a perfect one

and not hurt at all. When we got home I skinned, but didn't have time to stuff him.

Last Wednesday I saw a wood duck in Adams' pond but he was very shy. Tuesday and Wednesday they had a circus in this town but it was the poorest one that I ever saw. I guess father will take our horse to Waltham so it wont be very hard to get to go to Cambridge and you can come over on your new horse. I hope to get a letter from you day after tomorrow. Give my love to your father and mother

Goodbye
Your affectionate
Dan.

Patrick O'Neil
Sept. 30, 66.

Amherst, Sep 1866

Dear Will

I wish more than ever that I could be at Cambridge with you for you seem to have the better shooting than I ever knew to be there before. As for me I am having a very poor time for as I have told you once before I do hardly anything except go to school. Last Thursday we had a picnic on the hill (in the smallest woods) in front of our house and for a wonder I stayed at home from school in the afternoon and had a very good time. We built a fire and boiled corn and then the principal thing that we did

was to eat which we did with a will, that is we had Will here.

Yesterday I worked all day with Will surveying the swamp in front of our house which they are going to drain this week. A week ago yesterday I went shooting at "Adam's pond" as we call it and fired at a duck but didn't kill it of course. My bold white duck has disappeared and I suppose that a fox took it though I am not sure. As for the young ones I am afraid that I shan't have any left by the next time I write at the rate they are dying though I have eleven left now. There was a frost here last night which I suppose hurt the tobacco some and I guess the people

who own any will be working pretty hard this next week. Our tobacco barn is about full now of tobacco belonging to Chester Bowles and another man.

About a week ago Sallie and Mary Saunders who was here wanted me to ~~go~~ drive them down at half past seven which I did and they wanted me to come after them as late as I could and so I went at ten but they were not reddy to come till about quarter of eleven and I didn't get home till about eleven and it raind hard while we were coming home and I could hardly see any thing and I got rather wet and then I had to put up the horse which was about as mad as I was I should think by the way she snapped and kicked and wouldn't

stand still &c. I was hardly ever so mad in my life with every thing and every body as I was that ~~time~~ night, but I did get some ice cream when I went for them. Give my love to your father and mother and excuse this wasserable letter mad up of almost nothing

Good bye

Your aff. friend

Dan.

Charles D. P.

Sept. 1. 66

Dec. 23rd .66

Dear Will,

Perhaps you don't know what this box is for. Well, I made it for your tools for stuffing birds, but as I didn't know just the size of your tools I am afraid I didn't get it just right. Perhaps you remember I asked you for one of your arsenic bottles; but as I didn't get it and as father couldn't get one in Boston I had to put in another one.

I wish you a merry Christmas, and hope you will value it a little because I made it myself.

Your loving friend

Dan.

With from Dr.

French. D. C.

Dec. 25 '64

[illegible] today;

[illegible] today

[illegible] are all quite comfortable in
[illegible] and by well and the sleep
half past four we all [illegible] on our
[illegible] for breakfast. We are [illegible]
[illegible] safely though it rained fully
[illegible] some of the time. When
we got to Concord we found the
[illegible] from Brown's house on Cap-
[illegible] there till Wednesday;
that is, we took our meals there
and slept there, too, though we
[illegible] at the Pass, one house in the
[illegible] line, mostly, getting moved in

I have been hard at work all the week and have not began to go to school yet though I shall probably begin a week from tomorrow though I am not sure. I shall be the oldest boy in school if I go to the High school I shall not like much. They have to speak every two weeks and write compositions every week that they don't speak. Rather flat! Isn't it? There is a boy who lives in the next house Jim (Jesse, for short) Hulbert who is a very good fellow, I should think, and he says he wants me to come to school just as soon as I can and he will get the best seat in the school for me; but I think I won't hurry about it. I guess I shall find a pretty good set of boys here

and thinks one good thing.

As I said before I have been pretty busy at work this week and I will tell you what I have been doing. Monday I helped put down carpets and move in the furniture some of which was at the depot.

Tuesday I did about the same. And Wednesday I helped arrange the furniture, put up beds and other things "to numerous to mention."

Thursday I began work by taking down a shed and piling up the timber and boards that came out of it. It took me, alone, from about 8 o'clock till 4½ o'clock to do the whole thing. This was something the shape of it.

Friday Myles told me I might take down a chicken house if I would do it if I began in the morning and did that

Dear Uncle
Hyde Park
May 4th 1867

down in about a day. The chimney
is over 40 ft high and 40 by 2
with three flues and two big iron
boilers set in brick, at the bottom.
So you see I am quite busy.
Yesterday I finished the chimney with
a little help, and to-day I and
Mark dug another stump and took
down a fence and cut up about half
a dozen cords of pitch pine knots
three men and a girl cut over a half
a. I'll tell you that was a good
day's work. To-morrow I expect to
take down one more stump and then
I guess that will be all we shall
do today. Our man that we engaged
on Matthew didn't come and as
Father has been with Doctor every
day except Monday and Saturday
I haven't had much help.
The people mentioned in your letter
I only saw Uncle Alex and family

Brenah D. C.
May 19. '67

Concord, May 19, 1867.

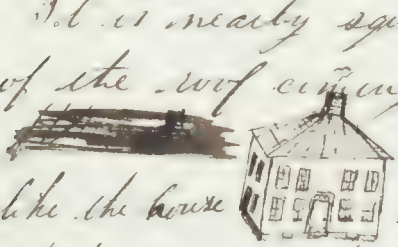
Dear Will

You may be a little surprised to hear that I haven't begun to go to school yet. I was going last Monday but father concluded not to have me go quite yet and I don't know as I shall go for some time to come and perhaps I shall stay out this summer and learn farming which father thinks is the best thing for me to do this summer. The last two week I have been working pretty hard, tearing down one shed and helping to move another one, breaking down and building fences making a garden, that is, carting manure making walks setting out pear trees and grape vines &c, &c.

You wished to know what kind of

a farm ours is; so I will tell you. It is mostly grass land with perhaps three or four acres of woodland in one corner. The land is a sandy loam, but as it slopes down to the river it heavy black loam and father says it is very easy to work and bears very heavy crops. I ~~do it~~ don't know as I ever told you what kind of a house it is.

It is nearly square with the sides of the roof coming to a point like this.



The inside is something like the house in Amherst but is in better repair, and we shall have it arranged differently inside when we get ready. I forgot to tell you that there are chimney swallows going down the chimney in my picture of the house. Rather large for the chimney! There are three very large trees in front of the house and an apple orchard on the left of it. Yesterday I set out about twenty grape vines while father was at Boston, and the day before that father

and I ~~we~~ got about two dozen pear trees and some grape vines which we set out. So you see we are progressing. Father has bought two cows, and has engaged two pigs which are coming tomorrow.

I have bought six nearly full blooded brahma hens and a rooster which was terribly thrashed by mine and almost killed but he is getting over it now and I guess I shall kill ours and keep him, as I don't like the breed ~~which~~ of ours which is no breed in particular. I never saw hens lay as well as ours for I have twelve hens in the coop (one has got out) and they laid eleven eggs yesterday and they have averaged eight eggs a day.

I have found out what kind of a hawk it is that I see about here. It is a female marsh hawk. Don't you suppose your white hawk is of the same species.

There is a barn swallows nest in our barn all finished I should think and it may have eggs in it. Today I found a songsparrow's

nest, but no eggs; and the only eggs that I have found this year were crows robins and bluebirds, though uncle Simon Brown found a ruffed grouse's nest with ~~two~~ twelve eggs in it. Did you ever hear a "stake driver", and what kind of a heron is it. There is one in a swamp back of our house about a half a mile from here and I hear him almost every afternoon now. I went down to the swamp one evening and got pretty near to him but didn't see him. He makes a noise just like someone driving a stake with and ax, but when you are pretty near to him he makes a noise, between ~~the~~ what sounds like the blows of the ax, like pumping water, and it is about the strangest noise I ever heard.

Today I saw a heron about the size of a green heron with the back blue, under his tail red and I think the top of the head was green. Was it a blue heron do you suppose? This afternoon while I was

19 May 67

on a walk I found several old crows nests and finally found one which looked like a new one and so Sirius Hubbard (a boy who lives in the next house) went up to it and found it was an old crows nest, as he thought, and was going to through when he saw something jump and when he tore open the nest, he found it was a grey squirrel's nest with four young ones or more but they were too young to take as they had no hair on them and their eyes were not open. So we decided to leave them and go for them in about a week and then get a pair, if the old ones don't carry them off which I am afraid they will do. I guess I shall go to Chester day after tomorrow to stay a day or two and then go to Concord to see Hattie and shall probably be gone till about next Saturday. Father and I shall go with the horse and wagon

as far as Chester and then most of the way to Concord by rail.

I can have the use of Audubon's Ornithology any time I wish to go to Uncle Simon's, so I am pretty well off for natural history. Mr Keyes's Audubon is not colored exactly like yours. The blackburnian warbler, for instance, is colored like my stuffed one so that was not a mistake of Audubon I guess.

I have really found out something what farming is, but I like it, though it is hard work, and I guess I have gained in strength as much, in the last two or three week, as I have before in as many months. Perhaps you remember I used to have a headache every few days, but I haven't had one since I began to work on the farm so I guess it is good for me. I didnt tell you that I got near enough to that blue heron to shoot him, but I did get within

good shot of him. The martins are thick enough here and I suppose I could shoot one if I had time to stuff it but I get pretty tired by night after working all day. I saw some humming birds the other day and I fired at ~~the~~ one of them using powder as shot but I couldn't kill him. Sallie saw a scarlet tanager on one of our trees ~~the other~~ Wednesday, she says, and I guess she knows that bird if no other for she has worn one on her hat all winter.

The swamp back of our house is a splendid one for birds I should think and if I only could get the time ~~to stuff birds~~ I am sure I might get enough.

Father got the rifle of my cousin and it is a very pretty one, ~~&~~ but I have not practised any yet but I guess I shall try it ~~at~~ ~~at~~ on wood chucks tomorrow evening. There is a good gun smith in town and I guess I shall carry him

three of my guns (the double-barrel goes at half-cock, the air gun don't go at all, and the single barrel has the main-spring broken, the ram-rod gone, and various other defects) to fix.

There don't you think I have written enough for once? Well, I do, and so I will only add that I have begun to go to Sunday school in a class of which my uncle is the teacher and I guess I shall have to study my lessons about as much as you do yours. Does your father intend to buy a farm? He was speaking of it when before I left. If he is I wish he would get one in this part of the country. Give my love to your mother and father and also remember me to Ruth.

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Mary Chens coat was so well as ever to be sent to Hill and brought in 17 cents which yesterday and today. How does your back come on.

I was sorry that I couldn't come to Cambridge as you invited me to do, and I hope you will excuse me for not refusing your invitation sooner but on the day that I asked father to tell your father, he did not go to Boston and he didn't think of it afterwards I suppose. I wanted to come ever so much, but this last week has been the busiest while I have been here and so I knew father would rather have me at home though he didn't say so.

I went to the grey squirrels nest about a week after I found it, but the old ones had carried the young

I seems to me you did pretty well that day, though as you say it was almost too hard to shoot that grey squirrel. The marsh hens are plenty enough now. I wish you could come up here some Friday afternoon and stay till Monday morning. Well, anyway you are coming up pretty long vacation.

Good bye Sam.

Write much love to your father and mother.

9. hoping a day, and it is pleasanter than work some times.

well working about, for the last week

plenty corn and potatoes

ones off, as I expected they would, and so I lost them, as I generally do my game.

I told you that I was going to Chester. Well, father and I started the Tuesday after I wrote at about 7½ o'clock and arrived at Derry at about 12½ o'clock, where we took dinner and put up our horse, and then started for Concord, N. H. in the cars to spend the night with Hattie. We found them all well, and doing very well with the quarry.

We came away the next day, ~~and~~ took our horse at Derry and ~~rode~~ to Chester in a pouring rain but luckily we had a covered buggy (which father bought ~~in b~~ the day before we left Concord, Mass.) and so didn't get wet much. We went to Chester to make the garden, but as it rained very hard the ground was too wet and

so we came away next day and after a drive of about forty miles arrived home safe and sound. It seems as though our horse ought to have had a good rest that night, but she fell through the scuttle for throwing the manure into the barn cellar and next morning she was found with her hind legs down the hole and her hind stretched out in front. Father got Mr Hubbard (our next neighbor) to help get her out, who put a slip-noose round her neck and then five or six men caught hold of it and pulled her out into the barn floor. It didn't seem to hurt her much except that it took about two quare feet or less of skin off and ~~we shall~~ she will be fit to drive in a few

About a week ago Uncle Simon ~~brought~~ brought me a bittern to stuff which

which a boy killed with a stone and I have stuffed him and I think he looks as well as the majority of my birds and rather better I think. We have only caught one woodchuck in our traps though several have got into them.

I had a letter from Will the other day and he ~~feels~~ feels "quite large", for he has been sent to Burlington, Iowa, to find out the places for the piers for a bridge across the Mississippi. He say there are ever so many ducks and bitterns and other water birds on the River.

I ~~have~~ haven't been shooting nor egging any of any consequence and so haven't stuffed any birds or found any eggs to speak of, so I am afraid you don't find my letters very interesting.

I have hardly done any thing except

Concord, July 7th 67

Dear Will

I suppose you feel very old now that you are sixteen. Well, "time and tide wait for no man".

I am sure I don't know exactly what to write about and I shan't write a very long letter to day.

We began haying last Monday and have got in a good deal of hay without wetting. While we were working on one piece Mr Hubbard found a quail's nest with seven eggs which the quail did not come back to again. So, I have taken the eggs and nest and the eggs I think were almost perfectly fresh.

Uncle Simon found a humming

bird dead (in his grape house, I think) which he gave to me and I stuffed it or rather preserved it and as one of my uncles was here from Washington, I thought I would sent it to Sarita. The moths have got into my birds and have destroyed a bluebird entirely and have begun on the crossbill; so I expect they will ~~spoo~~ spoil him.

Yesterday Hannah (our girl) found and old bat and two young ones too small to fly under the cherry tree and I have put them into a box, but I suppose ~~at~~ I shall let them go tonight.

The other day I killed a woodchuck with a pitchfork and he had a gash on one side of his body ~~which was~~ six or eight inches long which was probably made by a mowing machine.

On the Fourth I went shooting but it was so warm I didn't

care to stay long but I managed to kill a woodchuck. I came upon the old fellow in some woods and snaped a cap at him, but he didn't sun, and so I pricked out the nipply of the gun and pounded it ~~to get~~ shake the powder ~~into the~~ down and then, having taken out the cap box and put a cap onto the gun, deliberately shot the innocent beast.

This morneng father, Mr. Hubbard and I were walking around the farm and we found out that we have nearer ninety acres than seventy-five, and we also fond that there is going to be a great crop of cranberries this year.

I have not found a boat yet and am very much afraid that I shan't, as this is the time of year that people want to keep their boats.

We have some cherry trees that were loaded with cherries; but the bird (robins and cerry bird, mostly)

have taken them so that there are very few left.

One of my chickens has died but I hope to save the rest. I shall have another brood Tuesday I they hatch.

There I have written a short letter, and as supper is ready so I may as well "shut up shop." With love to your father and mother

Goodbye,

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

P. S. I enclose a note that I meant to send last Tuesday; but father didn't take it and I forgot to remind him of it so I will sent it today.

Concord, June 30, 1867.

Dear Will.

Perhaps you will be surprised to get a letter from me out of season, but I shall be very careful not to tell any news until next Sunday.

You probably know that I received an invitation from Mr. Dexter and Ruth to go to Waltham on an egging expedition; but as the letter did not reach me till Monday, I knew that you wouldn't get a letter from me until Tuesday evening after you had arrived home from Waltham, and so I thought I might as well wait until to-day before writing. I should have

written to Mr. Dexter, but as I only know that his name is Mr. Dexter and that he lives in Cambridge, I thought that he would not be very likely to get it, and so I wish you would thank him and Ruth (and yourself) for me and tell them that I should have liked to go very much, but I had so many things to do at home, that I concluded that I couldn't go.

I wish you would also tell Mr. Dexter that I haven't a doubt that his bed is uncommonly comfortable, and I wish I could have tried it, but I could not very conveniently.

There I believe I have told you all I want to, so

Goodbye

Your aff. friend

Jan.

bBr 277.10.1 (31)

French D. C.
Aug. 7. 67

Concord, June 1867.

Dear Will

I arrived home safely and have done very little but work since I came here. The carpenter came last Monday and has been working in the kitchen most of the time. Tuesday I tried ploughing alone driving the horse and holding the plow myself and I succeeded pretty well though it was pretty hard work as the horse would go perhaps twenty steps and then stop suddenly without giving any warning. I have also been helping the carpenter and in sawing up the wood and laying floors.

When we got home Cyr (or Fi. if you

like it better) informed me that he had found a "tiptop" boat that we could have for twenty dollars and the next evening we went down to see and sure enough it was a very nice boat and just what we wanted so we told the boy who wanted to sell it that we wanted to try it a day and then if we liked we would take it. So Thursday evening we went down to get it, but as the boy was not at home we asked for the oars; but these were gone too, and we were told that the boat belonged to the sister of the boy and that it was not for sale. We didn't know exactly what the boy meant but as he wanted a wherry, I suppose he wanted to sell his sister's boat to get the money. So we haven't got a boat after all; but a boy was lent us one for two weeks and I hope to get one before that time has

passed. The other day Si. and I were down in the field and I guess we saw as many as four rabbits and all of them within shot and two of them were within eight feet of us, and last night I saw one in the grass about six feet or less from me, and I struck at him with a stick, but didn't hit him because he wasn't there when my stick was. Tomorrow I guess I shall set a trap there.

This afternoon I was sitting out doors reading and I saw some robins chasing a young one (meaning robin) and it flew right against old Hubbards house and fell down and went kicking round, as if hurt a good deal, but as I thought it was a young robin I didn't hurry to pick it up. When I did go to look at I saw it was a woodcock but as

he had got over the shoot he just flew away ~~of~~ before I could catch him. Our carpenter says that he has on a times shot five or six ducks in one day on the river.

Today I went out to the farm to see one of my setting hens and I could hear the chickens (or chicken) chipping faintly so I am in hopes to get ~~some~~ more than I did last time.

There I believe I have told you about all the news for this week so I guess I will close this dry letter. Give my love to your father and mother and thank them for their kindness to me while I was at Cambridge, and you may take some thanks for yourself, too, for I had a "tiptop" time.

Goodbye,

Dan.

July 21. 1867.

Dear Frank I could indeed wish to spend a few weeks of your vacation with me, but unfortunately, we are going to Saratoga, and there will be, probably some time the family in fact, Father is going away when we begin on the main crops; but I will you would come and spend a few days, between the time that we get home from the, Saratoga and the time that we go to Rye

I received your letter ~~with an invitation~~ as usual, and I am very much obliged to you for ~~the~~ inviting me to go to Rye with you and nothing would please me more than going there, for I remember what a pleasant time I had, and I should have a pleasanter time if possible this year, as you intend to go later in the season when there is ~~so good~~ better shooting. ~~And~~ I will tell you in the last part of this letter, if possible, whether I can go or not. There are two things that make me doubt whether I can go. One is, that I am afraid father will want me at home, and the other, that Sarita is coming about the last week in August and don't like to be away while she is here.

pretty makes any difference with you, I wish you to have me put entirely, for I know I shall have trouble enough to spend your money as it will already.

I will now tell you a few of things that I have done ~~this~~ in the last two weeks. About a week ago father heard of a boat in Boston which Si and I (or rather father) have bought and ~~st~~ it is now floating in the waters of Concord River. It is about sixteen or seventeen feet long and four or five feet wide with a keel bottom.

We paid twenty dollars for it, had it painted green with black trimmings for five and ~~it~~ the freight cost about three dollars. There is a sail to it, which you can put up in about two minutes. We ~~got~~ launched it ~~in about~~ on Friday evening and took a sail up the river about a quarter of a mile and she went like every thing, but we didn't have a chance to use it yesterday.

We had ever so many cherries but the robins took them so that I shot ~~over so~~ ~~ma~~ quite a number of them and made a "cherry pie" out of them (I think I may call it a cherry pie for the robins had lived on the cherries for a week or two before) but as I

didn't shoot quite enough I thought I would get a rabbit so I took my gun and shot one not more than ten minutes after after I left the house. So you see rabbits must be pretty numerous around here.

A fellow who lives near here found a rail's nest the other day in a meadow with nine eggs and he gave me one but he hasn't been to the place since and I guess I can't get any more. I cant tell whether they are Virginia rails or not.

Hannah, mother's girl (and friend, I might say) is about the most observing person I know of. She saw something under one of our trees walking round and came and told me of it and I found it was a wood cock, probing in some soft ground so I seized my gun and shot the poor fellow and of course stuffed him and also ate him. One night last week, about 12 o'clock Hannah heard my hen and chickens making a great noise, and so she woke me up and I went out to see what the matter was, without

a thing on except my night shirt.

When I got to the coop I couldn't see any thing, ~~except~~ that should make such a disturbance, but the hen seemed very much frightened and the chickens were running round all over the yard; so I let the old hen out of the coop and went back to bed.

In the morning I found two chickens dead, one of which was mostly eaten and the feathers were torn off the hen's ~~too~~ neck; so that night I set a steel trap near the coop and the next morning I had about the largest skunk that I ever saw in it.

Please give my love to your father and mother and thank them for their kind invitation which I hope to accept.

Goodbye

Your aff. friend

Dan

P. S. I have been talking with father about going to Rye, but I am sure I cannot tell whether I can go or not. I don't know how long you are to stay, nor as you only told me that you were coming on the 15th of August, so I guess that you had better make your plans without me, for it is so uncertain that I don't want to trouble you; so if my

Mrs. L. L. Bailey

Brooklyn

Concord, August 4th. '67

Dear Will,

I thank you for your repeated invitation to go to Rye, ~~and~~ though I cannot tell certainly whether I can go or not, but I will let you know some time this week, and I am now almost sure that I can go, and I hope nothing will happen to prevent.

I am sorry that you cannot stay more than a day at our house, but I think you had better stay over night, and go back (if you must) in the morning. I most certainly should have invited you to come here before going to the Mountains but you told me that you intended to go there a week ago last Thursday and I thought you would have more time after coming home ~~before~~ than before going to the mountains.

I am sure I don't know what to write to you about for I have hardly done anything since ~~yo~~ I wrote last, that is, hardly anything that would interest you, for you know this is the busiest time in the year, so that I have been at work almost all the time.

The ducks have begun to come on the river, for I have seen several already, so between grey squirrels, partridges, quails, rabbits and ducks ("last, but not least") I hope to have some good shooting in the fall. and then I want you to come here. A little while ago I saw three ducks light on the river among some reeds and so I ran up to the house to get my gun, but as it was past eight o'clock in the evening before I got to river again, I couldn't see them well enough to shoot ~~although~~ though they were within pretty good shot, and if it hadn't been so dark I think I could have got a shot at them

sitting, for they didnt fly up till we Si and George Hubbard and my self yelled and screached, and even then they didnt seem in a hurry.

Thursday afternoon I dug a dock for the boat and have been trying to make a boat house, but it has rained so for the last two days that I havent had much time to work on it, but I hope to finish it tomorrow.

The moths have spoiled my cowbunting, crow blackbird, white bellied swallow, bluebird star nosed mole and the rabbit, but I have stopped their work a good deal with spirits of turpentine so I guess they wont eat them much more.

I have found another place where there is a nest of rabbits on our farm which I shall slaughter when they get large enough I guess.

The hardest work I have had this year was getting in cats when the thermometer

was at ninety-two in the shade. I was hot enough in the open air loading, but when I came to get onto the scaffold where there was no wind (I wont say it was roasting, but) it was boiling hot for the perspiration almost ran off of my nose and chin.

There I think I have written about all I have to write. With much love to your father and mother, I remain

Your aff. friend;
Dan.

Grove Ill.
Aug. 4. '67.

Concord, Aug 25 '67

Dear Will

Perhaps you were surprised at not receiving a letter from me last week, but I didn't know where to direct it and so I didn't write and I don't know whether this will reach you, but I shall direct to the Farragut House as you spoke of going there.

I had to decide not to go to Rye though I did want to go ever so much, and I intended that father should tell your father that I could not go, but it happened that father didn't go to Boston that day and I couldn't get word to you any other way.

I have been having a "lifelog" time for the last week, Sarita and Harry H.

home here at our house and we have been shooting and riding and — well! no matter what; but I have had a good time and that's the main thing and for one week this summer I have hardly worked at all. Harry and I have been after ducks three times this week, but I guess you have rather beaten us in the number of ducks for although we wounded two so that they fell yet we couldn't get either of them and we haven't killed any thing of any consequence. One morning I ~~thought~~ tried to see how far I could swim and I swam about 3/4 of a mile and then I wasn't very tired, but I didn't want to stay in the water any longer

The other day we picked up a boat on the river named the monitor. It is flat bottomed, pointed at one end and I guess I can make a pretty good boat of it.

Thursday evening Sarita, Harry, ~~Sett~~ Sallie and I were invited to Mr Heyes's

to tea with about twenty other persons and I think I never had a better time at a party.

This morning I went to the Catholic Church with Sarita and I shall have to be at Sunday School at 12 o'clock and as it is now about 20 minutes of 12 I shall have to close this letter though I might add more if I were sure of its reaching you. With much love to your father and mother

Goodbye,

Your aff friend,

Dan.

French D. 16.
Aug. 25 - '67 -

Concord, Sept. 7, 1867

Dear Will,

I guess you were a little surprised at not receiving a letter from me last week, and I should have written if I had not been at Chester. I am sure I don't know what to write about.

A week ago yesterday Fanny Wendell and I took the ~~old~~ horse and buggy and went to Chester where we arrived after a drive of forty miles in about eight hours; a long drive but not an unpleasant one. We only stayed over Sunday and arrived home Monday afternoon about four and a half o'clock.

Last Thursday I was invited to go yacht sailing in the Harbor ~~but~~ by Mr Hayes and we went as far as Boston but it was so

foggy that we couldn't go, so we turned round and came home again.

We have found that the cranberries are not all spoiled, and we shall probably have about forty bushels. Denis and I began gathering them last Friday afternoon and have got about twelve bushels.

I have n't seen any ducks at all lately, but I guess I shall go after them tomorrow morning if I wake up in time. I have fired at several woodchucks lately but they all managed to get into their holes, though I have not seen any of them since.

We have moved into the kitchen and now the carpenters are at work on the main house. I occupy a room out in the shed and like it pretty well.

Last evening about half past eight, a mottled owl, I suppose it was, began ~~screw~~ screeching in one of those large elms in front of the house, but it was so dark that I couldn't see him.

I guess I shall go to the Institute of Tech-

nology to school. The term begins on the 1st of October. I shall go into Boston every day and shall then have about a mile and a half to walk, and I guess I shall have to study when I get there.

Harry French went home last Tuesday, but Sarida will not go till next Wednesday. If I receive a letter from you to-morrow I will write again next week but if not you must write.

With love to your Father and Mother

Goodbye

Your aff. Friend

Dan.

Search D.C.

Sept. 1 1861

Concord Sept. 29, 1867.

Dear Will.

I suppose it is my ~~time~~ turn to write to you now, though I haven't much to say.

This last week I have been carpentering and I am glad to say that the carpenters work is about done. The plastering is to begin tomorrow, and will probably take two or three days.

Next Saturday I shall be examined for the Inst. of Technology and I wish it was over with, but "the longest day will have an end" and I suppose it is of no use to dread it.

One of our carpenters has been to a pond in the woods near Walden Pond several

times lately early in the morning and every morning he has shot one or more ducks, and twice he shot three each time. He has shot nine in all in going four times and they were all black ducks except one which was a green winged teal, he said. We bought three of them and he sold the others except the the green winged teal.

I went up as far as ~~the~~ Fairhaven Bay yesterday with Father, and we saw ever so many ducks, but only got a shot at one at a very long range and he flew away unhurt I guess. I should have liked to get him for it was a male wood duck. If I had any body to go with me I am sure that I could get some; but it is rather difficult to get a shot at them when I do my own rowing for they rise in front of the boat, (sometimes only two or three off) without giving any warning. If I can wake up I guess I shall go after them tomorrow morning, and I

hope to shoot something this week as it is to be a vacation. When the Hubbards were haying in the meadows the other day one of the men killed a rail with a rake and said that there were "lots" of them there. A man who hunts about all the time killed ten woodcock a few days ago, and I found where they had probed down by my boat house. One of our carpenters shot a coot the other day and was going to give ~~to give~~ it to me to stuff, but as I have one I thought I didn't want it. I stuffed a marsh hawk that ~~one~~ another of the carpenters shot and he looks ~~so~~ very well from one side; but as I promised to stuff it for him I shall have to give it to him I suppose.

Last Tuesday evening I went to a party at the Hubbards and had a very pleasant time though they played kissing games a little too much. You know

"too much of a good thing spoils it."

We had a very heavy frost a while ago when the thermometer ~~who~~ went down to 36° I think and one man said he had lost a thousand dollars worth of grapes by it. The grapes at Uncle Simons are not spoiled, for I eat as many as I wanted this afternoon and found them good "as you please."

There I think you must excuse me from writing any more for it is about time that I went to bed if I want to get up tomorrow morning.

With love to your Father and Mother.

Goodbye

Your aff. friend

Jan.

Grove City Oct. 29, '67

Concord June 14, 1868

Dear Will,

Your letter was duly received, and now I intend to answer it though as you said, I don't know as I have much to tell, but if I make out as well as you did I will not complain.

I told you, that I intended to take a vacation of a few weeks, but somehow I haven't; on the contrary I have worked every day since you left and have found no eggs except bank swallows, five of which I found in a nest last week.

The martins have taken formal possession of my bird house, and there are now, I believe, two pairs of habitual boarders, and others call every day almost. The white bellies still remain and have a fight every little while with the martins

Today, I took a stroll into the woods but found no nests much to my disappointment though I heard a rosebreasted grosbeak in the distance and saw a rabbit (which hasn't much to do with eggs) and some kind of a hawk; but by far the commonest object of animated nature was the mosquito; perhaps you know what that insect is therefore I will not describe it.

I sent (or rather father sent) your coat by express; did you receive it?

I am glad your owls come on so well, and I hope to see sometime a full account of the mottled owl in Brewster's Great American Ornithology.

You said nothing of our colored friend Finikin; how is he?

The ~~Bluff~~ cliff swallow have begun nests on Mr. Hubbards barn and Cyrus and I put up a cleat for them. So, on the two places we have all the swallows except the bank swallow

which I am afraid, we shall not succeed in capturing.

Seems to me, you had uncommonly good luck egging, and I wish you would send a little of it up this way.

The Wheildons who were going on a trip to Lake Winnipiseogee wanted me to go with them but father seemed to think that it would be impracticable, and I think they will give it up.

Have you put your boat on the pond yet? I think I shall get a pair of new oars this week if Cyrus goes to Boston.

There, William, I can write no more for the very good reason that I have nothing more to write, and I shall not blame you if you do not read what I have written but you must know that writing on a bureau is not the most diversified work in the world.

Give my love to your father and mother, please. Yours aff. L. C. F.

Richard G. Le.
June 14. 65

Concord, June 29th '68.

Dear Will,

I am glad you decided not to take the oars, for they were miserable things and I shouldn't feel like selling them to any one, particularly to you. I shall have to buy another pair for an Irishman took the boat without leave and broke one of the oars, to day but I hope to make him pay for them.

Week ago Saturday I went up the river, but it was so hot, that I didn't hunt for eggs much, and found nothing of any account.

Farm work progresses, We begin haying to morrow and I shall have plenty to do for four weeks, I suppose, and I

We are going to have shad in the river straightway. The hatching boxes for the spawn are at the depot, waiting for us to put in the river. We shall get the spawn in Lawrence and Cyrus H. and I hope to go after it. Each box is capable of holding enough spawn to hatch thirty or forty thousand shad and as there are ten boxes we shall have a good many if we succeed well. The boxes are common wooden boxes two or three feet long with fine wire ~~gauze~~ netting in the bottom they are floated in water two or three feet deep, and after the spawn is hatched they are floated into deep water and sink when the young shad "shift for themselves." In a few years we shall feed all our visitors on shad three times a day; luncheons of the same. First course, shad; second course, shad; third course, shad. So beware.

We ~~will~~ also intend to fill the river

with alewives so that you can't row a boat through them. These we shall also give our visitors as a rarity.

I thank you for your invitation to come to Cambridge on the Fourth, but several things interfere so that I shall not be able to go, though I should like to very much. In the first place our haying will interfere probably; and Ellen and Grace Hopkinson, and two of my numerous cousins are coming here to spend that day, so that I shall be ~~oblige~~ obliged to refuse your invitation, though want to go to Cambridge very much, as I said before.

The black and yellow beetles that are among your birds are the same that appeared among mine. Spirits of turpentine is as good as any thing, I guess, though I am afraid nothing will really stop them, if they are really ~~under~~ at work. I think I should inquire of Samuels or somebody who knows if I had as large a collection as you have.

I think you can find a pair of oars that will suit you at Winsor and Whitney 13 Commercial wharf. That is where Fred Wheildon told me to go and I think I shall buy a pair there.

As it is past 10 P.M. I must close

Give my love ~~th~~ to your Father and Mother

Goodbye

Dan.

Thursday Eve.

June 27 - 68

Concord, July 12, '68.

Dear Will,

I thank you for your invitation to go to Rye with you and I am delighted to say that I can accompany you this year unless something extraordinary happens.

It is sheighlty warm to day, the thermometer at 96½; yesterday about the same. I amused myself pitching on a load of hay, and ~~and~~ working in the sun with the mercury nearly at blood heat in the shade, I found to be nearly warm enough, though I must confess that

it is not so warm as you might think. I heard that some one tried the experiment of putting a thermometer on a the back of a man working in the sun and it was found that while the mercury was at 97° or there about in the shade it went up to 120° or 130°; so it is really rather warm in the sun.
The shad are in the river; come and eat. Be sure you bring a microscope for you can hardly see them with the naked eye.
You thought the pickerel ~~would~~ would destroy them; but ~~at~~ when first hatched they are so small that a pickerel would not touch them, and they keep in deep water also. When they are partly grown they will probably be attacked by all the fish but probably some will escape and when they are once started ~~there~~ they will increase fast enough

I am glad you found a pair of oars. I shall get a pair myself at the earliest possible period. Somebody ran away with my row-locks a day or two ago, so I shall have to buy another pair.

Last Monday evening I went to a picnic down the river, had a good time, arrived home at eleven, P.M. Last evening went to another picnic, also had a good time, also arrived home at about eleven o'clock P.M.

I am going to put a side keel on my boat so that I can sail better ~~with it~~ against the wind.

I am going to make no excuse for not writing a longer letter for you know ~~them~~ what excuses I should make, and if you do not I refer you to a letter signed Will, dated July 5th 1868.

I thank you again for your invitation and nothing could please me more than to go with you.

Give my love to your father

and mother.

Goodbye
Your Saff.
Jon

P.S. Please tell your mother that we shall be happy to see her when the shad are gone; though we hope she will not wait for them, before she comes, for I am afraid if she waits as long as that she will not come at all.

Branch D. S.
Feb 12 - 65

Concord, July 26, '68

Dear Will,

I suppose that you are now enjoying yourself at the Mountains, catching trout ~~at the~~ by the hundred, but you needn't pretend that you are having a better time than the rest of us though I haven't a doubt are. What do you think of that for a sentence?

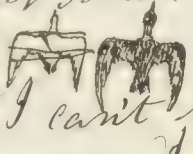
On Thursday next I am going to New York with Will to stay a week or so, but you may be sure that I shall be back in time to go to Rye. So don't expect to get rid of me that way.

Will has found a place in a park in Brooklyn, N.Y. which is to be larger than

Central park.

You asked if the Shad had come on the river. I have not seen any yet though I have been on the river a good deal lately, fishing.

I always had an idea and I believe that you had too that horned pouts were a very poor fish but we have tried them lately and conclude that they are vastly much superior to pickerel and nearly as good as trout. C. Hubbard and I caught about thirty the other day and he says, and it is the common opinion, that they are altogether the best fish in the river.

I saw a 'yellowlegs' on the river the other day and there is another bird larger than a 'peep' that looks like this  (not much) when flying, but I can't tell what it is. Peeps are numerous. I shot a woodchuck the other evening and wounded another so that he fell ~~over~~ but succeeded

succeeded in reaching his hole, though I fired a charge of small shot after him. I skinned the one I killed, but couldn't make up my mind to eat them, as he did not smell any too good.

Our haying is almost done, as there is now only a little meadow hay to cut. How high did you ther. go on that hot Wednesday? Ours went up to a $101\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the shade. That was the only day that I have given up work this year. I went into the field after dinner, and worked a while but my head began to ache and so I concluded to stop. Our man, Denis, has had to give up several times, though I don't think he work worked any harder than I did.

The young martins are thriving and must be nearly ready to fly.

How are the vials, and what did you do with them when you went to the

é ountings? (authority, J. Russell.) You have said nothing a'ou them lately.

Have you succeeded in destroying the bugs that were among your birds or did they succeed in destroying the birds?

Can you tell me ~~when~~ how long you intend to remain at Rye. Nothin has occurred as yet to prevent my going and I ~~am~~ hope and trust that nothing will, for I want to go though the Fates seem to have been against me before.

You may direct your next letter as usual though I shall probably be at Brooklyn.

Give my love to your Father and Mother.

Good by

Your aff. friend

Dan.

Washington, D.C.
Thursday, Aug. 31
1865

Concord, Aug. 31st, '68

Dear Will

I arrived at home safely of course, and found the farm still prosperous.

My birds came out safe and sound though people ~~on~~ looked rather inquiringly at my box. I haven't discovered the name of my unknown bird, yet, but hope to sometime.

How I did hate to come home! It seems as if I ~~was~~ never had so perfectly... well! 'bully' a time as I had at Rye, and I want to thank you and your father and mother—not forgetting the "Misses Sweet"—for making my time pass so thoroughly blissfully. I did ~~want~~ not to stay longer but, William, business urged me

homeward. However, William, I am partly reconciled, for yesterday there appeared in our mansion of happiness a certain lovely, young damsel, by name Sarita. Tell Ruthven if he is still with you, that she surpasses Miss Intrudy in every respect, and if he wishes to fight about it, all right.

Has Ruthven drooped? Does Eyes still reside with Tyra. Is the angelic Miss Waring yet alive? If so how many. This is the sober part of the epistle, now let us join in gayety.

Has the shooting improved any. and have you been driven from your shooting grounds lately.

Last Tuesday afternoon I went to Boston with Cyrus with a load of vegetables from his farm. We started at about four P.M. and arrived in the city at about 9. Cy. put up

his horse at a stable, and we went into a harness room, laid a blanket on the floor, turned in and slept till four in the morning, when we arose, took up our bed and ~~walk~~ walked to the market, where, by the way we had left the market wagon the night before, - and I think it would have made Ruth smile, sleightly, to see Tech. selling turnips in the highway.

Having disposed of the load we proceeded to buy a pair of oars which was my reason for going with him. We bought a pair of nine foot, ash oars for $2.00 and went on our way rejoicing. Since then I have been farming, and have done nothing interesting to you.

Give my love to your father and mother and remember me to the Misses Sweet before mentioned, and tell Ruthven that I hope he will

remain faithful to Albis Trudy
to the last.

Thanking you again for your
kindness to me, I am, as ever,

Your aff friend
Dan.

P.S. Have you seen my
Amy whenever
than forward, also fill
for wife, low, arsenic &c, &c.

"All the girls he did plean.
Sea air agrees with whiskers
Perceive how a gentleman from
Rye Beach is flattered

Due to J. C. Deane
by D. C. Hanch
Aug. 31st, 1868

Concord Sept. 1863

Dear Will

Your letter was duly received and appreciated. I thank you for your invitation to me, but did not feel as if I ought to leave the farm, though I should have liked to see you very much; not to speak of peaches and pears. Luck seems to be against your coming to Concord. I intended to invite you to spend the part of your vacation after your visit to Rye with us, but ~~our~~ an army of our relations descended upon us and occupied all the beds in the house, and one of them, even had to sleep on the floor part of the time. Generally I have half a bed at my disposal, but

Will has occupied that, so that I hope you will forgive me for my apparent rudeness to you; however it could not be helped this time. As usual I have nothing interesting to tell you, as farming is not in your line. There have been several upland plover (Bartram's Sandpiper) ~~of~~ about our fields and I have tried to shoot one but have only fired once at them I believe. That time I saw one light in a field, and after crawling ~~a~~ some way on my hands and knees in a potato field I stood up, and saw his head among the grass, but he saw me also, and as ~~to~~ I proceeded to raise my gun he proceeded to raise himself; I fired at him of course, and with my usual success (William don't you laugh for I) killed him. Something ~~unknown~~ unprecedented in the annals of history.

Well, I picked up my bird rejoicing and not recovered from my amazement at seeing him fall, and that evening proceeded to stuff him, but turnstones are lean spotted sandpipers are famished, compared with upland plover. I really think that the fat was half an inch thick on his breast; before I began to skin him the fat soaked through the feathers in his back. However I stuffed him after a fashion, and he looks pretty well considering. There! haven't I spread that out thin.

Last Monday evening I went to a dance in the town hall, and had a decent time.

Sarita is still here, flirting with every young man she can lay her hands on (I mean her eyes on) and leaving me rather in the shade. But we don't care. Do we? O! no.

Don't trust yourself with Washington girls. They are fond of smoking, swearing, and any one who is handsome, if he is a murderer, that is, I should think so. Let us rather go to Yonkers, N. Y.

I have been up the river only once or twice since I wrote last and then did not see much worth shooting except a duck.

I fired at a bittern and a crow, but ~~with~~ at a long distance and with number ten shot. I think.

Ducks are not numerous neither are grey squirrels as yet, but when they are I will ~~do~~ tell you so that you may help me slay them.

With my love to your father and mother, I am

Your off friend

Dan.

Yours truly

Dear Will

"Too much of a good thing spoils it"; so it is with shooting ducks; if you shoot a dozen one morning in Cambridge, you will forget that there is such a place as Concord, where two ducks a day is considered good luck for any one. But when duck shooting is over so that you can be contented with grey squirrels, rabbits, partridges &c, I want you to come to Concord, and try your luck. Why can't you come next Friday afternoon, and stay at least till Sunday. If it is a good day we could try for grey squirrels, if it is cloudy we can try the Great Meadows for snipe, plover and such birds, or we can take an excursion up the river for ducks, herons, owls

Well, it takes too much for my taste, and for its being a more honorable occupation than some people may consider it, I prefer the other game. At any rate I will try it.

Hoping you will come on Friday, and with my love to your father and mother

Yours

and other birds too numerous to men-
tion, or do any thing else that you please,
though we haven't much to offer.

The other day I scared up two for-
birds in our field that I should have
taken for upland plover, but I could see
that they had no white stripes on the
wings; so I watched them till I lost
sight of them in the Hubbards field,
so and as I concluded that went down
there I went and got my gun, and
went after them. I went along, under
cover of some cornstalks, by the place
where I thought they lighted. Pretty
soon I saw them, but they were look-
ing at me and I hardly dared to
stir. But finally I crept up and
shot one, and the other rose, but my
flew a short distance so I fired at it
but had to fire again to finish it
though it was evidently wounded the
first time. When I picked them up

I found that they were golden plover, so I was rather elated as that was uncommonly good luck for me enough, though I suppose that in the land flowing with milk and honey where you live, you would hardly shoot at such trash. You can see one of them stuffed by E. C. S. at his house if you will take the trouble to call, the other was so injured by the shot that it was not quite fit to stuff.

Yesterday I went after squirrels in the afternoon, got two, and broke my ramrod irrecoverably in pursuing a wounded squirrel; however I got my squirrel, and I can make a new ramrod myself, & as I said the ends. A week ago yesterday I also went & saw grey squirrels also got two, but did not also break my ramrod, on the contrary I also got a crow and a yellowbilled woodpecker, which

father I stuffed. I took a bunch of feathers off of the crow, and made a very singular looking and also rather pretty plume for Sallie's hat by putting in a bunch of scarlet tanager's feathers here and there among the black. I told Sallie to call it an Australian raven if any one asked her what it was, and I think no one but an ornithologist would know, but what it was a real bird.

There has been one of those miserable little grebes in the river for two or three weeks and I can't get a shot at him, though one day he rose within two rods of the boat but he saw me a while and went into the depths below before I could get a shot at my gun.

I forgot to say that when coming up from the boat with my oars and gun after a squirrel hunt, when I got me

11 Oct 68

nearly up to the barn, not thinking anything about meeting game in such a place and when it was almost dark, I heard something up in the air, and looking I saw nearly over my head a flock of ducks not much higher than the house, flying in lines as they generally do. Of course I drop my ears, cocked my gun, and fired at them as quickly as I could, but they were too close into me & before I saw them, and I had too many things to do, (besides that they scattered when they heard the ears drop) so that when I fired at them with a charge fit for grey squirrels they were almost out of range; so that you can excuse me for not killing one. However some feathers came floating down one of which as a trophy (quails feathers, rabbits tails &c) I enclose if I don't forget for fear you may think that I missed. etc, I don't miss so often as I

used to.

I saw one snipe yesterday, which is almost the only one I have seen this year though they say that there are a good many on the Great Meadows. Partridges are rather numerous I think; Rabbits not very; Ducks not common; great blue herons rather common.

I had my long gun fixed the other day a new ramrod and main spring cost me $1,50; not an awful price; was it?

The past week, we have been digging drains for tiles, and I suppose we shall continue to dig, dig, dig for the next week; however it isn't such very hard work after one gets in hang of it, and as I have the superintendence of three men I feel quite large, besides learning the art of draining.

The other day I took our cider apples to mill, and also got some boards to make my bird case of when winter sets in. When I went after my cider I took our hay wagon and asked a certain young lady if she didn't want to go with me. As she seemed to feel inclined to go we started at about 8 o'clock in the morning got the cider and as ~~the~~ I was in no particular hurry we ~~were gon~~ got home at about eleven. Wasn't that a pretty way to ~~go~~ take a young lady to ride. So you wan't to know who it was? Well, ~~it~~ her last name begins with ~~A~~ B. that is all I shall tell you You are a Yankee. Try guessing.

But let us return to the prose of life.

I am going to make another bird house, and I wish you would tell me what kind of a one to make. I don't want to make one just

like my other; so if you know of any pretty form I wish you would tell me. Should you make the holes at the top ~~of~~ or bottom of the apartments?

I really think now that I shall be a farmer (methinks I hear a hiss from Berkeley St) for as you used to say, a farmer is independant, and though he may never get really rich, yet I know ~~that~~, by what I see of the farmers around here, that by working hard (and you have to work hard to live in this world) a man can earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ~~as well as by~~ and have some to spare.

I am going to study at home this winter, as inter I intend to be a civil engineer or something of that kind, the course at Tech. would be if not a great deal of use. The trou-

Ante Script. Don't be alarmed by the direction

Concord Nov. 1st 1868

Dear Will

Why in creation don't you come up here? I have been expecting you every pleasant afternoon for the last two weeks, which however have not been frequent. I have not been shooting except that one evening I went up the river a little way for musk rats saw about forty thousand or less fired three times and killed many rat. Sharp-shooting. They always seemed to rise on the wrong side of the boat so that I had to turn round to shoot and then they went under

but as I before remarked I never saw such a host of them in my life before, for I could see them up river, down river and all round, and ~~they would~~ several were within two rods of the boat.

Ahem! I am not going to write a letter, for I only intended to remind you that you owe me a call, and you will be ~~please~~ pleased to know that we have nearly finished draining so that you mednt be afraid of finding me in a place that I cannot leave. So come as soon as you can stay as long as you can and brings as many dogs, owls, ducks, horses and "deaf birds" as you can. Grey squirrels are

longing for the aproach of a sportsman, partiedges want to be taught that guns some times kill, muskrats are tired of hearing the reports of shotgun guns, and in fact game will degenerate greatly if a true sportsman doesn't appear in these regions soon.

I have written more than I intended to, but it might all be concentrated in this sentence. Wm Brewster you are hereby invited to come to the house of D.C. French in the town of Concord at any time within the next week, month or year for the purpose of shooting what little game he can find

Signed
D.C. French.

French D. C

Nov. 1

1868

Concord, Nov. 30th, 1868.

Dear Will

I enjoyed my visit at Cambridge very much, as I always do, and hope to come again sometime. Do you know how near we came to missing the train at Porters? The train did start from Boston at 6 P.M. but happened to be a little late; so we came out all right after all.

I have removed some of the rust from John's gun and have fired it, though it is far from clean now.

Thanksgiving day passed without any particular jubilee though in the evening we all went to the Keyes's (in other words Uncle Simon's) and had a kind of a spree.

Today I shot with the long gun a shorelark in Mr Hubbard's field, and that is the only game that I have captured.

I stuffed my owl and crossbill both of which turned out well. The confounded thing on my neck is not a boil and is about as it was, when I left Cambridge, but I have begun to get accustomed to it now, though if it don't get well or kill me or something I shall

see what the doctor has to
say about it.

The pears that I brought
home were joyfully received.
I have written all I have to
say therefore, with love to
your father, and mother, and
my most profound respects
to Trudy, I stop

Your's aff.
Dan.

Vol. 80 1868

Charles G.

A.S. Don't read this ~~letter~~ epistle if you have any other earthly thing to do, for it is only a poor apology for a letter.

Concord Dec 14th '68

Dear Will

Shooting is rather neglected by me, for the good reason that there is nothing to shoot. Skating is fine, though I have been but twice, in fact I have been no where seen nobody, and done nothing, ~~so~~ interesting to city folks.

I have been building horse stalls, hen houses, &c. and my next work will be a wood case for myself. I went to Miss Alcott's and got ~~some~~ about as much clay, for modeling, as I could conveniently carry from her cellar to the carriage; about 125 lbs I should think. I have not done much with it yet, though I have done a few things rather better than I thought I could

Tonight I am going to an Indian show; which will probably be a sell. Next Friday evening we are to have a ball at the town hall, where may be seen the fair maidens of Concord arrayed in goodly raiment as beautiful as they can be which is not saying much.

My energies are expended my resources have failed, therefore with love to your father and mother I close in despair

Your aff friend
Dan

French D. C.
Dec. 17-'68-

Concord Dec 24th 1868

Dear Will,

I wish you a 'Merry Christmas' but am very sorry to say that I have no present for you, but you must forgive me, for I tried my best.

I have modeled a pointer in clay, and intended to send him to you, and worked day and night, to finish him in time, but this morning to my horror and dismay I found that one of his legs has come off in drying, so that I shall be obliged to give it up. I may possibly be able to restore him; if so I will send him to you, when I am sure he will hold together.

So with a Merry Christmas to all, and hoping you will forgive what was inevitable, Your's Dan.

P.S. I thank you for your offer of the gull, but as you say it is rather large than otherwise and not an old one, I will wait till you offer to send a black backed gull, then I will accept. I may possibly be down, this week or next.

Dan.

Finch D. C.

Dec 1868

Concord, Dec. 27, '68

Dear Will

You must have thought that my note to you on Christmas was rather a sorrowful affair, but I doubt if you, or any one else, would have felt very gay to find the work of ages destroyed; and to think that you should up and give me, what I have always regarded as far beyond me, ~~is enough~~ makes me feel smaller than ever. I have often looked upon Ruth's knife as with envy, not supposing it possible that I could ever arrive at such dignity. You could not have pleased me better with anything, though I shall be almost afraid to carry it with me for fear of losing it. I have been show-

ing it to an admiring audience ever since it arrived. As Cyrus Hubbard said to some one who gave him a present "I wish you hadn't given it to me for I don't know how to thank you."

In short, William, you are a regular P.B.

After I wrote to you, concerning my unfortunate attempt at modeling, all the legs as well as the tail came off, which I suppose was owing to ~~his~~ it drying too quickly; last evening however I presented him with false legs so that if the clay holds I shall be able to send him; but I ~~and~~ am afraid ~~he~~ it will separate again.

I am also afraid I have raised your expectations too heigh, for it is really only a dog (meant to be a pointer) about six inches long, by-

ing down, and of course rather a rough affair owing to its being only my third attempt in the day line.

I believe you accused me of not writing a very lengthy epistle last time therefore I intend to bring a suit against you in the shape of a long letter which I hereby command you to read. I think that will be punishment enough, as I have nothing of any consequence to say.

Dec. 14th. The only excitement on that day was Bible class; but come to think of it I concluded to go to and Indian show instead of Bible class. Therefore, the only excitement on Dec 14th was and Indian show, comprising Indians, gymnasts, clog dancers &c, &c, &c. On the whole a good show.

Dec 15th Nothing of account.

Dec 16th Washed my face.

Dec 17th do.

Dec 18th Went to a ball at the town hall, and had rather a poor time. got home at about 1 o'clock A.M.

Dec 19th Went skating in the evening and had rather a poorer time than I had at the ball.

Dec 20th Went to church and saw one or two interesting damsels.

Dec 21st Went to Bible class (for certain this time) sat with Mary Fay and ~~Carrie~~ Carrie Hoar, gazed at Marcella stared at Jenny Barrett, attended more to Flora Keyes than to the lesson I fear, came home with Sallie and in fact had a joyous time.

Dec 22nd Worked six or seven hours on a clay dog for a friend of mine, and went to bed.

Dec 23 Let the dog dry too fast, and went to a Sociable in the town hall in the evening; was cheated out of

27 Dec 68

a dance with Marcella; but I wasn't very mad. O! no! Wasn't introduced to Bell Rice; the reigning 'star'; had a joyous time, and returned home with my adorable sister and a cigar box. Said cigar box I ~~to~~ got for the purpose of packing said clay dog, but, as I hid it behind a post while I was in the hall, ~~I~~ it was unfortunately smashed. However I picked up the pieces sorrowfully and proceeded on my weary way.

Dec 24. Got up early in order to mend my box, so that I could send the aforesaid clay dog by my respected father; nearly froze in our shop putting the box together; proceeded to ~~put~~ pack my car when I found the aforesaid leg off, which prevented my ~~sending~~ making Wm. HALE Brewster of Cambridge a Christmas present; was entirely

discouraged; and worked ~~on~~ laying a floor the rest of the day.

Dec. 25th Received Christmas presents consisting of two neckties from Sallie. I also received a Christmas present of a knife, gimlet, corkscrew, rimmer, tweezers &c&c from a young gent. of Cambridge. The proportion of D.C. French to his necktie is D.C.F.: necktie :: [illegible] : [illegible]. In the afternoon went skating; saw several greysquirrels, which I did not kill as I didn't particularly want them.

I went to Walden pond and Fair haven Bay, both of which were frozen over. Also I called at the Cliffs where it was decidedly blowy.

Returned home; went to a Christmas tree in the evening; received a present of a pair of sleeve buttons which I doubt if I shall wear.

Our Sunday-school class presented

our teacher, Uncle Simon Brown, with one of Roger's groups "Taking the oath," which was presented on ~~this~~ the same evening.
Dec 26. Worked on a closet, mended Mr. Hubbard's hay cutter, and fed the pig. In the evening I Sallie, Miss Wheeler Mr. Wheeler Will and Mr Courtis went skating on Walden, saw the hermit (a successor to Thoreau) and had a good time. To-day, I did not go to church. This brings me down to the present time.

I did not tell you that I got a bird the other day, and I haven't the least idea what it is. Length 7 inches clear extent 11 inches. Its bill shaped like a finch, its hind claw like a lark's. On the back of the neck bright cinnamon; on the back, the feathers are very dark edged with yellowish white. A large triangular spot o

of black on the breast the feathers of which are edged with yellowish white. This spot extends from the bill to nearly the middle of the breast. Belly white. Tell me what it is if you can.

I hope to go to Boston New Year's day, if so I shall call at Cambridge with my dog, which does not bark. Will, my advice to you is never to say anything about short letters again, or you will be served in the same way as this.

With more thanks than I know how to express for your present

Your aff. friend,
Dan.

Thursday Eve
Jan. 11th
1865.

Con. Jan. 10th 1869

Dear Will.

My first letter of the new year is destined to be a short one. I wish to tell you that I had a delightful time in Cambridge as usual. Hattie with her children came in the afternoon of the day that I arrived home, and stayed till Wednesday, on which day Sallie started for Washington.

I have done nothing of any consequence in the dog line since I came home.

Wednesday I set ~~some~~ a snare for rabbits, but have had my usual success. In the evening I called on Miss Fay, but had my usual success there too.

Thursday evening I went to a "sociable" in the hall, and had meddling success.

I danced first with Miss Austin who has eyes. I also danced with the Fair Marcella, who has a voice, with Miss Jenny Barrett who has such lips, ~~wh~~ with Fanny Hubbard, no comment, with Miss Alice Wheeler who has such cheeks, (not the singular) talked with Miss Florence Keyes, who has such a tongue, was introduced to Miss Belle Rice who ~~to~~ "the more she dance the more she want," was nearly introduced to Miss Abby Staples who has such a stare, saw Miss Amelia Brown, Emma Collier White Jenny Barrett, besides many others too numerous to mention.

Miss Belle Rice was thrown from a sled yesterday and slightly hurt. nothing serious.

I was rather snubbed once during the evening by Miss F. Keyes, who on my beginning a conversation with her a second time merely remarked, that she thought we were all talked out long ago. I believe I did not take the hint. She also danced with some one else, when I had engaged her. Query. Shall I dance with her next time? Answer. No.

Having said enough of the birds of the parrot tribe, I come to birds of ~~sence~~ (Don't tell Sandy) Birds of sence are rare. Since I arrived in this ~~city~~ city I have seen several tree sparrows, a shrike a hawk and I believe some chickadees, three crows, a blue jay, and have heard a pine grosbeak and a snow bunting.

I cleaned the rifle the other

day and fired it a few times, and I find that it goes all right if I prime it.

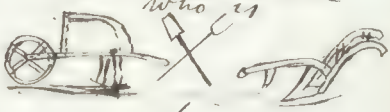
With love to Miss Prudy I remain yours to command

Daniel C. French
of the town of
Concord
in the State of
Massachusetts
~~one~~ one of the
United States
of
America.

also

also

also



also

also

also

which means dancing

also

also

also

Dear Will

Did you shoot that fox yourself? If so you were lucky; but you said in your letter that you got a fox, and I am not sure but that you got him in the same way that I got my Lapland longspur; and if you had not told me that you stuffed him, I should most certainly think so. That letter was the best one you ever wrote, in my estimation. I was jealous of your success with the fox, and I perfectly... well, not roared, smiled over your experience in round dancing, and kissing games. I like your spirit. I hope you will excuse me for showing the letter to Cy, and for reading it to the family, and for

the bank, etc. which Sarita's PS would not is detested. so that it is probable that she will lose her fortune. though I hope not, as I fear it some of her miners will alert off, and it will be very hard for her to convince to real money that it is the last. I will for her. Never mind, perhaps, if the Lord lays her money my old 3rd returns, I guess not. hoping for a letter better next time. Dev.

quoting part of it to a certain fair one though without mentioning name of author.

Mother is quite triumphant that ~~that~~ the butter worked so well.

I have hardly anything to tell you of my own experiences during the last fortnight, as I have been indoors most of the day.

Skating is fine and I really like it for once in my life. I have been trying the outer Edge lately and have learned it pretty well, and what I think doing pretty well I have only tumbled down once since I began. The great trouble is that there are very few good skaters in Concord so that I have no one to learn from, except when Will comes home.

Coasting is the rage among the boys and girls now though I don't participate

in it much. One evening, however I joined them and had rather a poor time. I think the way the fellows here have of going coasting with the fair damsels is somewhat novel. The evening that I joined them I didn't understand the customs of the natives, so I did as they did. We (men, youths, boys or fellows, as you like) collected in the town and proceeded to the coasting ground, where we met a squad of young damsels whom we immediately seized upon. This is the way they do in Concord, but I think I shall not follow the crowd in future. I believe the gentlemen (so called) of Concord generally accompany the young ladies home; but that is according to how they feel. Night before last I went to 'sociable', was sleightly smitten with a young lady from the town of Lincoln, had a good time, but had not the courage to dance 'round dances.

I called on Miss Florence Keyes and the Fair Marcella the other evening but they were both out so I went into Mealy's to talk boats and gunning; he said he could build me a boat ~~three~~ 12 ft. long 3½ wide of half inch pine, of the shape of yours for $16.00 which I think is reasonable.
Or he would sell me a boat of his which he built for running for $12.00 I think he said it is 16 feet long by 2½ or 3 wide pointed at both ends. The only trouble with it is that it was made to paddle. Which should you take? The last one holds two comfortably.
There are very few birds about now with the exception of snowbuntings. The whole product of my snares is one rabbit.
To day we had a letter from Sallie. She says that it is reported that

Nov 27th 1864

Concord, Feb. 13th, 1869

Dear Will

You don't know how you scared me by not writing, and when your father's letter came I thought surely something serious had happened, and it was bad enough but I am glad you are getting better.

Last Saturday I began a letter to you, so I will copy it, with the date Feb. 6. Monday evening (Feb. 1.) I attended a gift show in the town hall instead of Bible Class but like every one who prefers bad to good I had a poor time and was sorry that I didn't go to B.C.

Smaller but better, my, which is a very, often yes a day. Don't you have a vacation the last week in Feb? I have not been skating lately though a fellow down town got four rubbis and a pair of skates on a bet. I hope ma stay put. I hope you will get well so as. Was sorry to go in Cambridge get coke. I believe almost every body in town cared but my self too. Your off friend Dan.

Tuesday evening I called on Florence Keys who got a bad cold at the last dance which she attended in company with D. C. French. So much for taking girls to balls. Also I went skating Tuesday but the ice was poor.

Thursday evening I went to a sociable in the hall (great place is the Town Hall) and had a better time than I had have had at any dance this winter. All for ten cents. Music; piano and violin. From this place my letter dates Feb. 13. I have finished the dog that I was modeling when you were here, and I think that he looks very well. He is in something this position,

though I can model better than I can draw. Will said that

he would give me a pair of dress boots if I would model a dog for him; I shall therefore give it to him

Also uncle Simon ~~said~~ offered me five dollars if I would model him one; also Mr Dexter of Cambridge wishes me to give him one, and told Will he would give me a fair price ~~one~~ for it.

I think I will attempt one for him though if I don't succeed I shall not send it, and of course should not let him pay me any thing. You see sculpture pays.

Your bird house is well under way, I have made it a little smaller than mine, but it is as large as I should make another one for myself.

You may be surprised to hear that I am all alone in the house father and mother having gone to Washington and left me sole proprietor of the estate. I sleep at home and take meals at the Hubbards. I don't think much of it, I must say. You would see me at Cambridge if I could have the place, but I can't.

They (father and mother) will stay through this week and as much longer as they see fit.

Thursday I went to another ball, taking Miss Mary Ray this time. She did not take cold. I got home at ~~one~~ 10 o'clk. and arose in the morning at 5½ o'clk. to see the folks (Pa and Ma.) off to W. I was rather sleepy Friday.

We have exchanged our big cow for a

Received Feb 13 1869

Concord Feb 25
1869

Dear Will

I received your letter yesterday - Wednesday - afternoon, and I wish to tell you that such as it is, there is plenty of skating though ~~it~~ the ice is not very smooth; however if you would like to come I should be delighted to see you. If you come bring your gun or if you don't want to bring it you may use one of mine, which perhaps will be easier to do, and if we can't skate we can try shooting, and if there is nothing to shoot we can try sparking.

This evening there is to be a dance at the hall, and if you will stand the chance of living on bread and butter till to-morrow night I should like to have you come to that; but as I shall be alone in the house untill to-morrow evening of course you will not live very well. But come if you think you can stand it. Father and mother arrived home from Washington Tuesday and today are going to Cambridge to stay till tomorrow evening.

Come if you would like to in the ~~6~~ 6 train from B. and if not then certainly in the first train tomorrow morning

The long and short of this confused and hurried letter ~~is~~ are, that I should like to have you come this evening if not then tomorrow morning. Be sure to do one or the other.

I never wrote a letter so quickly in my life.

Yours in haste

Lou.

Henry G. Gates
Oct 25th
1864

Concord, Mass.
March 5th '69

Dear Will

I am happy to tell you that I can come whenever you say to help you in moving. So set the day and I will be with you.

Last evening I attended the 'sociable' which ~~lasted~~ continued from 7¼ till 12, two hours later than usual on account of its being the 4th of March. I was introduced to Miss Abby Staples, the young lady who passed the note to a young gent sitting behind her in church. She is rather gay and dances like a fairy.

Perhaps you know that I took the train at Waverley, when who should get out of the cars, as

get in but the princess of that region Miss Mabel Thais, who informed me that she ~~took~~ the had been at Cambridge and probably took the cars at Porter's. I told her that I wished that she were going further but she civilly replied that she was glad she wasn't, I left her to her fate. Wasn't it mean I didn't get in at Porter's as I generally do?

Your birdhouse is done, with the exception of the second coat of paint, and I call it a remarkably pretty one, and if martins don't flock to it in hundreds I am not to be blamed.

I made a turntable, ~~for~~ to put the clay on when I model, yesterday, and am going to set up the clay for a bust tomorrow.

It is so dark that I can hardly see to write however I have nothing more to say. Give my love to your father and mother.

Your aff friend
Dan C.

Church D. C.
Mar. 5 1869

Tomorrow when she is going to meet us for himself. Father is coming home next Wednesday.

Your loving aid & comfort is waiting also the ducks. Come.

Your aff.

Dan.

Concord, Mass
March 28th '69.

Dear Will

I have a number of things to tell you.

Firstly. Perhaps you remember that I said, that a certain young man, Will. Brown, was very attentive to the fair Marcella; well! at the Waltham station I took her minnette from my pocket and looked at it; all very well! I got into the cars where I was informed that she was engaged to be married to said W. B. (not Will Brewster) not very well! I did not call on Miss Hurd (not now Marcella) on the next Tuesday as I told you I intended to do, and yet I am alive.

Secondly. Went to Bible class Monday evening. Walked home with Jenny Barrett, or rather ran home, for Florence Keyes and Dick. Barrett, Marcella and Billy B., and Jenny and I

had a race down Main St. in which race Jenny and I beat. Don't our girls beat Cambridge and Waterloo? I think they do.
Thirdly. Tuesday Cyrus and I painted the boat; light green with a red stripe, very pretty, though it wouldn't take a gunners eye, as it is rather too showy for shooting.
Fourthly. Made a call on Ellery Day Wednesday evening, where I also found Jenny Barrett. Had a very pleasant ~~call~~ evening.
Fifthly. Thursday evening the last Assembly came off. I went with Susie Hubbard. There were about one hundred in the hall, and never before did I see the Concord girls look so pretty. Miss Mabel Thayer was there and was very agreeable. She is not going to let me call on her for two years. I got home from the dance at about 2 o'clock, and arose the next morning at the usual hour.

Saddle. Went to Boston Saturday to help father move his books from one office to another. Went to Charlestown and ordered 250 lbs of clay which will be sent to Concord on Monday, and cost me $5.00. I also called at your father's office but he was not there.

Today Father Will and I walked down to the boat house, and just across the river in the meadow which is overflowed was just the prettiest flock of black duck that ever I saw. There were about forty (I counted thirty-seven) some swimming and some on land, and some of them were quacking exactly like tame ones. After I had watched them a few minutes they rose and flew up stream. There were two or three that were not black ducks.

Then over across the river we saw some kind of an animal about as

large as a cat ~~that~~ walked along the ~~river~~ bank of the river and looked as if it were in the water part of the time. It went by where the elevator were and followed the river close by up to the bend, where it turned up a ~~the~~ ravine where there is a house and could not be seen from the boat house. Do you think it could have been an otter. It was larger than a muskrat and did not walk like one, and looked perfectly black.

On the North branch the other day I saw from one bridge three different flocks of Mergi mergansers of three or four each. And they were in a splendid place to creep on them. I wish my boat was fit to put in the river and I would try to shooting again.

I heard a Musicapa atra this morning as well as a Turdus ludovicianus

Will. starts for the ~~West~~ Chicago

Mr. Ward
Dr. Marsh

Dear Will,

Your letter arrived, but you did not, as I suppose you know. Did you think the road too bad; I don't blame you. Can't you come Wednesday afternoon, and stay that day and the rest of the week. I suppose you don't have any school Friday; do you?

P.S. Can you let me know, if you cannot come Wednesday?

I haven't done much this week out of the common run, except to begin a book of Father which is progressing very well.

Tuesday morning. Dear Will, I'll meet you at 3 o'clock. Thanks! Yours. How would Saturday do? Yes! If you want me to. Yours, Edward.

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I find him much easier to make than Lizzie Hubbard, whose face changes at the rate of about ten times a minute. Why, day before yesterday Jonathan said I now have enough to model the whole neighborhood.

I wish you would come up as soon as possible, for the river is perfectly alive with ducks principally mallards. This is somewhat exaggerated for 'perfectly alive' means that you can see ducks at any time on the river.

Yesterday I took my gun and walked down to the river; one barrel loaded with B. the left with G, I think. I soared up into mid-air

from a place where I did not expect to find anything, and first-as I always do when I am in a hurry—my left barrel at them, when they were about forty paces off—if you can place in the air—and of course with my usual success. The report of the gun started three others which were behind shot, or rather out of range.

I tell you we want a fellow that can shoot, for if you don't hurry he will get so lame under my shooting, that you can knock them over with a stick.

There have also been a lot of quills ~~on~~ around the river lately, and black duck and muskrats in

such small trash the [illegible] number.

I saw quite a flock of white-bellied swallows last Thursday, up on the river. Have you seen any yet.

My list of the birds of Mt. Holy hasn't come yet, so I ~~skip~~ do not give the scientific name.

I made three calls the other evening in about fifteen minutes per. no one at home. I found on going to the house of one damsel, ha! she had moved, but found on the door-step, Miss Mary Day and Otherwise a spring washington, sealed and inspiring sunshine & fragrant. I think I should want a very warm

Received D. E. April 4. 62

Concord, Mass
May 14, '69

Dear Will

I was very much pained to hear that your father is sick, and I write this note to ask you to let me know how sick he is. I am very anxious about him and wish you would answer me as soon as this note reaches you.

I am going to give this letter to John Hopkinson who is here to post in Cambridge, and as he is going immediately I shall close this short epistle.

Be sure to answer me right off for I am very anxious to hear.

Your aff friend
Dan.

French D. C.
May 14. '69

If your father
Go your off.
friend,
Dan.

Concord, Mass.
May 16th, '69.

My dear Will

I was very glad to hear from you yesterday, but I am extremely sorry ~~to~~ that your father is not better. We are all very much worried about him, and I hope to receive better news of him from you tomorrow. You probably received my letter yesterday and so I hope ~~to~~ you will write today. It must be awful suspense to you and your mother, as I assure you it is to me, for your father seems nearer to me than any one out of our own family. I hope you will not make yourself sick with over ex-

ration. Father has called at your father's office every day, but has not been able to obtain much information. He saw Mr Russell yesterday, who relieved our anxiety as a little.

I am going to try to ~~write~~ finish this sheet, though I know that what I have to tell you will not interest you much. Sallie came home last Saturday as we expected; she looks rather paler and thinner for her Washington dissipation.

Last Sunday afternoon Will, whom we supposed to be in Chicago walked into the house, and scared us a good deal for as we thought he must ~~had~~ have met with some accident. But we found that he was only at home on business with Mr. Field. He returned Tuesday morning to Chicago.

I went to our owls nest, but found it deserted. There was a downy woodpecker nest in the same tree; but as I did not want any eggs, I didn't climb for it though the bird flew out of the hole.

Olly ducks reappeared the other day. so I guess we shan't lose them.

You remember I ran for a horse car from your house. I got to the station when the car was at Elm Cockburn gate and therefore lost it; however I walked to the Square and got to the city in time for the express train.

I have been fishing twice, but have not used a torch though I intend to try it.

John Hopkinson and his wife drove up Thursday and stayed over me.

night.

Was Wednesday a very hot day with you. The ther. here was at 91°

Cyrus Hubbard went in swimming this morning but found the water very cold.

I have told you all that I have to tell, and very little that is interesting.

I do not know whether to direct this letter to Cambridge or Waterbury. I directed my other to Waterbury so I direct this to Cambridge to make sure that you get one. If you do not write before receiving this, be sure that you do immediately after.

I know that this letter will seem very cold and unsympathizing, as letters always do, but I do not feel so, for I feel the deepest interest in your family, and long to hear better news

Received Aug. 16. '64

Concord Mass
May 18th 69

Dear Will

I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday and to hear that your father is doing so well. Father called at the office yesterday and Mr. Hurd told him that your father was better, so that I wasn't so much afraid to open your letter as I should have been otherwise.

The dolichonix oryzivorus was seen here on the 9th of May.

Ed. Simmons found a wood duck's nest with five eggs on Sunday, and he said that he found one every year. Dennis found my ducks' nest which contained fifteen eggs. It was in the pasture under some brush. I am going to let her (the duck) sit on them and hope to get some

young ducks, though the skunk will probably finish most of them.

Give my love to your father and mother.

Your aff friend,

Dan.

French D. C.
May 18-69

Concord, Mass
May 23rd, 69

My Dear Will

I am sorry to hear that your father does not ~~progress~~ improve faster and I want you to write as soon as there is any change, for we are still ~~also~~ anxious about him.

I set about hunting up Henshaw ~~on~~ the evening that I received your letter, and found him about a mile and a half from our house. I invited him to come up the next afternoon which was yesterday and go up the river with me. He seemed to be glad to come. We went up as far as the

owls nest, and hunted for eggs there.
I went to the ~~river~~ owl tree where I told you there was a downy's nest. I climbed the tree and found a chicadee had made a nest in the hole. Henshaw cut open the hole and got seven fresh eggs. These were the only eggs except five golden wing's eggs in the same orchard. The wind for once was favorable for ~~go~~ it ~~the~~ wind blew up the river when we went up, and down, when we came down so we had a good sail.
I like Henshaw very much, ~~and~~ am glad you mentioned him to me. I invited him to stay to dinner, but he seemed to think he couldn't stop. I gave him the use of my boat, while he ~~was~~ is here

and in fact did, what I could conveniently to make his visit pleasant; but this is a very busy time on the farm and I shant have much time to be with him.

Uncle Simon offered to show me a wood duck's nest with five eggs today, but I had another engagement and so didn't go to it.

Ally bust of father progresses very slowly, but well I think. Since I began this letter I have made a call on Ellis Abbott ~~this evening~~ to see some things that she has modelled.

I have discovered that both my ducks are females and have nests but will, according to the laws of Nature, probably not hatch

I have done nothing, since I wrote to you, of any interest except that I called on Florence Keyes the other evening, which was pleasant.

You will hear from me again before long, if you answer promptly.

Be sure you give my love to your father and mother. I hope your father will recover soon, and you must be sure to let me know when there is a change.

Ever your aff. friend

Dan.

Branch Ill.
May 23
69

May 30th '69
Concord, Mass.

Dear Will

I am rejoiced to hear that your father is better, and hope he will soon be well.

I don't understand why you have not received a letter from me for I wrote last Sunday, and directed it to Cambridge.

Probably however you have received it before now.

During the last week I have stuck to farming, and have done very little else.

Wednesday I went in swimming in the river and found the water warm. In the evening made a call on Miss F. Keyes and

her friend Miss Wallace.
We have set out another half acre of strawberries, and nearly as much asparagus, so we hope to have enough of each.
Next Friday Uncle Simon Brown and I are going to drive to Chester if nothing happens to prevent, to be gone till about the middle of the next week.
Won't we have a gay time? I think so.
I may possibly ~~come~~ go to Boston that week and if so I may possibly call at Waterbury for a minute, though probably not.
Mrs Ostrom, the seamstress of Concord, came to me my last of feather, the other evening and pointed out the defects to me, and helped me a good deal.
The story is very good,

better than she could do herself; so I am quite set up.

There are four pairs of martins in my bird house this year. Two pairs are young, I think and two pairs old.

There are eight or ten ~~of~~ pairs of cliff swallows building on the cleat that I put on Mr Halford's barn, and it looks as if there were a hundred.

Give my love to your father and mother, please.

Your's

Dan.

Minutes of
Meet. 30 1874

Concord, Mass.
June 10th '69

Dear Will

Henshaw said last evening that you had received no letter from me for a long time; if so the U.S. mail is imperfect. I wrote you a letter just before I received yours, and another on the Sunday following, directing to Cambridge. You will probably find both awaiting you at the office. Henshaw said that he directed our to Watertown and that you received it, but as you said you should never get one directed so I ~~m~~ have not done it.

If this note reaches you, and you answer it you will prob-

a very near from D. C. F.
again before long. But I
shall waste no more paper
and ink until I ascertain how
to direct to you.

Yours as ever
Dan.

French W. C.
June 10. '69.

worth getting up a fire
now for me but
I had not time to
look much for his
next.
I accidentally
began this letter
with the short story
with us, but was
informed by Sallie that
that is the fashion in
this place of
writing
I have written some
what more than
intended, but
Give my love to
and tell your mother that
Cando you come up
and see us? If you
come, write
three weeks
let a letter
or go if you want
Bring ready box of yarn
with.
Yours Dear.

Dear Will

I have forgotten what I wrote in my last letter to you, therefore I may repeat some of it. I think I said that I went to Chester. Did I tell you that I saw my dearest "love" Miss Sallie Webster. Well! I did; and what's more I think she has improved by keeping. I also saw the prettiest young lady that I have seen for a great while. That was Miss Nanny Noyes; a relative of yours, I believe.

I heard through Neal and Hen-

show that you are going to lose Billy. Is it so? I am awfully sorry for I don't know of another dog equal to him, and, somehow, I have always had a kind of respect for his superior skill in hunting. Besides I wanted to model his head in clay. It will be a great loss to you, I am afraid.

I am still at work on my bust of father, which I am happy to say is very nearly done. Yesterday I spent ~~the~~ two or three hours draping it.

Thursday, I went to Boston, and Wednesday to see the people and to study drapery and hair ~~(not real)~~ not real drapery or hair, though I saw a good deal of both. Neo-

or did I see such a collection of homely girls. I looked in vain all day for a pretty face. Not one really pretty face did I find among about fifty million, more or less, that I saw.

I did not go into the Coliseum though I went down to see the building. I saw Grant, but was disappointed that he was not on a horse. I thought of coming out to Cambridge or rather Watertown, but ~~thought~~ concluded you would either be studying or not at home. The trains have been pretty lively on our road this week.

I am going to have our strawberry crop, this year, myself, as a present or pay, from father.

The strawberries will probably bring between $150.00 and $250.00. It looks now as if there would be a very large crop of very large strawberries. We shall probably begin to pick tomorrow or next day, and ought to get about 1000 qts in the whole.

Henshaw had good luck egging, didn't he? Concord must be a good place. I was driving to mill the other day, and got out at two places and walked about among the bushes, not more than five minutes at the most. First I found a yellow billed cuckoo's nest with three eggs, and next a Wilson's thrush's with four; nothing uncommon, but not bad either. There was a blue yellow back

I was a young lady in Charlestown when Thomas Ellis & Truly H. Kiss for me, please, the inclosed time. You may "good night" Yours as ever Lucy

Cambridge
Jan. 22nd 69

Dear William Hale Brewster,

Don't swear too hard at the U.S. mail for the letter that you ought to have received I did not write. I received your letter on Monday and waited till Sunday to write to you again. My last letter I directed to Forwarder care Auburn P.O. Watertown Ellis, which I thought was sufficient. I have sent two letters whenever to any of Cambridge which you have not acknowledged and therefore I supposed they have not reached you.

I am rejoiced that your father is so much better and hope he will be out of doors in a

few days. When I get so that I can work fast and securely I want to make a bargain of him, if he will let me. I have succeeded so well with my farmer that I am encouraged to keep on.

I told you in my Sunday letter that I am to have the crop of strawberries, but perhaps you will not get that one, so I repeat it. Well, we picked yesterday for the first time, and got thirty-two boxes, which Mr. Pratt carried down last night. They ought to bring a good price at least. We shall probably send down more tomorrow. The rain is the best thing in the world for them.

You will be pleased to hear that Concord is always a little ahead of Cranberry in point of the two men

comers into this world of sin, happiness &c. Mrs. G. Keyes was on Sunday presented with two boys weighing respectively 7 and 8 lbs. and called for want of better names no. 1 and no 2.

I have hardly spoken to a "gal" for weeks except the Hubbard. and therefore have not much to write in that direction. I however lost my heart slightly to a young lady at church last Sunday, but regained it, when I met her in the afternoon and found her not so pretty as I had supposed.

I repeat my invitation to you (and Freddy) to come up and eat strawberries some time within three weeks.

Chickens are increasing rapidly on our farm. An addition of eleven

came last Sunday, and I expect at least twenty tomorrow. To be sure I have only 8 more eggs to hatch, but some of them may hatch double. I have noticed that ~~any~~ mon generally do hatch double, now chickens from about twenty five eggs last year.

This letter is not worth reading or writing, really, but I thought I deserved to make some reparation for not answering your last letter sooner; besides I felt like writing which is not often the case.

Cutworms have appeared on our apple trees this year, to considerable extent which may not be very interesting to you.

Ducks are lost entirely I think this time unless they are sitting on eggs, that will never hatch, somewhere in the meadows.

Pumpkin 2.66
Tomatoes 1.17

it and - not be
cause you observed
it, but I have writ-
ten two letters before
that have not been
answered.
I shall be glad to
see you any time and
would give you a set supper
up, and ~~[illegible]~~ to have a happy
evening ~~[illegible]~~ to the ~~[illegible]~~ will delight
or you in meeting the handsome
of the young ladies, which
may ~~[illegible]~~ be, in the
evening, I, for is the
reason why to do for
amusement any where
which will give a friendly
party - thank you should be very
this week and I should like
to know if you have up and
making plans to do. Dear if you know

Dear Will,

I did not think till yesterday of its being your birthday tomorrow. Don't you feel old? I do when my birthday comes round.

I have not received any letter from you since I wrote, but as I know you have had as much as you can could do on your examination, so I will forgive you. I am anxious to hear of your success on those awful hours; though I haven't a doubt you will pass all right. It must have been very hard to make up for the

time you lost at school during your
father's sickness.

I did not say anything about
mole crickets in my last letter
because I forgot it. I tried to
find some the other day, but
did not succeed, but shall
probably come across some before
long.

I have sold so far about a
thousand boxes of strawberries
which ought to bring me $250.
We shall get about two hun-
dred more, probably.

Last Tuesday I was invited to
spend the evening at Mr. Al-
cott's one of the philosophers of the
town. There I met a Miss David-
son, who is visiting the Emerson's,
and who walked up the path whist-
ling as she came. She is very
pretty, lives in Boston and hasn't

a great deal to say. I walked home with her, and was invited to call, which I did last night but found no one at home.
I was invited to tea at R. W. Emerson's Thursday evening, and went. I found I was the only one of the male persuasion present except the "great man" himself though there were eight or ten ladies. I talked with the mighty Emerson half an hour, and felt all the time like a mouse under the paw of a cat, or rather I felt exceedingly weak. He showed true politeness in talking on subjects with which I am acquainted and was as pleasant as possible; but ~~all the~~ for all that I knew he was weighing me in his mind and knew he ~~not~~ would find me wanting. This is a dry page, but

I want you to know how R. W. E. struck me.

Day after tomorrow Cy Jr and I are going to Ct. Windsor after shad spawn for our ponds, and shall return Wednesday.

I suppose you are perfectly happy at the idea of your long vacation, and I dont blame you.

I wish you would tell me how the new house is progressing, for you never say any thing about it in your letters.

We shall probably begin haying this week and shall be busy for a few weeks. The woodchucks are having a fine time. I have only fired at one this year, and they are tamer than I ever saw them before. I got within twenty paces of three that were sitting on the wall together. I have written this letter because I feel like

Mrs Sarah D. C.
Aug 4th '69.

Dear Will,

Newport, R.I.
July 25th, 1869.

"Long owed letter", indeed; on my word, I have a great mind to let you wait a few months for a letter from me, the only trouble being, that in that case I should have to wait so long for your letter. I forgive you this time if you promise to do so again, on account of the excellency of that "long owed letter."

I wish you had spoken to Ellen's Office, the second, at the Falmouth Hotel, for I should like to see, and hear from, that fair damsel.

I have not seen Ellen Eckett since you were here except at church

Dear Will,

Please give my kind regards and thanks to your father, and tell him I have taken your name which I ~~found~~ found in his legacy.

Yours etc.
Dan'l.

Dear Will,

Please give my kind regards and thanks to your father, and tell him I have taken your name which I found in his legacy.

Yours etc.
Dan'l.

where she looked rather pretty.

"Grin" I saw at the Pond (Walden) the other evening, where he stood on the track and smashed a train whistle at him.

Mole crickets are not visible, so I suppose they have taken a summer residence at the sea shore or the mountains. I think however that their engineers are left behind as I have never seen so many of their burrows as there were on at the river.

These are the three things that you wished to be reminded to; I believe.

Bluejays are numerous here; I saw Melvin got two the other day. He told me that he almost always sees about twenty ~~woodcock~~ when he goes shooting.

The bust is at last cast in plaster

and looks nearly as well as it did in clay. I am going to have it photographed and will send one to you, in my next letter. I modelled a small one the other day and cast it without breaking it much.

I saw both of my white ducks in the meadow on the other side of the river yesterday or they are not dead yet. Tame ducks have begun to appear on the river.

I went to Boston Tuesday, to show the man who cast the bust how to finish it, and went down to Otis. I wonder if you found out whether you had gone to the Adirondacks or not, and found you had. I left B. in the 2.15 train and stopped at Lowell to call on Miss Mabel Thayer, who was not at home. I found

One of her small brothers and her mother were at home however and entertained me with pictures till the 5 Pell. train arrived in which I departed for Concord. Ellen Abbot came home in the train that I left in, so that I saw her a few minutes, and promised to call again, which promise I intend to fulfil this week. They have a beautiful house, croquet ground, and every thing lovely and I shall take pride in showing you the way, sometime, though I am afraid the lovely mountain girls will not have much for the lowlands.

What a splendid time you must be having. The only thing that I have to look forward to is a visit to Chester, which however I hope to enjoy myself. Do write

Concord Mass
Aug 8, 1869

Will Brewster

Never was mortal more delighted than was I, when I received the letter inviting me to go to Rye with you. Thank your mother, thank your father and thank yourself for me. Nothing will delight me more than to go with you, for I never enjoy myself as I do when I am at Rye. It is the place of all others that I like to go to, and you are the best people in the world to invite me. I am no less joyful that your father has improved so much in health through the influence of the mountain air.

I received your other letter, written

at the Tepley and Summit Houses, last evening rather unexpectedly
We have had pretty cold weather here for this season of the year nearly cold enough for a frost, but we have had no snowstorms as yet.
You are getting rather ahead of me with regard to young ladies. By gove that was a pretty "cheeky" way of giving an introduction. I hope you got paid for the trouble.
I called again on Miss Mabel Thayer and found her at home. I had a very agreeable call of an hour and a half and came home in the last tram. I told her I wanted to bring a friend of mine from Cambridge to call on her when she refused to let me, so that is the last time that I shall ever call on Miss Mabel, as lets she concludes to receive my friends.
Night before last I called on

Edie, who was also at home and pretty as usual. She is so confoundedly prim that I don't quite fancy her.
Last evening I called on Florence Keyes, and found six young ladies there assembled, which was about as many as a diffident young man could carry on.
I didn't tell you that I found a yellow winged sparrow's nest with several young ones and an egg just ready to hatch. I blew the egg after a fashion and took the nest. I know it is the real thing, because the birds were feeding their young ones at all hours of the day. The egg is about the size of a grass finches of a pinkish white with spots of light brown all over it but mostly on the large end. The nest was sunk pretty deep in the ground, among tall grass, and is made of dry grass coarse on the outside and

very fine within. I think there were several pairs of the birds about there.

I went to Boston to have the bust photographed Tuesday, and went down, and saw Ruth Deane and invited him up to spend Sunday.

I told you that I would send you a photograph of the bust, with this letter, but they are not finished yet. I will send one this week ~~I guess~~ if they are done.

I am going to buy a boat as I have said ~~that~~ before. Neely has one that tips over pretty easily, he says, and was not made to sail, being nearly sharp at the stern, but he says he can paddle it as fast as most boats can be rowed, and has been paddled near enough to shell drakes to shoot them. The price is $14.00 and I think I shall buy it. I must row mighty easily for it is sixteen feet long and only

about three feet wide.
I have only seen one moth cricket lately and that one was only about quarter grown, so that I didn't hack him.
There are quite a number of [illegible] on the river now, and I think I shall take a row tomorrow morning. Wood cock are as common as dirt along the banks of the river, and the fifteenth of August is near here.
I have seen a few plover both golden and upland, so called, circling round and whistling.
I had new nipples put into my gun yesterday down town for doing which, Pratt charged me seventy-five cents, not ~~high~~ much I think, particularly as he had to drill one of the old nipples out, spoilt his drill &c. &c.
I have been occupied lately painting and papering my room, so

that it looks quite clean, and my birds show better than the old. The moths got into mine and entirely ruined him, which is rather a pity.

We are going to put black bass in the river next. He tells has written to a man, who has a lot, that weigh four or five lb. ~~apiece~~ and are worth $5.00 a piece. Probably about forty or fifty will be put in this year, and they increase very rapidly.

Give my love to your father and mother, and let me thank you again for the invitation to Rye which I accept with the greatest of pleasure.

Yours aff. friend
Dan.

Dan. Q. Ro.
Aug. 7. 69

Concord, Mass
Aug. 15, 1869.

Dear Will

I am sorry that you should lose your evening promenade, but was glad to receive your letter. I will join you if possible at Watertown Thursday morning by the 7 o'clock A.M. train, prepared for a delightful ride to Rye. If I find it inconvenient to start so early wont it do as well to meet you at the depot in Boston.

Seems to me you are getting rather fast and I plainly see that I shall be obliged to restrain you some at Rye. As ellis Perry equal to the immortal Alice.

I shall ~~k~~ do rather a rude thing in going to Rye this week for two of my cousins Harry French and

Will Prentiss are here and will remain one or two ~~or three~~ weeks. But they will have to do without me for the very good reason that I am determined to go to the sea shore. Yesterday we (cousins and I) went up the river fishing and shooting. We caught a few fish pickerel, perch, and shiners, I shot a bittern flying and Harry, a duck also flying near the place where you shot the green-winged teal which we couldn't find and like him we could not find this one. We were just undressing for a swim when the duck alighted and I without a rag on, paddled up within shot. A short time afterwards Florence Keyes and Ellen Fay came rowing down the river.

They had been camping out at a short distance from where the duck was shot. Whether they saw

beauty unadorned. I have not yet discovered, but shall ask them, when I see them.

We had a chowder party on ~~egg~~ Egg Rock, Thursday where there were about sixty people. "Edie" was there. The same evening I went to a small dance at the Keyes's and had a pleasant time. Also went to a party at the same place the evening before.

Tuesday next we propose to go up the river as far as is convenient, and come back the next day. It will depend on ~~whether~~ what time Wednesday afternoon I get home, whether I come out to Watertown or join you at the Eastern depot, but don't be alarmed I will be at one place or the other in season. I shall direct this letter, care of Bowster, Sweet & Co

and ~~should another~~ ~~one~~ to, I
you will get it.

Thanking you again for your invitation which I accept with more pleasure than I can express, I am,

Your ever true
Dan.

P.S. I have concluded to come in the 8.40 train from Concord. If you wish to, you can meet me at Waverley with a horse, and I will be on the lookout.

Unless it is perfectly convenient don't do it, for I can just as well go on to Boston. The train reaches Waverley at ~~about~~ ~~P.M.~~ 9.12 A.M.

Dan'l G. Fitz
Aug. 15
1869

Dear Will

met Neaty with his boat which I tried and like; I will try to hire it if I don't buy it when you come up. By the way, I should have spoken of that before. We are all going to the Horse [illegible] this week and [illegible] if it is convenient to you [illegible] you come next Sat. [illegible] here either Monday or Wednesday [illegible] the 13th to stay as long as you [illegible] enjoy yourself. Give my love to your father and mother and thank them for my delightful visit at Rye. Yours [illegible]

I of course arrived home safely, and found that the cranberry picking had already been begun. We finished last night or rather yesterday. I had a "starving" time at Rye and shall have enough to think and dream of for the next year. Even last night methought that the fairest of Rye's ~~daugh~~ daughters smiled on me. Alas! 'Twas but a dream. But let us turn from the heavenly to the worldly.

I have been shooting only once since I came home and then

only for an hour or two towards evening. As I was walking through the lower pasture, a woodduck flew by me at long range & of course fired at him, when to my disgust the cap didn't go. I had just time to put on another cap when the same duck flew over me in at just the right distance. Again I pulled the trigger and again the cap missed and my duck kept on his course to the river. The caps were some that I have had a year or so and I should not have used them, but I had no others in the house.

I saw several more woodducks which all rose within shot of the boat, but wouldn't give me time to lay down my pad dle and take up my gun, though I did get one shot at very long

range. Snipe were scuttling about over the meadows at a great rate. Col. Simmons and another fellow, with a poor dog, got seven woodcock the other day. I floated down into a dipper on the river the other day but had not my gun with me. He let ~~me~~ the boat pass, and then, when I took the oars, he didn't seem to care in the least, ~~but~~ and I left him to enjoy himself.

Yesterday I told two small boys that I would give them twenty cents if they would catch my white ducks; which they accordingly did. I think I shall exchange them (the ducks not boys) for five dark colored ones.

I called on Miss Hettie Bigelow Monday evening and found her

rather agreeable. We took a plunge and walk, sat on the door step a quarter of an hour, &c
Tuesday evening called on Florena Keyes and Thursday evening on ~~Lot~~ Miss Damon.
I haven't had a chance to see Healy about his boat yet and have been advised not to buy it, but I will settle that when I have tried it.
I have stuffed my hat and put him in the position that your pet a blackbird is represented.
Afternoon, Sept. 5 I began this letter this morning. Since then father and I have been up the river to the place, where we shot grey squirrels, and stayed there an hour or so, but saw no squirrels. We saw my friend the dipper and got within good shot of him. I also

Concord, Mass
Feb 16 69

Dear Nat

I was sorry to hear by a note from your father that you are unwell and we also hoping very that you contrive your to see us this week.
I sincerely hope you will be well enough so that you may come on Monday morning of next week or some of spring.
I told Chris that you were coming and he said he would be right shooting for woodcock with you and we by & by. I up the river Sunday for [illegible] in his rest and ~~[illegible]~~ it paddles very well

I got a lot of bird-seed and also a mole which I filled with the first shot. I fired at some woodchucks at a long shot and missed. You may think that I stop for woodchucks at a very long shot, for the reason is that they are within good shot of the tent, but before I can drop a saddle, pick up my gun, out, and fire it, the chuck are gone in a flash. I saw one black chuck yesterday which was the first one I have seen this fall.

Now the post is come. If you can well come, a warm dog and gun, and we will see what can be done in the shooting line.

I started a fine bird (is that right?) of quail in our pas

time the other day, which I
if [illegible] might have [illegible]
spend with.

My love to your father
and mother.

Yours,
Dan.

Bach G. C.
Sept. 16 1869

Concord, Oct. 15, '69.

Dear Will,

Your letter came today. I am glad you had a good time here. I told Healy that he could have the day, at which he seemed to be very much pleased. He said that he could ~~not~~ come for him ~~till~~ the first part of next week, but could not sooner. He wants to come for him himself, so as to consult you, as to how to be shall train him.

The colt is alive and thriving. Jim Melvin and I are going 'coling' tomorrow night. I hope, if it don't rain.

Fanny Hubbard wished me to tell you that the family

were up and ready to receive callers on the morning, that ~~we~~ you inserted that they had gone to bed.

If this note is rather mixed you must know that it is bed time and I have ~~just~~ just got home from a call on Florence Keyes who was not at home.

I will add the recipe for Graham bread tomorrow morning when I can ask mother what it is.

Yours

Dan.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Josiah L. C.
Oct. 24
1869

Concord, Mass.
Oct. 24, 1869.

Dear Will

Jim. Melvin says he has written to you to come up to Hull next week. I have not heard of your coming. I hope you will come to our house to stay a few days, if you come to Concord at all, but of course you will receive this letter, like you

I have not had any gun in my hands since you left; I have done almost nothing, and have not seen anything worth shooting. I am doing better in my other branch of trade; for instance, I earned a dollar this morning of the day after

[illegible] sake! confound the luck!
I believe now it is your turn
to write. Didn't I write after
I received your letter? Let's see
I think; and I suppose I did. I was
to call and mother one in
field, and you may be sure I
didn't do it again. However I
again write my last letter and
send it to the printer. I did
write to my life to the first time.
They are fine, and I think
my preface has to be larger than
my letter will be.
The fact is that I have been
hard at work, this week, and
have done nothing else.
I have called once at the Jewess
and once merely passed the
family of Faith.
I have been working on the
road between the Jewess and

two roads above our house, and the depot for our last three days. We made the neighbors in town, and myself, I have agreed to do half the work if I can hire a new man. I believe I should go the other half. You might have seen me with a horse and hoe working on the road like any other Irishman. Perhaps, you would rather not have allowed this. I see you set word on the matter. On the contrary I ~~was~~ shouldn't care a bit if all the girls in the world should know that I can handle a shovel. I should, however, rather gain celebrity by ~~something~~ some work of art, like a Flaxman vase. Where Belle Rice (Cora, little) came trotting by in her little open spring, attended by

Eyes of you, Dick Barrett, who looked uncommonly "sprucy."
Miss Belle bowed graciously and passed on. He must have thought there was a contrast in between Dick and Dan.
Cecily (the turn from the sublime to the ridiculous is rather sudden here) is very much pleased with his dog.
You may observe that this letter is written more for fun and to fill the sheet than for any information it contains; I like to write in this fashion because it seems as if I were talking to you, more than if I considered you an "ass."

Yours affly

Dan.

P.S. I wish you would tell me what luck Ruth had at P.

P.S. I shall stay at Hattie's only a very short time direct as usual.

Chester, N.H.
Nov. 7, 1869.

Dear Will

You will probably be astonished to have a letter from the wilds of New Hampshire, as I did not warn you that I was coming here. I came a week ago last Friday to visit my grandmother, and put her house in order for the winter, and I have found plenty to do in the way of carpentering, setting up stoves &c. I have also found several young ladies as lovely as ~~usual~~ usual; among them Miss Noyes whom you will not recognize as a relative, though she is entirely in advance of No. 3. Of course, (speaking of No. 3) you will open ~~the~~ some season with some kind

in the big house
of a spree, but a German it shall not be, for I shall come, invitation or not invitation and shall insist on being entertained. This paragraph should be in parenthesis.

It is said that shooting is poor about here. I haven't tried it yet, and as I am going to West Concord N.H. to see Hatty, Tuesday, I probably shan't

I have spent my time here in working about the house, playing croquet (with girls, whose feet are as pretty as their faces) attending tea parties, escorting young ladies home from singing school attending sociable (one) and other things to numerous to mention.

Last evening I attended a young lady to her home, a mile and a half from here, through rain and mud at ten o'clock, with a lantern on one arm and "her grace"-

ful figure on the other. I nearly broke the lantern against ~~the~~ a rock, wet my best boots through and had to come home alone without umbrella lantern or any other agreeable companion in one of the darkest nights I ever saw. I tell you, I should think twice before I did that thing again, or rather I don't think I should think more than once.

Miss Noyes is going to give me a profile tin type, of large size, of herself, from which I am going to work a bas relief, though I didn't tell her that part of it. To be sure the tintype is not yet taken and she has not yet promised to give me one, but I am confident that I shall have it tomorrow.

I am glad that you have

discovered that nothing very alarming is the matter with your eyes. It is a pity you couldn't have that month's roughing in the woods.

The sea voyage I should not grieve about so much.

If you don't write to me next Sunday, you needn't expect me to be punctual with my letters. If you can't be well and attend to your friends, I shall begin to wish you sick again, so that your time will not be so much occupied with gunning.

If No. 3 of sending messages to you I think it is fully true that you call, at any rate remember that I am going to call there with Mr Brewster when I come to Cambridge next

Yours
Dan.

Concord, N.H.
Dec. 12, 1869.

Dear Will

What in creation has become of you. Do you know you haven't written to me for three weeks. If you are alive I think it rather bad, if you are not I will forgive you. Jim Oliver says you haven't written to him nor to his father either and is quite indignant. He told me to give it to you hot and heavy in my next letter to you. To tell the truth I am rather worried about you when I don't receive your usual letter. I don't know but what you are indignant that I did not come to help you with your birds, but I have explained that to the best of my advantage, and shall say no more

Concord is beginning its winter campaign of folly and pleasure. I attended a dance at our famous town hall Thursday evening where I danced round dances to my own astonishment and amid the exclamations of wonder of several young ladies. I had rather a good time on the whole, though the round dances, and one or two other incidents, contributed to the pleasure of the occasion.

Tuesday evening I went to a lecture by Curtis of New York. He kept me awake which I consider a compliment to him. His subject was Civil & National Follies.

There is to be another dance next Thursday evening.

I am invited to join kind of a spree as Miss Hastings Tuesday evening.

There was some skating on

on the river but the ice was rough, and I didn't try it.

Fanny Hubbard has been giving me lessons in round dancing in the last two weeks preparatory to the last Thursday's dance, where she declared I ~~had~~ should have to dance with her, and she carried her point. I think the dancing lessons are rather good things. Fanny and I retire to ~~[illegible]~~ the dining room kitchen or any deserted apartment, and then we dance. How improper! Mother thinks it's great business for me to dance round dances anyway; what she would say to the dancing lessons I don't know.

Jabez who has been at Hattie's for the last month, has returned, so we are not ~~[illegible]~~ so lonely as

...e were.

I have struck out in a new line now. After I finished my last letter to you I having nothing to do, I proceeded to copy a photograph of a little girl (which is in our photograph book) with charcoal crayon. I succeeded so well that mother recognized it immediately. The copy was life size and was really pretty good. I have copied one or two other photographs with less success.

I have finished all his Elzevir bas relief and am casting it in plaster.

Call this a letter and be satisfied, remembering that I owe you one.

Is Dick Dana in Cambridge now, or do you know where he is?

Yours as ever
Dan.

Dec. 12 1844

Concord. Mass.
Jan 9, 1870.

Dear Will

I was glad to receive your letter, and to know that the dog was appreciated. The duplicate of him that I have, and which was cracked open, I mended the other day, and find him better than the one I gave you, and you would have had him if he hadn't been broken. I have finished a bas relief of Father and made four plaster casts from it in the last week. Grace will come tomorrow I hope. "Be still, my heart,"

Yesterday, I tried my skates for the second time, and I am delighted with them. I learned the "crossroll" (is it spelt so) and even the "outer edge" backward, slightly. The ice was good but here is this snow to spoil it. I wish I had some one to show me the things to learn in skating. There is no one here who skates much better than I do so I have no example to follow. It would be well for me to learn your way of falling down, for I sometimes come down with a crash that make the world shake, besides being particularly disagreeable to me.

Last Thursday evening I went to a small dance in

the Town-hall and had a particularly stupid time.

Tuesday evening I went to a soiree at Mrs Hunters, where I acted Hamlet in a charade in a way that would have astonished Booth himself.

I rather expected to see Rothern up here last night. I am afraid he will have a stupid time when he does come. I wish you would come up here too before I depart for Washington.

The — little Belle Bier has apologized to me for not skating with me; though I don't think her apology is very good, however as I can't get a better one, I think I will do.

Remember me to Charley and John.

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Dan'l Gil[illegible]

Jan. 9 1870

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

Dear [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
advise of your [illegible] [illegible]
I [illegible] for Ruth, [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible], which I [illegible].
I started in the 7.20 train
[illegible], and arrived [illegible] [illegible]
it a little [illegible] [illegible]. I
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Dr. Wells' till afternoon
morning when I took the
train again and arrived
here [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] (in [illegible] [illegible]) which

[illegible] yet.
I went to the theatre twice, once to see Booth in Hamlet and once to see a play called "Ours", which is very good.

The English [illegible] are everywhere in New York and Brooklyn, above and below.

I went to Central Park one day. There are so many [illegible] beautiful [illegible] little [illegible] collection of animals. I [illegible] or [illegible] of which they have [illegible].

Did I write before I [illegible] here on Saturday with Prince Arthur, Vic's third son. He is rather a poor specimen of a man I think.

I [illegible]
in Washington [illegible] I

[illegible]

[illegible] Capitol and [illegible]

[illegible]

all meet in [illegible].

The Capitol [illegible]

[illegible] It is a [illegible]

[illegible] piece of architecture.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] to the [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible];

it is about [illegible] [illegible]

here. The Capitol [illegible] more

than a [illegible] up a [illegible]

[illegible] at the head of it.

[illegible]

[illegible] to

the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

I have seen two of the
lunar bows, one and both
cut within. That is the extent
of my observations.

Observa-
tory.

Give my respects to Mrs.
Rich. Ruth or generally, and
tell her that if ever I
is left of any heart when
I get home I intend to
make my first visit
to Mrs. Rich. Hoping
you are in good health and
the weather is and
very respectfully yours &c
according to your request.
Your ob't servant

Editor Sci. Am.
Care Hon. J. Horton
37 East Capitol St.
Washington
D.C.

Sci. Am.
June 24 1875

Mrs Sarah D. Fitch
Feb. 7 1870

[illegible]
Feb. 7, 1870.

Dear Will

I was glad to see you were so prompt. I write your letter and hope you will continue in the same way.

I am sorry to hear of Ruth's marriage with Geo. S. I fear I should never [illegible] favorably.

I [illegible] to Sherlia, and told her what you called her. She is a [illegible] and is going to write [illegible] to you; so she says. She is lovely [illegible] the lovelier is she is always [illegible] some other "fellow." I have given to her your history, and she wants to [illegible] Perhaps

she thinks she might remember ~~for~~ sitting for me by marking your hair. I judge from what I know of your character that you would withstand the fascination. Now to matters of fact.

I have been over the Capitol. It is grand and I am impressed with its beauty and wonderful work. The dome is the most wonderful piece of architecture, I have ever seen. It is built entirely of iron and all the pieces were calculated and made before the dome was begun.

I went to the Smithsonian the other day and saw the collection of beasts and birds. I fear however that I was more interested in a bust of Napoleon, than in the dolphins.

I hate big collections of anything; it seems so discouraging to begin at one end and look at everything. I think [illegible] astonished it [illegible] me go through the Patent Office. After looking at several things which might have been interesting, alone, I started in a quick [illegible] determined to finish patents without [illegible]

I think I finished the rest of the collection in about half an hour. To look at everything ~~I think~~ it would take half a year more or less.

Thursday evening I went with [illegible] of my relatives to the [illegible] reception at the White House. Never having [illegible] anything of the kind before, I was very [illegible] inter-

ched. Some of the ladies
were [illegible] ly dressed, though
I think a few might have
worn more clothes without
injuring [illegible] any. I shook hands
with the President [illegible] Mrs.
Grant who is crossseyed, and
not a beauty. Still [illegible] is
very pretty and aged about
fifty. There was a reception
[illegible] before we [illegible] got
into the reception room; my
delicate figure was and costume
[illegible] injured, however.
Yesterday, went to a Catho-
lic church, St. Edward's, where
the singing was fine, as also
was the organ playing. To be
[illegible] they play [illegible]!
[illegible] as that were were, as polka
music and [illegible], but it [illegible]
the pleasanter.
[illegible]

use another lady shot.

My cousins, aunts and things here are of the liveliest description, accordingly we enjoy ourselves hugely, when together, which however is not much of the time, as most of them are in the treasury & [illegible]

Sevita has a pleasant time [illegible] herself on one by biting. To my horror I found two black and [illegible] places on my arm and shoulder the other night, (and was quite alarmed lest I were [illegible] to turn black from [illegible] of our coloured brethren which is a lie) when I happened to think of the pain I suffered from the fangs of my lovely aunt. ~~When~~ Feb. 8 I was obliged to postpone the finishing

of this letter till today. Last evening I was bilious again, harder than before. What would you do about it? I [illegible] my self last evening by kissing her but that didn't seem to clear her much.

She hasn't time to write this morning before going to her office at the Treasury, but sends her love and say tell him to be good; in what respect you have erred heretofore I don't know.

Today is snowy, [illegible] raining and in general disagreeable. It is the first snow we have had since I came here.

Father and mother [illegible] coming in the last of this week, which will be pleasant.

Give my love to all interested parties. Good [illegible] Dan.

Chicago Ill.
Feb 20, 1870

Dear Will

Here I am in the great city of Chicago. How and when I came I will proceed to state. Having finished up Washington, I proceeded to extract my wandering to this out of the way place.

Father and mother came to Washington Tuesday so I waited to see them and did not decide when to leave till Thursday morning. That same afternoon I packed, (not quickly but safely) said and kissed good-bye to friends and relatives, and took the train for ~~the west~~ Baltimore at 4 o'clock P.M. At Washington junction I ~~then~~ changed cars for Cincinnati.

David T. Smith
16 Congress St
Chicago
Ill

at about eight o'clock I took a berth in a sleeping car and retired having nothing else to do. Did you ever in the course of your wanderings pass a night in the sleeping car, if not I would advise you to try it, for it is a novel [illegible], to be carried along, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, lying flat on your back. I rather enjoyed it; than otherwise, and slept as much as was necessary. About 7 o'clock in the morning I arose, dressed, and proceeded into the other car, where I remained, till I got to Parkersburg. There the Ohio river was so high that the trains couldn't cross, so we had to cross in a boat, and take the cars on the other side. Then there was no change

of cars till we got into Cincinnati. They have miserable cars on this road, (the Baltimore and Ohio) and the people are worse than the cars. I only say two or three women, who could be called ladies, on my way out here. One of those 'two or three' sat in front of me all the way from Parkersburg to Cincinnati, in the shape of a pretty girl, of seventeen or eighteen. Unluckily she had a defender in the shape of rather a soft, awkward fellow, who had very little to say, and was decidedly in my way. However when we were about one hour or two from Cincinnati, as goodluck would have it he left, and then Lan. Chester J. rushed in. I remarked to her that as I had sat behind her

all day, I thought I might be allowed to speak to her, to which she assented. I found her pretty, witty, and agreeable in fact as pleasant a travelling companion as you would often meet.

She said she had been at school at Ohio, and was going back to her home in New Orleans. I of course asked her, if she ~~was~~ was a rebel to which she replied hesitatingly that she wasn't any thing; in of course I knew she was a reb. We arrived at Cincinnati at 8½ P.M. where her father met her. ~~I~~ She said her father's name was Riley (not pretty) and she hoped after the South had beaten the U.S. that I would visit her in New Orleans and she would show me how they treated strangers. She didn't tell me her own nor

Cincinnati Oct 10th

her father's first name so I am afraid I couldn't find her very easily.

Our train was late at Erie, so that I had to stop over night. I put up at the Walnut St House, was called at five the next morning, walked down to the bridge across the Ohio, and took the train for Chicago at 7.

After travelling till half past nine Pitt last evening I got into Chicago, about sick of steam travelling by rail. Will and Harry met me at the depot (I telegraphed to them from Cincinnati the night before) and we proceeded to their rooms. You may be sure that I slept well last night.

The fellows here seem to have the jollyest time in the world, and I don't ~~know~~ know, but

what I shall be employed to-day, I am. Will says he could get me enough work for the next six months if I want to make bustle.

I am sorry that you have had another sick turn, it's rather hard; isn't it? I hope you have recovered before now. I also hope you won't lose those eggs, though, I think it's a little suspicious. By the way if there are any birds out this way that you want I will try to send them to you. I shall be here about two ~~weeks~~ weeks, so there is plenty of time.

I told Sarah what you said about her saying biting things" at which, she pretended to be indignant.

I am coming back by way of

Chicago Ill
March 7, 1870.

Dear Will

I am glad you didn't buy those eggs. It would have been rather hard on the man to have administered him as a cheat; wouldn't it?

Don't be alarmed about the young ladies that I meet in the cars; I shan't injure them, and as for its being bold to speak to a fellow traveller I think that there is nothing in it, out of the way.

I have merely finished my visit here and shall probably start for the east the first part of this week, but there is a gentleman here who wants

me to make a bargain of this sort, so that if he will give pay me high enough I may stay & do that. I shall go to see him tomorrow and come to some conclusion about it. You may be sure I don't do it for less than $2000 anyhow. I think I could find enough business here, on the middling line to keep me from starvation if I chose to stay, but I am not quite ready to set up business myself. I have made a bargain of other. Greeley, one of our particular friends here, in the past week, that is pretty good.

I believe you have always desired Chicago, as I did before I came here, but let me tell you that I think

that it is one of the pleasantest cities that I ever saw. The climate is very much like ours, and it will be as healthful, if not more so that, I think.

There are eight young men all crowded in the house where I live, so that we have a jolly time. Well and I have been sketching in charcoal, red chalk, &c, so that our room is ~~just~~ about half covered with drawings, of everything, from strong men to weak babies. A clay lion is also in under way.

Allow me to introduce you to Hat. & Lot. as called in our house though when addressed they are Misses Hattie Davis and Miss Lottie Davis. They are about 18 and 21 respectively and are very small, pretty,

and agreeable. They are the daughters of Deacon Davis of the Orthodox church. Hel. is a charming little "Shortcake" of minute proportions. Lot is larger than her sister, more vivacious, not as pretty, and more free and easy in her manners. Her pet "slang phrases" when pleased are "Hows that for high" and "Billy be gosh, gull darn" which she says in the prettiest way imaginable.

I have called on them three times and been to see once, besides escorting them home from different places.

Thursday evening, we gave a party at our rooms inviting only one or two gentlemen, who refused to come. The evening was very stormy so we hired a coach and went around for

the ladies, and got them together at about 9½ P.M. Hal & Lot got here at about eight and were rather alarmed to find themselves in a house, with ~~eight~~ seven rash young men and no ladies, but they came through it without injury and cheered us. There were about fifteen in all, just enough to have a jolly time. We showed the young ladies our rooms, works of art and everything interesting. Lots accidentally put out the gas, when we were all in some of the rooms which created some confusion. We got them on ice cream and cake, and carried them home about 1½ o'clock. I got ~~to~~ at about 2 A.M.

Nov 1st

The girls seemed to enjoy themselves, and I am sure I did.

It takes some time to get into a new house; don't it? I believe you expected to get all done last Thanksgiving.

As I before remarked I shall probably start from here Tuesday or Wednesday, and ~~then~~ go home by way of Niagara where I want to stop a day. Whether I shall stop at New York I don't know.

I shall be glad enough to get home, but I have had a fine time both here and in Washington.

Remember me to your father and mother, and to Charlie and Pokie. Your affd friend, Jane.

Dear Will

I received no letter from you last week, but I suppose that is because you didn't know where to direct to. Often I do it is uncertain that I can't see a week ahead. For instance I don't know whether I shall start for home as far as New York tomorrow or whether I shall have a month longer. Nor do I know whether I shall have two days or a month in N.Y.

I got the order for that medallion that I spoke of in my last letter and finished it by working five days about three hours a day besides the carving, which took

I have also
I think, I wrote
your most letter
here before and
since then I have
received your. I suppose the
other has gone to
Stockbridge. Schuler
wrote to Southern to try
to have Bell, Chase
and Thomas to come
to Rome & have a
well & hope you
will be able to move into
the big house before
our old friends
D. Thomas

[illegible] half a dozen. I expect to [illegible] $25.00 tomorrow. If I get another order or two I can stay some time longer, if not, homeward is the cry. I have raised on my price, and shall not make another for less than $40.00. At that rate I can make money if orders come in enough.

The lady, whose bed relief I have been making, has a daughter, (perhaps I told you) who is pretty and accomplished. She says she will take me out driving in her pony carriage sometime, but I fear that that time will never come. Her mother invited me to dine at her house at 3½ this afternoon, which I shall do. Her name is Fennie Brown.

We have rather a queer time here, and set up rather later

than is good for me. We usually go somewhere in the evening get home about ten o'clock eat several quarts of peanuts and retire when we get ready. Spice, Jerrold (one of the fellows in this house) and I went to the "Bigger Moonies" which were poor, but laughable, got home at about 11 P.M. eat our two quarts of peanuts (four of us) and a lb. and a half of maple sugar, sang songs and turned in. Last evening called on Hat & Lot, who were small, but agreeable. You should have seen Lot wash my face in snow the other night. I caught hold of her and pretended I was going to drop her in the snow, when before I knew it, she about covered me with snow. Lot is a pert little thing, but

her sister that being older is more demure.

I had a complimentary ticket to an exhibition of painting and statuary at Mr. Orr's Gallery, Thursday. I went. I put Sallie's medallion there on exhibition as an advertisement, and the next day there came out a paragraph about the medallion by Brenet. How's that for high!

I have just come home from my dinner at Mrs. Brown's. It was agreeable, and played and sung swetly. Mr. B. has concluded to have his medallion made, so I shall stay some time longer yet.

I am about ready to go home but money! money! is the thing that holds me.

Did I tell you that I saw birds in Washington on the 14th Feb.? I also saw cedarbirds the

Feb. 19 1872

Brooklyn, N.Y.
April 3, 1871.

Dear Will

[illegible] received as they should have been, and I [illegible] time ago if I had not been [illegible]

[illegible] it was time [illegible]

the same time with me,
but [illegible]
[illegible] but succeeded
[illegible]
them, [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Gordon (the lady who was with
[illegible] women
[illegible] pen [illegible]
self in chicanery
[illegible]
[illegible] have some trouble
[illegible]
the name, and Lockport is

warmly received.
married & ch

day. I think I must
of
saw on from the train

in the evening to see if
he would be willing to
take me in his sleigh,

Branch D.6
April 3 1870

3 Apr 70

could let me work un-
der instruction for a year
or more. Then I could be [illegible]

[illegible], but [illegible]
decided to take me first [illegible]

[illegible]

I never [illegible] given

[illegible] man is [illegible] behavior, in fact

[illegible] to work in the [illegible]

[illegible] to remain with him

[illegible] by [illegible] something [illegible]

[illegible]

He is from the

to send me her

any hour they
Write
any times take
tell to at home
them. Any time you

Brooklyn N.Y.
April 17, 1871

Dear Will

I am glad you have got into the new house, and I thank you for asking me to call and see you ~~who~~ on my way home but I shall probably make a connection with the Fitchburg R.R. above Concord, and we can shall not ~~probably come~~ go to Boston at all. I shall probably start for home about a week from Tuesday, and shall not stop

anywhere on the way.

I am still working away in Ward's studio. I have learned a great deal in the way of modelling by being with him, and he is about the jolliest man I ever saw. I hope I can work another month in his studio next fall. He gets $1500.00 for a full sized bust, so you see sculpting pays if a fellow can get a reputation.

The bird law is a good thing for you; isn't it? I was rather afraid science would suffer by the law you told me of in your other letter.

It's a great pity, that

your eyes are such a trouble to you. If my eyes met with any accident I shall lose my only way of making a living.

I haven't done a thing that would interest you since I came to New York, so I shall not write so long a letter as usual.

I went to Central Park last Sunday. The grass is green and beautiful and the trees are starting.

Give my love to all our friends. I am sorry I didn't see Ruth. That was a good story about those snipe. Unless you write before Sunday direct to Concord. Your aff. friend,

Dan.

by
French D. C.
April 17 1863

Concord, Mass.
May 1. 1870.

Dear Will,

I got home Wednesday evening, and expected to find a letter from you here, but was disappointed. Now, I have sat down to tell you, that I wish you would write to me immediately. When I don't get a letter from you, I imagine you sick or something, and I wish you would write every two weeks as we did originally. It's three weeks since I have received a letter from you, and you said then that your eyes had begun to trouble you again. If they are so bad that you can't see to

write, get someone to write for you, and I will answer without a long letter.

Until I hear from you, you can't hear from me.

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Bunch D. C.
May. 1 1870

Concord, Mass
May 5, 1870

Dear Old Friend

I received your letter at last, and will write to you immediately according to my promise in my Sunday's angry note to you.

I am very sorry that your eyes are in such bad a condition. What brought them about this time

I thank you for your invitation to me, which I should like to accept but between forming and modelling I shant have any time to spare. I shall call out however the first

fine day
Thankfully any
thanks but I think
I may bring to see
you bring friends.
Love to all.
I haven't write
to Ruth.
Your affectionate friend
Ben.

time I go to Boston.
As I said in my last letter I came home a week ago yesterday having finished with Ward the Saturday before. I learned a lot while I was at his studio, and shall begin a bust of uncle Simon Brown as soon as I can get to it. I also intend to make a medallion of Miss Annie Keyes soon.
Boston never looked so small to me as it did when I came into it on my way home. It seemed as if the streets were about half as wide as they ought to be, and Washington St. which I told Tom Wells while in New York was

nearly
as wide as Broadway
seems about half as wide
as it used to be. But I
stood up for Boston while
I was gone and I went
for a ride her own.
I have done nothing
since I came home, but
farm, and have not even
got my boat in the
river. I am going to ~~make~~
make a boat, when I get
time, nearly the size of
Nealy's, but of half inch
boards, so that it will
be nearly as heavy.
They had a dance at
the Town hall ~~to~~ to-day
evening. I went and took

May 5. 1870.

Florence Keyes. We had a very pleasant time, and got home at about 1 o'clk.

I made out to dance a polka with Bob Rice, though I was rather scared.

Why didn't you go to Freddy's party; you don't live up to your privileges. John Nichols had to come down ~~on~~ before No 3's bow; didn't he?

I had a good time in New-York, and hope I can go into Ward's Studio some time again. I wish farming was "sunk", so that I could devote my whole time to modelling.

You didn't lose much in the duck line, by my being away, for they say that there

Concord, Mass
May 29. '70

Dear Will,

I only had a few minutes to wait at Waltham, thanks to your careful reckoning and driving.

I have worked on the text every day since I came home and have got to a good stopping place, so I shall be ready to receive you any time after you get this week. I hope you will come immediately or as soon as convenient, for we are to have a small party some time this week and I want-

soon to see some of the learned people.

I put the boat on the river the other day and she leaked half full in about fifteen minutes but I hope she will be right eventually.

Our small Irish boy says he found an owl's nest with two young ones and an egg in a hole in a tree, but he couldn't reach them.

If you can't come immediately, can you let me know it.

Your aff. friend,

Dan.

Irwin D.C
May 29 '70

St. Louis, Mo.
June 3, 70

Dear Will

I wrote to you Sunday asking you to come to visit us at Concert as soon as possible. As I haven't seen you for ages I am afraid you doesn't get my letter; therefore I write this one to ask you to come as soon as possible again, the sooner, the better. And now I hear today you will miss our party, which will be no great loss; and also the Hopkinsons girls who will go away to-morrow.

If it is convenient, I wish you would write to-day, you can come immediately.

Your aff. friend Dan

Franch L. C.
June 8 '70

P.S. Lick Saint Aubrey yesterday morning.

Concord, Mass
July 17, 1870.

Dear Willy,

I was sorry not to get the full benefit of your call last Sunday, but I am very glad you and your father came to see us.

Your father, as I suppose you know, invited me to go to Rye Beach. Did any body ever have such ~~devoted~~ devoted friends. Every year for the last six or seven years you have extended the same invitation to me, and I have always accepted with joy when it was possible for me to go. I should think, that after a while you would like to try the seashore without the expenditure

of Dan French. However that is none of my affair, and if you insist upon inviting me, I am only too happy to accept, for the seashore is my delight, and I always have a good time there.

I told your father that I should be delighted to go, and I repeat that sentiment. Now there is only one time this Summer when I can't go, but you were here so short a time last Sunday that I didn't think to tell you of it. Miss Ellen Emerson, Annie Keyes, Edward Emerson, Ed. Simmons, and some other other young men and ladies are going to Ellwoodwock to camp out for a week, as they do every year, and they invited me to go with them a few day before the

you invited me to go to Rye, and I accepted, so I shall be obliged to accompany them even at the expense of losing Rye.
They are going on the 10th of August and will stay a week or ten day.
Your father seemed to think that you would go to Rye this month, in that case the Monadnock expedition will not interfere with my going.
You must have been astonished at finding Dick and Charlie Soule here Sunday. I invited Dick to pay us a visit a long time ago, and Charlie came of his own accord at the same time. Dick is a good fellow, a little inclined to show his superior education occasionally, but strong minded and strong

bodice. Since he told me, that he could throw a somersault in the air, and hold a fifty lb. dumb-bell at arms length I have had a great respect for him.

He made a great impression on the girls of the town which was partly owing to his good dancing. We had a picnic at Walden, Thursday evening where he had a chance to show his powers of fascination.

We went up the river Friday farther than I ever went before and on the way found a boat that comes up to my idea of a good shooting and fishing.

As it was only tied with a rope I took the liberty to try it, and I never saw a boat that would paddle so easily in my life. Dick and

I tried it together and without any effort we could make it go like a shot. Neal's boat is a log compared with it. I took the exact measurements of it and have ordered the boards to make one of. It is pointed at both ends and will go both ways equally well.

You will say you don't want a boat that you can't scull but if you should paddle this boat, you wouldn't care to scull any more. It is about fifteen ft. long and three ft. wide at the top in the middle; 30 inches the bottom board thirty inches wide, and the sides only nine inches high so that the wind doesn't affect it. You may think it is too wide, but the width gives steadiness, and it hardly sinks

at all in the water. While we were admiring it and wondering who owned it, a man came down to the river and said his son owned it and made it, and would sell it for eighteen or twenty dollars. He said he had a better one at his house, that he would sell for fifteen. We went to see it but I didn't agree with him as to its merits, though if I hadn't seen the other one I should have thought it a good one. He was very anxious to sell, so I told him I had a friend who wanted a boat, and I thought he might buy one of them. I should have said that the best one was made with half inch sides, and inch bottom I believe.

Now I think you had better come up some day this week,

and we will drive or row up ~~the~~ and take a look at the craft; for it strikes me that it is the best gunning boat that I ever saw. I think you could get it for less than $20.00 though I am not sure.
I think I would buy it myself if I didn't think I could make one cheaper.
It was made this last spring and will carry three people easily and more "at a pinch"
This is rather a disjointed description, but I have put down the data as I have thought of them.
Dick and I borrowed the boat and paddled up the river a mile, more or less, and back, with some pleasure after rowing our old hulk.
Now, I have said all I have to say about boats except, that

I advise you, if you have nothing else to do, to come up and take a look at it. Even if you don't want to buy it you might get some ideas from it, which would be useful.

I can't invite you to make a visit just now, for I have got to finish those everlasting clay things, if possible, before I take my vacation, but if you think its worth while come up and look at the boat. The man won't probably have a chance to sell, so you can come when you feel like it.

I am looking forward to my visit at Rye with joy and hope nothing will prevent my accepting your invitation.

Give my love to your father and mother, and thank them for their kindness to me

Your aff. friend Dan.

Concord, Mass.
Sept. 12, 1870.

Dear Will

I thought you promised to write to me from Maine. I haven't seen your your letter yet. I did see two short letters to your father written when you first got there, and that is all I have heard of you since you went away.

When I got home from Rye we went into the meadows to pick cranberries, and I always carried my gun but didn't shoot a thing. But you should have seen the wild pigeons that were flying over for a day or two I seen at least twenty flocks in a day, some of them

containing a hundred birds or more. One or two flocks came within shot of me but before I could get my gun they were off.

I had a lifetime time at Rye, in fact, I don't think I ever had so good a time there before, and that is saying a good deal. I really began to think I could shoot pretty well when I was there, but later on, mamma didn't hear me up in that idea. I have been playing away at woodcock, snipe, and even a bittern, and haven't taken the life of a bird since I got home.

I am more and more in love with my rod. I find I can hold the new gun in my hand and paddle with the other pretty easily, when nothing up a tree.

Tonight I am going to the

the woodducks again. I made some decoy woodducks the other day, and was surprised to find how good ones I turned out. They are made of pine, the body in two pieces, hollow, and they float like ducks. I haven't had a chance to try them yet but tonight if nothing happens I will see if they are good for anything.

When there is better shooting here I want you to come up and make us a visit. There are very few ducks now and hardly any thing else. H.

I suppose you will be at home when this letter reaches its destination. Give my love to your father and mother.

I wish you would come up immediately

and ~~stay~~ let us see you long enough to find out what you can do ~~without~~ with yourself in Illinois.

Your aff. friend
Sam.

Mr. Lincoln
Springfield
Sept. 11 1861

Concord, Mass
Oct 2. 1870

Dear Will

I suppose I ought to have written to you last week but somehow I didn't.

Well, I have been cracking away at ducks ever since I wrote to you and have killed just one. The ducks fly just as they did last year — all in about ten minutes, after sunset. Last evening my uncle Ned (French) who is a remarkably good shot and myself strolled up to our old place this side of Fairhaven set out the decoys and waited, uncle in the boat by the decoys, and I on the little hill by the spring. When we had almost concluded that none were going to fly, they came. The first flock of about fifteen or twenty wood-

[illegible] visit from your father & mother to your brother & sister-in-law. Write soon.

woodducks came within a few feet of uncle, but before he could turn to fire they were scattered and out of range.

In a minute or two another flock of eight or ten lit a short distance from the decoys, but uncle being behind the bushes couldn't see them. I could see them, within easy shot of him, so close together that it seemed as if he might kill half of them at a shot. While I was watching them another flock flew over me and I succeeded in killing one, which fell with a splash on the water. Before I had capped that barrel another or the same flock gave me a beautiful shot, but my gun which I had just cleaned hung fire, and I missed them. That about ended the ducks for that night, but you bet that I'll be up there tomorrow night.

Day before yesterday father uncle and I took my boat in the morning and went fishing and shooting without the intention of staying on the river all day. Father trolled for pickerel all the way from our landing to a mile beyond above the second bridge above here which was as far as we went. We didn't see a duck, and caught but one pickerel the whole way. I waded into the woods and got three grey squirrels which with a bittern were all the game that we killed. We had the pleasure of being wet through, and rowing home in the rain.

I am modelling a horse, now, which I shall finish this week. The horse ~~from~~ which I am copying is a thoroughbred and belongs to a Mr Pollard of Boston, who is to pay me twenty or twenty five dollars for the

model. It will take in all about five days casting in plaster included. As I was going to model the horse anyway for practice, & the money is so much pure gain.

Annie Kaye's medallion is at Williams and Everetts now, but I shall bring it home this week.

Cattle show is to take place Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. I shall have the bust of uncle Simon there, but haven't concluded whether to leave Miss Annie K's bas relief at Boston for a week or bring it up to the show.

I have been wanting to invite you up for a visit, but as usual our house is full and our girl has left so that we couldn't entertain you as we want to.

I hope before long ~~it will be convenient~~ we shall be in condition to receive our friends, and can

Concord, Mass.
Oct 23. 1870.

Dear Will,

I was sorry that you couldn't or wouldn't make us a visit, but now I am mad, that you wouldn't do as much for me as you would for Jim Melvin. Last night I saw your letter to him, and if you don't make your self known, when you come, I don't forgive you.

I drove by your house, as I passed to yesterday morning about 9½ o'clock. I whistled for you, but as you didn't appear I didn't stop. Now I will tell you how I came there.

I went to Boston, Friday, with Cyrus on his market wagon, and we were on our way home

we passed through Cambridge and should have stopped at your house if we had been arrayed in our best. I had a power mind to steal some pears but my conscience is clear of that crime.

One of our doorstep parties is going to meet at our house Monday evening. I would ask you to come to it spend the night, and go shooting with him next day, if I thought there were the slightest chance of your coming. Still if, if you will come I shall be glad to see you, if you don't, to be it.

There is no news, whatever here and I intend to see you some how Tuesday, if you don't intend to see me. Hence, this short letter. Jim rather gets ahead of me, by telling me that he thinks of meeting you at Lincoln.

Dont you dare to go home from

ing things.

I have been looking forward to a visit from you for the last six months or more, he made a boat for all that time, got down decks, and then... you wouldn't come, and I am mad enough not to speak to you, only it would be as much my loss as yours. You said you had been here more than I had visited you, I think you didn't reckon in Rye Beach.

I wish you could make up your mind to stay a day or two, after you have been shooting with him.

Your aff. friend
Sam

Received
Oct. 3 1910

Concord, Mass.
Oct. 14, 1870.

Dear Will

I am not going to write you a letter, only a note, asking you if you can give us a visit, now. If you can, come as soon as ~~you can~~ possible. If your father carries this letter to Cambridge tomorrow afternoon, and you get it in time, I want you to pack up, and come in the 6 P.M. train (from Boston) to Concord with dog and gun.

I don't know how the shooting is, as I haven't been since you were here; I haven't even brought the boat down from the bridge where we left it.

Now, don't say you can't

come, for of course you can if you want to.

I shall look for you tomorrow evening in the 7 train (here).

Give my love to your father and mother and forgive the general disorder of this note.

Your aff. friend,
Dan.

P.S. You can do as you think best about bringing Dart; we shall be glad to see him, and I shall make him a study for modelling.

H. Franch D. C.
Oct. 14
1870

Concord, Mass.
Nov 20, '70

Dear Nell,

Are you wrathy? I don't blame you. It didn't occur to me till yesterday how impolite it was for me not to reply to your letter, in which you told me to send you a song any time except Thanksgiving immediately. I suppose you, by my carelessness, have been expecting me all this week.

I will write now however, and say that I can't send you till after Thanksgiving for ~~the~~ on account of a remarkable phenomenon which is this: I have at present and have had for two weeks a cold, not one of the little, miserable quick colds

that everybody has three or four times a year, but a winter hunting cold, the return of that is may you measure cold) the combined sorrows of all the colds I ought to have had and didn't in the last five years. It is only to be accounted for by the fact that I now ~~have~~ "if a mole with a man covered over him, having disturbed myself preparing to retire, stood up at an open window to talk to Cy. who was returning from a party."

I attended a dance in the town hall Tuesday evening and didn't get home till nearly one o'clock. ~~in~~ You would have been surprised, perhaps amused, to have seen one dance varied dances. I had a good time as usual at our dances, and I totally increased my wild recording.

There is a slight hope that I

may not go to New York, but it is faint.

I was rather surprised to hear that you had not entered your fathers office. but I suppose you are employing yourself in the science of ornithology to a large extent. I heard a pine grosbeak today, the only bird item, that I have for you.

I think I told you of my bet of a necktie with a young lady at the races in our ~~fair~~ cattle show, well, I received my necktie the other day through the post office — a Roman scarf of many colors. Of course I called on Miss Fanny the next evening though I walked five miles to do it.

Fannie Hatford came home from boarding school yesterday a prettier and taller young

today that she was when she went away three months ago.

Forgive me for not finishing this sheet.

Give my love to your father and mother.

I hope I may see you before long. I will let you know when I contemplate a descent upon you.

Your aff. friend
L. Ann.

Miss J. G.
Fairfield
Dec. 20 1860

Concord, Mass.
Dec 11, 1871.

Dear Will,

I might in fact write in a week ago to thank you for your kindness to me, but I didn't, ~~for~~ I will own however that I had a good enough ~~as usual~~ reason.

I don't know when I can see you this December but not at present anyhow. Hem!

I was fool enough to introduce myself to Wilkinson's friend, Miss Ordeman, at Commers, and found her very sweet, as well as uncommonly pretty. To be sure I didn't talk to her more than a minute or two, but that was enough to discover that she was bright, and not in the least silly. I shall

try to introduce her acquaintance more fully sometime.

I attended one of our twenty-five cent socials in the Town Hall Tuesday evening, and enjoyed myself as usual. I am going to have Hattie up in May or June if she is well enough, and I wish you would come and see a sweet Hattie, too. She will probably embrace Christmas this winter, and you could come up any Saturday and go back the next morning if you were in a hurry, or make up a supper with us if you felt like doing so. I will let you know when, there is to be a high dinner which will not be ate after eleven o'clock.

I carried my practice-horse to its destination and got my pay, as clear off my mind.

Mr. Pillsbury seemed to think

but it was a good likeness of the boy, and to show his appreciation, took me to a riding school, and also to see the Whittemore sketch, a picture on exhibition at Cutler's.

Mamma, you will have to excuse me from making you a Christmas present this year, and I wish you would not make me feel mean for giving me ... time. You went so far beyond, what any friend ought to accomplish, last year that I think, that will do for this year as well, and I shall see it a sketch. My time is so taken up with going to Boston and drawing at home that I hope you will excuse, what looks like want of generosity.

We hope to have a good time for New Year's (which we shall celebrate instead of Christmas)

for Will and Hattie will be here then.

Tell your Father, that mother is exercising a vision to him for the flesh, as are the rest of the family.

Last evening I went to a game party (which doubtless means a game supper) at the Dr's, where we all laughed enough for the week.

Give my love to your Father & and Mother

Your aff. friend,
Dan.

Miss Lizzie Gill
Sea Ville

Concord, Mass
May 6, 71

Dear Will

It has been so wet weather lately that I am afraid the boys has not obtained sufficiently, so that I shall not be down till Saturday afternoon, instead of Monday, as I intended.

Yours in haste,

Lou.

P.S.

Since writing this I have received your letter with the invitation from Ellen Brooks, which I shall be with her happy to accept, and I also thank you for asking me to stay two nights, which perhaps I will do.

Lou.

French D. R.
May 6 71

Concord, Mass.
June 25, '71

Dear Will

I invited you to spend Tuesday night with us, and you can imagine that it is not pleasant to me, to ask you to defer your visit for ever a few days, and I must certainly shall not do so if I had but a bed to offer you. But Mrs. Prentiss with her son John, aged 10, and Kathie with her son Henry aged 2, have come to our house to stay till the latter part of this week, and the small boy John is quartered with me, so you see the four beds in our house should among eight people, make about an

even think of it. I would be
most happy to exchange
Master John for you, but I fear
it would injure his feelings to
tell him so.

I can't know exactly how
long our guests intend to re-
main, but whenever ~~may~~ I
am master of my own you
shall be informed and will
be most welcome.

I think this is the second
time you have had to postpone
your visit here on account
of close quarters, but I hope
you will excuse what cannot
be avoided.

Hildebrand will that cer-
tainly a week and a half hence
and you shall have a chance
at them before they are gone,
if you will give us the
pleasure of your company.

I cannot thank you for taking me to the circus which was a pleasure even leaving out the $1000. that I am to make from those lions. I should have liked to accept your mother's invitation to stay longer, but business &c.

Forgive me for putting off your call on us, and believe me that you are always welcome when we have a place for you to sleep.

Your aff. friend

Leon C. French.

French, D. C.
June 25. 71

Concord, Mass.
July 14 '71

Dear Will,

I received your letter and immediately informed Mr. Eaton of your views as to the gun. He replied that he thought it was worth more than $10.00 to him to shoot wood-chucks. The lowest he would sell it for was $14.00 or $15.00.

I am looking forward to my week at Rye as the bright spot in my future.

I shall be in Boston next

week and we will talk it over.

I have written this in a great hurry but if it conveys the right ideas, it is enough

I continue to be grateful to you for your continued invitation to Rye

Your Friend

Lion C. Frank

French D. C.
July 14 – 71.

Concord, Mass
Aug 4, '71

Dear Sir

I saw Jim night before last and he said he had a summons from you to appear at Rye immediately, from which I conclude that the shooting is good. Now I wish I were with you.

I asked Jim to tell you I expect to meet Thursday, if convenient to you. That is a few days later than I told your father, but he said he thought it would make no difference to you when I came. I

you prefer that I shld come at any other time don't hesitate to tell me, for it wont make the slightest difference to me, except that I can't finish the [illegible], I am modelling till Wednesday, and I shld feel easier in my ~~mind~~ mind to have it [illegible].

I went out to Cambridge to get my grey coat the other day, and admired your dressing very much.

Have you seen "Hereta" or the Sea Wind [illegible]? She is there.

We are going to have a 'Tub Race' at Walton, tomorrow evening. What do you think of

that. All the boys and girls in "our set" are going over and four or five of us masculines, are to race. I believe the object, or rather the fun is to tip over.

Father and Mother have gone down to Hampton this week to Sallie and I for a few days.

I am looking forward to a [illegible] time at Rye.

Your aff. friend

Dan C. French.

French, D. C.,
Aug. 4 - 71

Dear Will

I had the pleasure of accompanying the Misses Kirke to Boston, that is I sat just opposite them in the ~~train~~ car. It could hardly be said, that we conversed freely or rapidly, for after a few attempts at talking Miss Kirke (the pretty) laid her head, upon the shoulder of her sister, and slumbered sweetly till we nearly reached the City. The fact is we got talking out, ~~before~~ at the Station, before starting, and I think ~~care~~ neither of us felt as if we could

talk steadily for ~~an~~ two hours
I know that I for one was
too sleepy to be agreeable.
Well, I reached home safely
and found things in gen-
eral, and my Continental in
particular, much as I left
them.
I have worked all my time
till yesterday on my soldiers
and am happy to say that
I shall do no more to him
at present.
I have made calls, innumer-
able, and been to two parti-
ties since Monday, and to-
morrow evening am invited
to a tea party at the "Old
Mansion" and to an evening par-
ty at Le Baron Cushing's. How
is Concord for gay?
The Cushing party is given as

P.S. I almost thank U. your cigarette holder

be an excuse for my forgetfulness. I am ashamed of myself for being so forgetful. But if I can get them tomorrow morning I will send them in two days.

a farewell to Jennie Rich.
who leaves for boarding
school next week.

I took Hubbard rowing the other evening a little above the first bridge and saw eleven wood-ducks, two great blues, a bittern and two marsh hawks in that short distance. Want we stay there when you come up to make your fall visit? You must arrange it so as to give us a week sure, at a time to suit yourself.

Ed. Simmons and Hodges of Lincoln got six or seven woodcock in a day a week ago, but I should think ~~that~~ from what I hear that they are not numerous. Jim, I believe, has shot a very few.

Two minute. I had only a few minutes in Boston, Thursday, which must

That is the extent of my knowledge of birds.
Cy. has been away at Minister half the week, and has gone to Boston on his market wagon this afternoon.
Lorita arrived Thursday afternoon from Chester.
Miss Wallace and Florence Keyes came home last evening. I haven't seen them yet, however.
The topic of conversation in town since Tuesday has been the engagement of Annie Keyes to Edward Emerson. Everyone was surprised and pleased. I for one was never so happy over an engagement in my life. I admire them both so much.
I thought I must be gaining flesh at Rye, and I found that I weighed 2½ lbs more than I ever

Received Aug. 27. 91

Concord, Mass
Sept. 25. '71

Dear Will

I wish you would come to Concord tomorrow, Tuesday, to stay as long as you can find it pleasant. Bring dog and gun.

Your friend
Dan. C. F.

French, D. C.
Sept 25. 71

Concord N.H.
Sept 29. '71

Dear Will

I was very sorry that you did not visit us this week, but was glad to hear that you intended to come eventually.

There is one thing in the way of your coming Monday and that is that I begin drawing with Dr. Rimmer on Tuesday, so that I can not be with you from 8.30 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. If you think you can amuse yourself without me that day I shall be most happy to see you. I could give up ~~any~~ Tuesday's lesson if it were not the first one of the course, but I want to begin

with the rest. Thursday is the other Dinner day.

If you think you would rather wait till Thursday you shall have more days to attend to you.

Now I have given you the facts so you can come when most agreeable to you.

If you can come Monday, I hope you can come in the first train up.

Father and Mother are to be away the first of the week so we shall have the house to ourselves (and Kate).

What a sermon.

Your friend

Lucie P.

French, D. C.
Sept 29. 71

April 21, '72.

Dear Will,

call over here when you

[illegible]

might as well tell you
it is a quarter of a mile
up the street that the
[illegible] rather mixed up
I expect to be here a
week and a half longer.
[illegible] more.

Grench D. C
April 21 – '72.

Concord, Mass
July 31. '72.

Dear Will,

So Miss Scott has you under her protecting wing. Well! It's a very pretty kind of bird to be sheltered by; but look out; those sea shore girls are heavily to be trusted. Don't expect me to show you when I come, for I have no idea of falling into the meshes. You will be surprised to hear it, but I should be pleased not to go to a place where girls are unknown and stay a month. I have had about enough of them for one

year.

Does Miss Scott call herself mountain instead of Lowlandy as she is?

You said it would make no difference when I come to Rye, but suggested Friday. I should like to start to-morrow, but have not finished my model of Dolly Varden and don't see how I can get away before next Wednesday. I believe I already bother you in the time of my visit to Rye, for which I am very sorry but don't see how I can help it this time.

If it is not perfectly convenient for you to have me ~~to~~ come then, let me know, and any other time will do as well.

I intend to have just the best time that ever was, and

am looking forward to my visit with pleasure, which is seldom the case when I am going away from Concord.

I have moved into the Court House where I receive calls from young ladies daily.

I shall have to stop short here for I want Father to take this letter and he is waiting for me to finish.

Your aff brother

Lizzie

Hearrah for Rye.

Branch D. C.
July 31 - '72 -

Concord Mass
Sept 1. 72.

Dear Will

Do you think I have entirely forgotten you. Well! I shld have written, but thought I shld see you in Boston, Thursday, as I was in on that day.

I was very sorry to hear that your eyes had given out again, and hope they have recovered before this.

So the young lady, who took Miss Inches' place was not lovely. ~~Well~~! That was bad, but we can't have beauty always at the head of the table.

As for our girls, they are melting as snow. Lucien has "popped" and Celia of course.

leaped into his arms, confirmed there to chic." I had the melancholy pleasure of congratulating them, last evening, at Walden, where Lincher and Cyrus gave a party, of which I will tell you presently. Alice never looked so pretty in her life, and if Lincher hadn't, I don't know but what I shld have been tempted. Really, I am very sorry to have Alice engaged, if I look at it in a selfish way, for it breaks up our trio on Monument St, and of course we shall never feel on quite the same terms toward each other. Still I am very glad for Alice, for Tom is handsome and rich and agreeable and smart. As Alice said last night, "Mr. Lincher is a real nice fellow after you know him." There! having proposed a page to Alice, we will lay her ~~aside~~ aside.

As I before remarked, we had

a party at Walden last night, and Cy. and Linder paid the bills. I took a large wagon, as usual, and carried eight, and succeeded in bringing them home without running against a tree as I did the time before. I am very sorry that Cy and Linder would not divide the expenses between the boys, for it cost them $27.00 apiece for supper and music, which was rather strong. However Cy is going West in a few weeks and I suppose, he felt like doing something before he ~~went~~ goes.

Thursday ~~we h~~ there was a small German at Mrs. Brooks', the new house opposite "the — little Belle Rice's." given by Mrs Brooks for Miss Beth and Flora Hoar. Of course with the new house

good music, not to mention a supper as was a supper, we enjoyed ourselves, as become our youth.

Dolly Vorden has been cast; but not finished, and I am attending to other lions, which come on slowly. Dolly seems to please the public better than any thing I have done, perhaps because it looks so much like Lucy Barnett. I continue to have visitors and ~~to~~ young lady visitors too, as these bouquets might testify if you could but see them. You perceive that I am getting conceited. A call from Miss Beth and Miss Clara yesterday set me up higher than ever, though they brought their "big brother" with them which was not as it shld be.

Lucy continues to be agreeable as does Nelly Long and I may

acknowledge several others.
In fact, William, I am "torn by conflicting emotions."

Frank Rodgers, Lincoln, reports well of woodcock. He has shot a great many this year. He told me how many, but I have forgotten. He killed seven, at seven consecutive shots,—all that he started that day. Pretty good shooting I call it.

Ed. Nealy says the wood ducks have descended on our place this side of Fairhaven, where he got two with decoys the other evening.

I haven't seen Jim lately, so do not know about his gunning.

If nothing happens, I will try the wood ducks my self this week, having got again in about the state of mind as regards girls, that I was when I wrote

that dismal letter to you.
Our house will be slightly changed, when you see it next time, as we are pushing out the front entry and parlor, as you have been talked of before.
I wish I were going to Maine with you, or rather could have gone as I suppose you have gone before this. If you get this letter before you get back, I wish you would write to me from the wilds.
Remember me to the boys and also remember that you are to make us a visit when you get back, and we don't want any of those one or two days calls either.

Your aff friend
Dan C. French.

Concord, Mass.
March 25. 71.

Dear Will

I hope you will be in a forgiving frame of mind when this reaches you, for you must know that your young lady from Concord is obliged to "go back" on you, by which she proves herself no better than the rest of her sex.

When I told you yesterday that I would accept your invitation, I entirely forgot that as Father and Mother are in New York, I shall then have Lettie in the house without a protector. It seems as if it would be easy enough to get somebody to stay with

latter; but I have ~~thought~~ tried to think of me, and have given it up.

I am very sorry, ~~but~~ for I expected a great deal of pleasure, and the theatricals would not have kept me away.

You will begin to lose faith in my promises, soon, I am afraid, and I can't blame you though this time I can't help it.

I am very much obliged to you for inviting me, but hope that you can dispose of your ticket to some charming damsel, who will make you glad that I could not accept.

Give my regards to the boys, whom you were going to introduce to the "Concord girl" and give them each a kiss for.

Your aff friend

Lion. C. French

Branch D, No,
March 25 - '93 -

Concord Mass.
March 30. 73

Dear Will,

I send you a ticket to our theatricals, and shall depend on seeing you.

I will hold out as an extra inducement, that Miss Betty will probably look lovelier that night than ever as she appears in the "Dream of Fair Women."

I was very sorry, as I said before, that I could not accept the invitation, that you extended to me last week, so that don't lay it up against me, as it could not be helped.

Now off, friend

Lew. C. French.

Thomas G. Gi
March 20 '95

Concord, Mass.
June 15, '73.

Dear Will,

I must write to you to tell thank you for treating Lallie so handsomely. Your present, besides being one of the handsomest she has had, in fact the handsomest ~~silver~~ piece of silver, had the additional charm of being unexpected. I only hope you did not ruin yourself on it, — so that you can't afford to go to Maine. Not entirely disinterested you see.

I wish you were going to be here at the wedding, but that I suppose is impossible, and, if you care as little about weddings as I do, you are rather glad of it.

Nothing uncommon has

happened since you left.

I was sorry not to be able to get out to Cambridge, before you departed but I was so busy that I really had not time.

I suppose you are enjoying yourself amid black flies and mosquitoes and trout.

Pattie wrote her thanks this morning. As I didn't know your address, I shall be direct your letters to the care of your Father.

You can imagine we boating tomorrow evening with the lovely Bett.

Your off friend

Don. C. French.

Cdrench D. C.
June 15 – 73 –

Cedar Bluff House
Kennebunk-port, Me.
Aug 11, 73

Dear Will

Doesn't it seem funny for

Charles Carter appeared & Concord
& took up Saturday & supped with
Charles Richardson about going up the
river Sunday. I just stepped to
the door as the stages were leaving
out of the town, and unknown to
him hailed Charles, he jumped, threw me
& got on the stage. As I was keeping
house alone, I was glad of a companion
He and Charles Rich. went in their office
from Wednesday of the week to Saturday &
went to no. 7 Milburn we concluded that
one night was enough.

Brother Henry B. left for the mountains
a week ago. I have not seen Beth in
the town since. He goes somewhere
by appointment. I am in hopes that I have
gained a friend in our former friend
Hyp but should probably stick back a
good deal being away three days.

When do you want me at Lyman?
I shall be ready almost any time, but
of convenient to you, you will a week

worry, as it is a hard road to break off in a day. Jeff was the time I told you last before. We have a good deal company since you & after your telegram arrived, but I am glad that the life is better as your father says it is. Just the pretty letter. It has the air of being written before breakfast while in long deshabille by the side of the fire, very Jeffersonian.

I wish you could have found it convenient to come here while I am here. My cousin Jane Mrs Hudson and Mrs Hudson and Mrs Kennedy Johnson are all.

Isn't it about time for you to write to me?

Yours ever
Ellen G Tinsch

French D.C.
Aug. 11-13

[illegible]
[illegible] 6 in.
[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] except perhaps
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] very [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible], and
[illegible]

French D.C.
Aug. 26. 74

died

French D. G.
Sept. 9-18 [illegible]

Concord, Mass
Oct 17. '74

Dear Will,

How can I thank you and your Father and Mother for your generous present to me. I can only say that it is just like you and nobody else. I wish I could repay the kindnesses that have been showered upon me. I wish you would thank both your Father and Mother with my love and bid them goodbye for me. I had hoped to get out to Cambridge before going away, but I have literally had no time. I shan't finish that thing for Plymptor till some time today, and the rest of my time is taken up.

I also want to see you ~~so~~ before I go. Can you find time to come in to Boston Monday? I shall be at Lathrop's office at twelve o'clock.

With many thanks
Your aff. friend
Dan. C. French

French D.C.
Oct. 17-74

London, England
Nov. 3, '74.

My dear Will

I can hardly believe it, but I am in the very heart of the London of which I have heard all my life, living and breathing as if I were not Dan. French.

Our ship had a most successful passage, only ten days and a half, arriving in Liverpool, Friday afternoon at four or five o'clock. I had so good a time on the steamer that I was actually sorry to leave it. Had you been in Liverpool at that time, you might have been surprised to see your friend, walking from the wharf to the N.W. Hotel in company with a very pretty young lady, who to a stranger would probably have passed for his sister, but she wasn't

I had imagined myself landing in Liverpool without friend or companion, turning my weary way alone, in search of a place to lay my head. On the contrary I made many pleasant friends on the ship, and went with them to the best hotel in the place, spending the evening at the theatre, and going on to London with them the next morning. Unfortunately Miss Lemos with her father and friend had went first class, which I could not afford, so I had to deprive myself of the pleasure of her company till I got to London, where our party still stuck together and put up at the Charing Cross. There I stayed till yesterday when I came here, having parted from all my ship companions but one, a man of 45, who is boarding here

with me. So much for the outline of the journey.
I took notes of the birds that I saw as you requested and here they are. Oct. 20 (the day I sailed) saw a crossbill, a rusty blackbird, a goldfinch and a warbler. I did not know, perhaps thirty or forty miles from land. The cross-bill, which had white spots on the wings, was so tame that a gentleman caught it in his hand. Oct. 21 A sparrow of some kind put in an appearance, but I could not exactly make it out. Oct. 22. Saw some stormy petrels. Miss Lim— no, this not a bird or least not an ornithological one. Oct. 25 A snow bunting flew near the ship, but was blown off & and did not light. 26 Saw a sandpiper. The petrels I mentioned after their first appearance, as they paid us a visit almost every day. Along the Irish coast there were any amount of gulls as there are in our harbor. That is all I accomplished in that direction. Life on the ocean wave is not so bad after you are sure that you will

not be attacked by sea-sickness. I escaped that luckily and was better off than most of my friends some of whom were pretty miserable. It pays to be well for they feed the passengers well giving four meals a day and a fifth to any who want it. I spent my time in attending to the wants of Miss Ames (who was in a state of interesting convalescence most of the time) in drawing, writing and playing shuffle board. We had some queer characters on board and they served to pass away the time.

As I said, I arrived in London Saturday. An Irish gentleman, who was of our party, took some of us round the city a little, showing us the the things in the vicinity of the Hotel worth seeing. Sunday, I went to church in real old English style. At Westminster Abbey and felt, or ought

to have felt, like a bygone age. It is a wonderful old building. Old? It looks no.

Today I have been to the National Gallery and also to see the Prince Albert Memorial Monument — a most elaborate piece of work. You have probably seen photographs of it. In the National Gallery I saw for the first time the work of the old masters, — that is I have seen before a picture or two that were said to be genuine, but today I really stood before ~~the~~ pictures, painted by the best artists the world ever saw, — and I was not disappointed. They have besides the Raphaels and so on, a few of Landseers animals, which of course were ~~only~~ exciting.

Well! London is a big, smoky, foggy, noisy, old place different

from our cities only being more so. No; I do it injustice; we haven't the grandeur in our buildings, comparing the best with the best; but our average is ahead. I must say I am enjoying myself more than I expected, though that would not necessarily be saying much, and am learning the city as fast as I can conveniently, but it is so everlastingly big that it is a hopeless job. I find that everybody knows I am an American, how, I don't know, but they never miss or hardly ever. I find the natives very polite and happy to be of service to a stranger. I am rather surprised at this politeness for I had always imagined the Englishman anything but agreeable.

The ride from Liverpool here

is through a most beautiful country, not a wild scenery, but a quiet, ~~[illegible]~~ farming district, cultivated in a way that would make a Yankee farmer open his eyes. The rooks were everywhere along the way in big flocks.

I shall probably stay here through this week and go over to Paris ~~either~~ Monday or Tuesday. ~~Then~~ I shall hope to receive a letter from you when I reach Florence, but my dear boy, I shall open it with a trembling hand. I did not know how sick your Mother was till the day I said good-bye to my friends at home. I only hope that I may hear of her ~~not~~ entire recovery from the dangers that threatened her. How far I am away

from you all, but that cannot prevent my thoughts from wandering back to the "house among the lindens," and sympathizing in your joys and sorrows. May Heaven grant that they may be always joys.

Give my dearest love to your Father and Mother, who have always been so kind to me.

Remember me to Ruth and John.

Your sincere friend

Dan.

Dan C. French
Care Preston Powers
No. 4 Via Farinata degl' Uberti
Firenze
Italia

Florence, Italy.
Dec 1, 1874.

My dear boy

Though I am four thousand miles away from you my whole heart is with you, with all the sympathy that a brother can feel. I only wish I could give you the clasp of the hand that tells more than all the words ~~I can~~ you can write or speak.

The news, that makes this evening a sad one to me, came to me through a Boston newspaper a half-hour ago. and told me that ~~no~~ that has made me afraid to open my letters from home for so long.

And, Will, not only do I feel for you and your father. I have lost in your Mother a friend whose goodness and kindness

I can never forget and where
face I shall miss sadly from
the house among the linens.
It is hard for me to think of
one without the other.

I wish there were something
I could do to comfort and help
you in your sorrow, but any-
thing that friends could do,
(which after all is so little) I
know has been done by the
many friends around you.

I can only offer my poor
sympathy, and assure you that
my thoughts will be with
you a great deal.

Will you give my love to
your father. I pity you both.

Goodnight, Will. We
will be firmer friends than
ever, from the thought that

a Mother in Heaven is watching over each of us. Good night and God bless you and help you to bear your sorrow.

Your old friend
Dan.

French D. C.
Dec. 1-'74-

Via Farinata degl'Uberti
Florence, Italy
Tuesday Dec. 13, '74.

I suppose you will have heard by this time of my safe arrival in Florence. My journey was on the whole a pleasant one, and being taken in rather a leisurely manner was not very tiresome. I took to you from London and hope you received the letter. I staying in London a week and in Paris a little more than that time, coming on to Florence about three (3½) weeks ago.

I found London disagreeable and was glad to leave it. I hardly saw the sun from the time I left the steamer till I arrived here. I was in hopes of seeing a real Lon-

I received the letter, upon my return after I had written to you, but it was a very hurried one. There thought of your being in the country, and I promised about a short letter upon. If you are about to write about her, be sure to tell her my exact address in Florence. Give my love to your father.

Your affectionate
Jane

dun fog as I was in the right season for it, but it was only miserably cloudy and misty all the time. I spent all my time sightseeing and got thoroughly tired of it. However, I saw almost of the things I had intended to.

Everybody told me I should be seasick crossing the Channel, and I expected to be something terrible. I have seen fresh, and about as rough as it was he day I crossed and there was hardly the slightest motion in the vessel. A few people tried to be seasick but I don't think they succeeded.

Paris, I found as beautiful as fairy-land, and should have been glad to stay there longer than I could. Every thing that ever could do to make a city — beautiful has

been done in Paris. Fountains and statues and beautiful architecture on all sides. It is the only city that I ever felt as if I could live in. No place that I have seen yet has seemed as I imagined it would, and I can hardly make myself believe that I am "abroad." I had some funny experiences from not being able to speak French, but got out all right in the end. Tell John Nichols that I saw his friend Leland. I expected warm bright weather in Paris and hanged if they didn't get up a snow-storm for my special benefit, and as for bright, as I said before, I hardly saw the sun all the time I was there.

Coming from Paris has took two days — I started

Tuesday afternoon breakfasted at that night and the next day, stopped over night at Turin and came on to Florence Thursday (19th) arriving at about 6 P.M. Was a disagreeable journey as far as Turin, but from there to Florence or rather the latter half of the day, was as delightful as possible. The scenery coming over the mountains was something tremendous. In most of my journeyings I have been fortunate enough to fall in with an Englishman or somebody who spoke a respectable language, and with his assistance have got on pretty comfortably. It isn't very pleasant, however, to be dependent upon another person, so I would advise anyone to learn French (though I don't practise what I preach) which is understood everywhere.

Mr. Powers met me at the depot here, and received me as cordially as possible, as did also Mrs Powers when we arrived at the house. They made me feel at home immediately and I am as pleasantly situated as I could wish. Mr. & Mrs. Powers quite overpower me with kindness doing everything to make life

agreeable. Mr. Powers house is outside the city walls, beautifully situated on the side of a hill ~~upon~~ which overlooks the city. The houses about here are quite American looking, though all made of stone. It is about as thickly settled as North Avenue — definite! All the houses having gardens &c. Florence itself is foreign enough. Little narrow streets, barely wide enough for two wagons to pass, filled with dirty Italians and clanking carts, with a palace here and there to remind you that there is wealth somewhere. Well, it is not as I expected "and I always knew it would be." I have not seen so much in the way of sightseeing here in either Paris or London, but what I have seen has been to the point. I am not disappointed in Michael-angelo's works as I was afraid I should be and that is saying a great deal. The Pitti Gallery is the only one I have visited, but I saw enough there to last me some time. And by the way, I saw two Cambridge girls there, who I think recognized me. I don't think I was ever introduced to them, but think one of them was Miss Kirke. If I could have been sure I should have spoken to them. I hadn't thought of it till just this minute, but wasn't I introduced to Miss Kirke at Johns?

I have got a studio just outside the Roman gate — a very good one though not very splendid, for which I pay $6.00 a month, not very expensive. I have got a child's head well under way. Perhaps I shall send you a photograph of it when finished. The Florentine weather is not what it is cracked up to be. Just yesterday I was going to dress in the lightest kind of clothes, and keep in the shade, whereas you may imagine it is not torrid, from the fact that ice an inch thick, nearly if not quite, has formed several times since I came, and a few flakes of snow were seen enough to fall one day. What adds to the cold is, that there are no facilities for heating in most of the houses, Mr. Powers' is being an exception to the rule. In spite of the weather roses are in bloom in the open air as if it were summer. How they do it I don't know.

I find Miss Ball and her friend Miss Jewell and Miss Nellie Powers very pleasant young ladies of from 17 to 22, and they have the advantage of living near — only across the street in fact.

I am learning Italian as fast as I can, Mrs Powers being my instructress.

I promised Mr. Cobb 24 Studio Building that I would ask you to call and look at some pictures of Fresh Pond and about them. I think they would interest you. Mr. Cobb is one of the brothers who made your soldiers' monument.

My letters to you will not be very interesting, but I want you to write to me all the [illegible] news from home.

Florence, Italy
4 Via Farinata degl' Uberti
Sunday, Jan. 3, 1875

Dear Will

Your letter of Dec. 27 was greeted with the pleasure that it deserved, and I was particularly relieved to find you in as good spirits as you seemed to be. It must be very pleasant for you to have your cousin with you. I remember her among the pleasant things of our school life.

I have got settled to work pretty well, now, though I have not got quite under full blast yet. A small girls head, for one of the gentlemen who gave me commissions in Boston, being the only thing I have worked upon.

I intend this week to set up a full length (3 ft) figure made as a study of anatomy &c.

Give Mat, John and Jim a punch in the ribs for me, and tell Kate that I can say this for her, that I never saw a better or more intelligent face.

Mr. Ball has offered to assist me in my studies in any way he can, so I feel as if I were his pupil, almost, and that is what I needed to have someone to tell me what to do and how to do it. Mr. Ball, as I suppose you remember, is the sculptor of the equestrian Washington on the Public Gardens. Mr Ball in addition to his merits as a sculptor has the additional merit of having a lovely daughter (whom dear I ever got so far in a letter without mentioning one!) who wished to learn the Boston, and did not learn so fast, but that I have had to call quite frequently. She now dances very well, however so I shall have to go oftener, I suppose to keep her in practice. Another Mr. Ball's not also is Miss Jewell a Boston young lady of 21 who is studying music, Italian, French &c. She is also a pleasant

companion for a stroll or a sit-down and dances like a mice. I may have mentioned all this before; but this is the last impression.

I thought I had come to Ottawa to work, but had you seen my career for the last four weeks you might have concluded I was pleasure seeking, though, to tell the truth, I find parties as a rule a bore. There is a scarcity of young men here and as Mrs Ball very kindly informed the report that Mr. French could dance I found myself overpowered with invitations some of which I ~~accepted~~ accepted and others declined. One of the pleasant ones was at the house of Mrs. Graham, the wife of the colonel on Christmas eve. Mrs. Graham has a palace of a house, in fact it was a palace I believe, with a very pretty hall for dancing and her party was most

successful. We began the "German" at about 11½ and danced till 2. Miss Jewel was my partner and the best dancer in the room, of course. You should see the Wallachian dance. They seize their fair partners and rush across the room like mad without joining hands, and then away they spin round and round in the same direction till they are ready to drop. I was the only gentleman, who danced the Boston at Mrs Grahams, and was slaved or fed as much as was agreeable. I was sorry not to be able to talk French, as I might in that case have been introduced to the little Marchesa, the wife of the King's sons — not a very distinctive name, however, as the King is said to have quite a number of sons, who can hardly claim to be in the regular line of descent. And the little Marchesa is the wife of one of the irregular

not. Still she was as pretty as possible and gave a fellow a chance to make a lovely upstand thing, such as is not often allowed to mere humans, and the pretty at shoulders I can say I may it as a sculp.

Last evening Mrs Ball had a small dancing party, when I had the honor of taking the lovely Countess Berthe Dzieduszycka out to supper. Also the lovely Countess Dzieduszycka wishes to learn the Boston. So she shall. She is also one of the pretty kind and her husband is a Polish Count. Somehow it takes some of the romance out of it, to know that the Countess Dz. was Miss Jones of Pennsylvania. Still she is pretty and pleasant. The two supper hours, but two to Mr. Ball.

Miss Nellie Hurst is at present

recovering from a long fever which has put a serious obstacle in the way of my further acquaintance with her.

Mrs. Powers continues to be as pleasant as ever and devotes a good deal of her valuable time to teaching me Italian, in which study I am getting along greatly. Florence is as strange to me as it was at first; in fact the peculiarities of the place come out stronger than at first. The Italians themselves I have a high opinion of. They are dirty and ill-mannered, and generally disagreeable with a few exceptions. They have a most execrable way of using the animals that abound in the streets. In the first place these same animals have no protection from the public but consist of a strip of zinc nailed against the wall such, in a corner of three inches

chapel. It makes no difference to the thoroughbred Florentine whether he is observed by ~~the~~ a swarm of lovely ladies is passing at the time or not; he quietly uncovers his place as if in the most secluded place. In fact I have seen a well-bred man quietly leave his fair companion, ~~and~~ stop to bate, and, she having waited, then join her in the most natural way in the world. It may be all right, and far be it from me to object, only it strikes me as a little queer. That is one of the customs of the country.

In this delightful church chaplains are rampant. Every man, woman & child has them, almost, and they even have them in their houses. This is in many Italy. Today has been charming, however, like autumn, and I have improved the opportunity by going to walk well.

Mrs Ball, Mrs Jewell and a Mr. Jaques.

Aren't you coming to make a call on us. think of it seriously. I think you would enjoy it very much, and it doesn't seem so far to me as it used to.

I have not yet spent your present to me, but am always rich in the thought that I can have whatever I want. I intend to get, with your Mother's share of it, something that will always remind me of her or that is something enduring.

I often think of our ~~wet~~ evening at the Cliffs in Concord with the autumn colors, the river the moon and all the beauties of the season and time of day, and it gives me more pleasure than almost any other of my recollections of my last week in Concord. Although I enjoy myself here, I should be happy to return to my native land any time. Remember me to your father and cousin. Your aff. friend.

Dan C. French

Newport Mar 3 - 1875

4 Via Faenza degl' Alberti
Firenze, Italia
Feb. 3. 75.

Dear Will

My day for writing has come round again, as has also yours and I hope you have not forgotten it. I feel exceedingly stupid today, owing to having trapped the "big fantastic" until three o'clock this morning. Such is the study of sculpture in Florence. Your letter of Dec. 21 (just have the fascinating Miss Ellen Powers appeared in the scene, so of course my letter had to be postponed and it is now seven o'clock instead of four) was duefully received. I am as glad to hear of your success in the ornithological line as if they were my own. It was rough about the tern not to come in sight and miss out but to many glories at once are not good for mortals, and the Warbler glories Brewsterinkeeness ought to satisfy you for this year.

I am glad that Pete has found

mention Miss Barrett and that she is "the best authority on Marriage." I trust she will continue to keep perfect on the subject.

Concord and Lexington must now be in the most amiable state of mind towards each other. In fact I believe they have decided to "go it alone." I am glad of it. If you hear anything about that station of mine I wish you would report it. I don't hear much of it lately and am interested to know whether it was founded in the casting. I am supposed to write a letter, accepting the invitation to the celebration, to be read at the dinner on that occasion. Imagine my feelings in the subject.

Florence continues gay, but I have given up parties except in the neighborhood among my particular friends. Even now, however, I find more evenings spent in frivolity than is quite consistent with my object in coming here. The occasion last night was a party at Mrs. Abbot's

mrs, (formerly Miss Stewart) and a great one it was. Mrs. Stewart and I led the "German" up from 12½ till nearly three. I danced with a Miss Heffernan of Philadelphia, a very pretty girl who danced like a angel. I continue to be one of a very few who dance the Boston and have many applications to back. Even the Italians themselves seem to take to it, which is rather surprising as they make it a rule never to do anything that their ancestors have not done for three hundred years before. The result of my dancing the Boston is that I have all the dancing I can attend to. I was invited to a grand party at the house of Mrs. Graham (the wife of the consul whom I mentioned when I wrote before) last week but could not break through my rule to attend. The invitations were for ten o'clock. I have heard since that people did not get there till twelve, and the party broke up at seven the next morning. Nothing like making a night of it! Besides these larger parties there are innumerable musicals and teas and dinner

things among the Powers and Bells, and then Miss Ellen must be taught the "Boston" you know and it takes a great while to perfect it.

My home here continues to be as pleasant as possible. In fact I am taken care of rather more than I am used to. The great event of the last month has been my moving into Mr. Bell's studio as a pupil of his, much to my satisfaction. ~~Mr.~~ The only other pupil Mr. Bell ever had was Milmore, so I feel quite set up on the subject. I don't know more why he took this sudden turn. I received a note from him the other evening a week and a half ago asking me to take a corner in his studio without any compensation from me. It is the more strange as ~~that~~ he ~~has~~ is so busy at the present time that he can hardly attend to his own work. I suppose he thought I was wasting my time and took pity on me. Any how it is so and I have already set up a bust under his direction, in the same room where he is at work on his Thorton

foot figure of Lobster for Central Park. I am very glad to be able to see that progress. And then on the romantic side it isn't so bad to have the golden haired daughter and her charming prince looking in once in a while to encourage me. Mr. Bell's studio is in the occupies a part of the house besides considerable of a structure built ~~for the~~ purpose. Out from it, so that it is very convenient for flitting visitors from the fair.

The study of Statue goes. I don't know it as fast as I had hoped, though I do progress some, and can bring out a speech now and then.

Our weather is of the most remarkable for winter. Some of the days lately have been as warm and pleasant as spring, and flowers continue to bloom in the garden! The worst of it is that it rains or is cloudy about half of the time.

and I am not sure that it would not be refreshing to have a real E.K.E. snowstorm just for variety. Mr. Powers says spring will really begin in a week or two, so we may look for pleasanter weather.

Tell me all about your museum and how it is arranged, and how you like it.

Father wrote that he saw your Jim and another gunner going shooting in the cars and that Jim afterwards said you got fifteen partridges. If that is so, it was not bad. Mr. Powers has been talking of joining in a wild boar hunt and asked me to go with him. Probably if either of us goes however the wild boar is still found within a few miles of Florence, wild as ever. Parties of large numbers of men join in the hunt and are stationed at all the places where the boar is likely to pass while other parties scour the woods to stir the beasts up. It is said that a big man is not a pleasant fellow to meet. I should judge not

Mr. Powers and I went to the marble quarries of Serravezza a week ago Sunday, stopping at Pisa on our way for a couple of hours. We went to the top of the leaning tower, which is enough to make a man dizzy, and through the cathedral which is a fit companion for the tower. There is hardly a straight line in the thing, not because it has settled, but because it was built so. In order to keep the perspective and make the church look larger than it really is, the arches between the columns are made lower at the further end from the entrance, and it is done so nicely that it is unnoticeable unless pointed out. I read of it a long time ago in the Harper's Monthly, so I was ready to appear wise on the subject to Mr. Powers. The outside of the cathedral is just as irregular, in fact more so, and apparently without

any reason.

Mrs. Powers told me to tell you to come over too, so I do and join in the request. I think it would be a good idea for your father and you to take a few months for a journey this way. I believe I mentioned it before and probably shall again.

Give my love to your father.

Your sincere friend

Dan. C. French.

Friday, the "Sportsman" with your article in the town came yesterday. You write a good pen. I wish you would always send your impressions along. They are very interesting to me.

French D. C.

Feb. 3-1875.

4 Via Farinata degl'Uberti
Sat. March 6. 1875
Florence Italy
4½ P.M.

My dear Will

It is quite a sigh of relief that I begin this letter to you, for I have been for the last two writing a letter pertaining to the well meaning but the Carnival celebration, that I received some weeks ago, — not much of a letter, but one of the kind that a fellow has to be particular about.

Your letter of Jan 24 I acknowledge, lately. Give us another. We think of you a gay cadet May (Thus I had to step to the window and shouts to answer this chellis Hazel when I heard ringing at her gate, and I got an answer too, a good shrill one, which sounded well at this late hour. It may please you to know

that the call of the neighborhood is "What'll you have to drink Dick" perhaps you remember it.) but as I was saying you would be thirsty at every stop time that came in your way even at a dress parade. The method prevailed that if you saw a brother of the Commandery Knights Templar once had a glass in your hand (even if the Brig. Gen. himself was receiving me) you wouldn't stop away at his if you had to be transferred after dinner. Take the Roll of Canons, just you go and tell every girl present that I told you to dance with her in particular. Oh, not every ? either, for use your excellent judgment. And be sure you write me a minute description of the proceedings, as soon afterwards as possible. Think of things you will be passing that weather in the wilds of Maine at that time.

I had taken my place in Mr Ball's studio of Tuesday when I wrote last. I continue to like the situation as indeed I ought to. I have just finished a couple of testimonials for a man in Clare Buildings for which (B.R.) I shall get $10.00, not much but enough to pay my expenses here for a month or two. I find that about $60.00 a month will keep me in excellent condition here.

Although Lent has broken into its festivities of the City we still keep up a gentle intercourse in the neighborhood, and I continue to find my evenings occupied in an unstudious way.

Thursday evening I had the pleasure of driving to the depot to meet Miss Lizzie Ball to welcome Mr. W. Powell who returned from a visit to Rome on that evening, but not until nightfall.

My life at Mon Repos Studio is enlivened by the frequent appearance of pretty American girls who come to see the studio. I have the pleasure of showing them about when Mr. Bell is busy. Of course there is a liberal sprinkling of uninteresting people's men's but it is rather surprising to me how well often the pretty sister or daughter or niece accompanies.

I shall be glad to get back where the people speak a respectable language. I have been jogging along at Italian ever since I came here and can't speak it yet with any degree of decency. It is a great bother to be obliged to call upon your friends when one wants anything. I hope however to get over that difficulty before I leave this ~~lovely~~ foreign land.

I believe I have let myself out in this little "hard" project before but you must submit to a little more of the same office

tain. I told him that I thought my friend Mr Brewster would like him. That was, I believe, when he was telling me how he amused himself running evenings fishing for frogs in the fountain. Bugs and birds and reptiles are his special delights, with which his wife's a little fine art is the way of painting flowers. He instructed me in the art of making an artificial serpent that would walk, by cutting a strip of paper and gently stretching two flies to the under side of it. The effect is said to be startling. He further explained that it didn't hurt the flies, as one could wash the paper off, thereby showing a feeling understanding of humanity. He says he goes abroad and warms him in the summer, and on his particular perch. And yet he is handsome and accomplished and sings like a nightingale. All this, Mr Brown you can see if you will just come

over here and mum too.

Speaking of nightingales I heard my first one last Sunday, but as I was riding I could not get a good idea of its song and should not have known it was if Mrs. Stellin had not said it was he. Informed that Miss Pierson and Mr. K.E.P. were out driving last Sunday. The blackbirds sing beautifully here and are to be heard everywhere out of the town.

I am still modelling in clay there's ~~but~~ but with an occasional dig at something else. Will you ask your father if he wants his bust out in marble, if so mind in the time, and I will see to it being got out here and back without any trouble to him. The cost of the arrangement is, that it will cost him three hundred dollars. That of this amount would be the marble cutting and part of it the work that would have to be done on it before I should

be willing to have it go as my work of the present time as some changes in hair and stepping. How is the new firm and how is the new office?

I have been today to the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries with Ned. Now they improve on acquaintance those old fellows knew how to paint and sculp. I don't know why the fine art generation should be, but they don't with a few brilliant exceptions.

Tell Pratt that his illustration of the harmony that existed in the days of our youth in the Russell family, has created a good deal of amusement in our family circle here, even with my poor rendering. You know that I mean by "You stop there I give you a fair wife" &c.

You talk about weather. Last week we had three inches of snow on the ground and I shudder think that about a yard must have

fallen and melted. Mrs Lippe and I had a snow ball fight, just as if it were not Italy at all. It was "very extraordinary weather" of course but I have noticed that I am always rewarded when there is any of that kind.

Now it is time for an honest man to be in bed. Good night

Your off friend

Ken. E. French.

Rome P.O.
March 6-1875

4 Via Farinata degli Uberti
Thursday April 8 / 74
Florence Italy

Dear Will.

"How are the mighty fallen!" Before I flap your wings and cry, the mudwall, the filling, the mere sick on brought to, all of which means that I have been here up for two weeks fairly in a manner unprecedented in the annals of my history, and in a manner that brings me even from my bosted position of perfect health. What was I doing, let reading, in literally, unstanding, running a letter from home, when some friend or other wanted to catch me unawares, by he head in a most unfa- like manner, and that's all

I have about it. Then I came to I found myself quietly reposing in bed, and was informed that I had had a rush of blood to the head. I didn't doubt it in the least, but returned to the inevitable in a most charming manner. I was up in a day or two, and felt I had to lead about in an interestingly invalidish sort of way, and such attentions did I receive that I can hardly wait being sick. Calls from the local magnates of this neighborhood, flowers, invitations to drive and all manner of luxury. Oh, Nellie, being sick is a foreign land it is not what it is cracked up to be. Get away as fast as I can, many bill before and, as the Dr. says it was nothing but a bit of exposure cold feet &

that brought on the attack and that I am all right constitutionally, I hope soon to have another line. Adieu, my dear!

Thursday. Mr. & Mrs. Lyon and a Miss Lowe of Portland and I propose to go to Rome, where we shall stay one Sunday and then go on to Naples. There we shall remain a week or more visiting Pompeii, Sorrento and other <u>very</u> interesting places and return to Rome. At Rome we shall stay as long as time will allow. There is another reason for my returning earlier, which is that I perceive a diminution in my letter of credit, which is quite alarming.

I saw in a Boston paper that Miss Hall is or was engaged to be a Mr. Baldwin. Has Sylvia

[illegible] have [illegible] as well as we do.
It is very to hear that you have had trouble with your eyes. Mind, I believe experience is not so bad as the recorded experience of another. I kept home yesterday and spent the evening reading the character and [illegible] of Mrs. Hayes instead of working by the midnight gas into a novel.

I am not much [illegible] that as you seem to think. Mind I may get her information from Hattie I suppose, and it is a fact, that I have not been much out nearly here, but have confined myself mostly to the neighborhood. Somebody [illegible] home, so that it comes to me, that it was suppose that Mr. [illegible] must have left a baby-[illegible] at home, he was so indifferent [illegible]

[illegible]

I have to see that article you spoke of about the Gull in the Sportsman by all means but be discouraged about your museum. "Hope deferred is the fate of all who twine"

As for snipe, they have taken a rest lately. The last for a week in Upper Bedford, will be sent off tomorrow and I think I have tied that and at the same time.

Our weather has been of the most delightful character lately, Sunshine in the day and frost at night, and all nature thriving into life. We had a thunder shower that morning and it still rains, but not far in [illegible]

to stay this afternoon with
Prof. Nelson & Fiesole, a quaint
old town, one of the oldest in
Italy, a few miles from here
on the side of the mountains.
I hear that Mrs Bowen
has been sick in Rome and
is still there. How will I
fly to the rescue?
Remember you are coming
here next fall, if I don't
come home. We will have
you very comfortable in
this pleasant community of
rest. In fact I think I can
allow you a room rent free.
Give my love to your father.
Now I have I write more in bed
night and stretch my poor
weary limbs in your mom-robe
and talk and laugh and eat
oranges and bread and dolcetti-

only. If more I have a dozen.

If you will give me a full description of your adventure at Tenuel on the 19th. Was it the beauty and bath of the hall and everything. I am anxiously anxious in your letter from home, by the water making" of course you have heard much more and others, or "that not speak of it," but that is the last I heard all I can hear about it.

Before I forget it, I wish you would tell me the war-bird? I mean with the wing-colour of a barn swallow's wings. If you would answer this question when you get this letter, I should be obliged to you, as I have another use, and want to cut it in marble

at large as it will allow. Have
not a great humor not our
to show to our go into a building
of any kind? If we, in these days
not that hotter like time that
that ~~[illegible]~~ often frequent the
habitations of man? That
belongs to the character of the
O.L.C. I am glad that that
society is in flourishing
condition.

Well we are out for the
first element in Nottingham. Hang
Hawthorn! I have got an all
picked out for you two time.
Hawthorne, Esq., accomplished, fond
of archery, fishing and everything.
Let you [illegible] I don't [illegible]?
In the first place you don't know
but that he [illegible] [illegible],
then the [illegible] will come by pulling

Nottingham Oct
Saturday Eve

Florence Italy
May 9, 1875

My dear Will,

This is one of the perfect days of the year, warm and light and beautiful; the country is at its loveliest and summer is at hand. The songs of birds strange to me and the odor of flowers fill the air. How is that for "back waged sentiment"? It is Sunday and I am seated near an open window that commands a view of the city and the mountains beyond. I am in my room

and with myself back in Concord River at sunset with you waiting for ducks! Do you among me, I have been trying to bring the scene over my own eyes, and with but poor success. Your last letter, (the blue one) saying that you intended to go on a duck-shooting expedition, filled me with a longing for my native river.

I am sorry that your article did not please you, for I have no doubt, but that it was better than you imagined, and you will probably be surprised at its merit when you see it in print. I enjoy reading your writings very much. It seems to me that you write very easily and consequently well. Forever another. I shall look for the pamphlet in the Birds of Prey

Virginia sun. I have felt the same trouble about the criticisms of my friends that you have, & that I can not depend upon them. Let us start a mutual critical society. Perhaps we could help each other.

I was extremely sorry and shocked to hear of Will Stone's misfortune. I did not know him but have felt almost acquainted with him from hearing the Hopkinsons and you speak of him. Is there no hope of his recovery?

I am hope you will get a chance to make an excursion somewhere this summer; which you seemed to think was doubtful. It is not easy for a man to stay in one place all the year round. I feel the more for you, as I wish I could join you in some ex-

petition to "Maine or thine-
own." I was somewhat un-
friended to see our barn swallows
floating about here in a very
much at home fashion. Miss
Nellie (the "nightingale") says, however,
that they are here all over the
world where the temperature
is right. How is that?

Well, since I wrote you last
I have been to Rome, Naples,
Sorrento, Castellamare, Capri, Vesu-
vius and Pompeii. I was gone
three weeks and we have
enjoyed it much. I will not
weary you with a description
of what I saw, as any guide
book would tell you nearly
the same things. We started,
(Mr. & Mrs. Dyer & Miss Lewis (a
young lady of 26 & not pretty) and
I) and were joined at Rome by
a Mrs Helbert &, her niece Miss
Heard and thus we journeyed
through Italy. Now you must

know that Miss Howard; I had seen before at Mr. Kelly's Studio, and had set her down as one of the prettiest of his kind without knowing her at all. I was, therefore, not displeased, when she conducted to board with us. Sometimes pretty girls are always crossing my path to make me miserable or happy or something. We managed to get up quite a flirtation before we parted. The natives of Capri insisted that we were brother and sister which somewhat amused us. In vain did I tell them that she was my betrothed; they said we were too much alike. Complimentary you see!

I am not sure that the trip to Capri is not worth a word or two. We got up a party of nine to go to the Island, which is about eighty or

min. miles from Sorrento when we took the boat. Our boat was a small one, but as the waters were smooth, we anticipated no trouble. First of must say, however, that there is a cave at Capri called the Blue Grotto accessible only from the water, that is the great attraction of the place. Well, we started, and the water got gradually rougher and the wind blew gradually harder and our boat grew gradually tippier, till when we arrived opposite the Grotto, the ladies were almost scared to death. Mr. Byers and I were the only men of the party who would venture into the small boat that was to take us into the Cave, and after we had paddled away from our friends, the seaman called out that we must go back to the landing immediately, as there

was a squall coming. So we turned about, joined our friends and put for the landing of Capri. There, having arrived in safety, we were told that it was useless to think of going back to Sorrento that night (it was then 3 o'clock P.M.) as the sea was so rough that we should get wet through if we came. Consequently we concluded to make the best of existing circumstances and spend the night. Having arrived at this sensible conclusion we landed, and looked about for amusement. ~~and~~ Fortunately donkeys came to our assistance. We ordered eight which came, each with a girl or two to drive or lead the animals. Lined up we proceeded, Miss Heard and I to the front and others following. It was a most

singular procession, eight
donkeys and men, led the
twenty people. I was rather
astonished at my
donkey's accomplishment
of going up stairs. He didn't
mind it at all, and it per-
haps was fortunate as they
were many flights. We rode
an hour to ride, up hill (steep)
all the way, encountering
the little villages of Capri
~~on the way~~, half way up the
mountains. The rode was
beautiful too. The bay of Naples
was below us with the City
in the distance, mountains
above us, and a beautiful
sunset for our special benefit
as we rode Italian in. (N.B. Italian
sunsets are no better than
any.) Arriving at our ob-
servation which was the ancient
Castle of Tiberius, of which lit-
tle now remains, the eminent

from our flying steeds, ~~and~~
wandered about among the
rocks, looked over the cliff
where old Liberal was in the
belief of throwing ~~out~~ his
friendship for the natives
& dancer & lamentable for
us, an old woman flaying a
tambourine and four small
girls doing the dancing. It
was quite weird, their dancing
out of doors on the edge
of the precipice in the
moonlight; and very foreign.
Then we started in the
element ~~the~~ and were lighted
in our way, by a most
brilliant moon. And this
was wind, too, and seemed
like a dream. The long
train of ~~the~~ people and donkeys,
the women with pattens, the
wonderful view, the old city
and the natural rocks, sung
by our guides all went to
form an impression in

such as I never had before.
I was very wet when we got back to the hotel, but we dried ourselves and had a supper and went to bed feeling for a time worthy day.
The next day was all we could ask, and we went to the Blue Grotto at once. There is usually a perpendicular cliff rising from the water. By no means would and at its base a hole very few feet wide and, when the waves were out, perhaps three feet high. This was the entrance to the Grotto. We boats about the age of the springs, but the boatmen got us through safely, without taking our heads off, and we entered the Grotto with a rush. It was beautiful, for none waves not displaced there is a most wonderful blue light reflected into

the roof of the Gotte and
back in to bring the water.
The water itself is most
brilliant, and anything the
moat it takes a most
beautiful color. Even our humble
placed just below the front
face looks as blue as — Cobalt
potters. The cave is 60 x 150 +
and thirty or forty high. We
stayed a short time, and the
heard the entrance and
turned our way to Terrent
opening, passing without
further incident, except the
no-existence of the spare holes.
There I have wearied you
enough with that, nine-
hours is often not longer
than a spectacle.
I have got back into
the studio and at work,
Miss Grace of whom you
may have heard is here
at the present time and
I have been showing

self to her as much as is proper and agreeable. I shall stay here all summer probably, though I may take a trip to Newport and to Venice, if the weather gets intolerable.

Remember me to all the boys. I hope you invest in the Bell at Concord, and will give me a full description. I have heard her little so far.

Good bye.

Your affectionate friend
Geo. C. Ingraham.

P.S. I inclose the sketch trying to improve it. I don't know much about pen drawing.

Newport R.I.
May 19 '85

[illegible]
[illegible]

Dear Bill

Have I written to you since you wrote me about the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I am glad to hear that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a photograph of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] marble.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] just some time ago.

I have been expecting your
letter out from my friend
morning for a week or more
but I am afraid nothing is
wrong with

It would have been quite a
rational occupation for the
boys as the boxes after
your long number of hours
there. I fear the fellows under
you going down to the hell
hole seem to have had great
difficulty. You would from
[illegible] most before, that
you? You would get their while
[illegible] [illegible].

I am sorry that you could
not go up to Concord on the
4th. I am glad I was not there.
The dreadful disappointing on the
part, though, they by the way
[illegible].

As for those "nightingales" I
wish I could share a very few
[illegible] [illegible]. Here we are

[illegible] I presume your
regards to Miss Ellen Farrel
upon which she informed Mrs
[illegible] and [illegible] who has given to
Miss Farrel a present. I hope
a thousand pardons if I am not
the gentleman [illegible]
[illegible] remaining at Mrs. [illegible]
a Miss Ellen [illegible] collection which
often the friends of [illegible]
[illegible] to partly of your [illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] which [illegible] of [illegible]
are [illegible] about. It will
keep the [illegible] in good
[illegible] from [illegible] as
a [illegible] good for [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] Miss
Ellen [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of everything there is. I had [illegible] but what but it would [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] Office in [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] intolerance.

The weather is hot (the thermometer 88° in my [illegible]) but I have [illegible] better than the [illegible]. They say that it is as hot as it [illegible] all [illegible] of the [illegible]. I think of going to [illegible] for a week or two later in the season with the [illegible].

What I [illegible] particularly [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for a [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] far [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible].

[illegible] the fact is that that —
fit of sickness that I had
in the spring just before
[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

what I have [illegible]
to any one who [illegible]
[illegible]. I think
[illegible] will satisfy the [illegible]
[illegible] little. [illegible]
the trouble of [illegible] it
[illegible].

The only thing that I have noticed lately is the history of a Hellenic [illegible] for [illegible] — not a very interesting subject — and I to confess [illegible] present [illegible]. [illegible] that paragraph, I have [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] picture [illegible] to be [illegible] of a [illegible]. It is one of the [illegible] — I [illegible] to [illegible].

[illegible] if [illegible] they can be heard at all [illegible] if [illegible] you [illegible]

Weather [illegible] they are very cold. I
think though they [illegible] in
my face [illegible]
[illegible] for [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

These [illegible]
perhaps I [illegible]
[illegible]
be agreeable to them [illegible]
because [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] I went with the [illegible]
over the little [illegible]. It was
[illegible] to be one of the finest
[illegible] in the country but as
[illegible] angle. There are [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Yrs. Your friend

Geo. C. Hurd

French D. C.
June 1 – '75

Florence Italy
June 16, '75.

Dear Will,

Your article in the "Rod & the Gun" on the "Habits of the Mourning Warbler", I have not only received, but read carefully and approve highly. Your high sentimentality as I think you called it comes in naturally and pleasantly and relieves the article from the dull seriousness that ~~too~~ often ~~ably~~ attends the scientific description of birds or beast, and moreover it gives it a flavor that makes it pleasant reading to any man even if he is not interested particularly

in ornithology. I do not
criticize the article because I
am not able to do so. Writing
is not my forte. It seems
to me, however, that you
describe scenes in nature
wonderfully well, and that you are on
the right track. Go ahead.

I enclose the photograph
to which I alluded. It will
probably make your hair
stand on end to see a
woodcut put to such ignominious use, but we will call
it an artistic license. I call
the thing "Cupid Triumphant."
If you think it is not a
piece of cerebrovarce, it will
look better.

I am hoping for a letter
from you daily.

I go to Viareggio, a watering place today with the Balls to stay a week or so.

Your friend

Dan. C. French.

French D. C.
June 16 - 75

Florence, Italy
by Via Farinata degl'Uberti
July 2, 1875.

My dear Will,

Here it is the second of the month and your letter must be on its way, although I have not much of special interest to narrate. Your letter of June 6. is before me with a'r account of going to Concord, and your correction of Miss Kate's mistake about the swallows. I have not had a good opportunity to deliver the information for the reason that Mrs. Collier has been unwell and I have seen but little of her. It shall be done, however. You did not say whether you saw the "Minute Men" that we made together to the tune of "Spring, spring" or if you

did see it, whether you liked it in the new material. Come now, you said yourself that silence was as bad as flattery, so give us your opinion. I am glad that you joined Miss Nel lie & her elves at the spring. I await your article on Birds of W. Virginia with impatience.

In part of the last month I spent at Viareggio a secluse place near Pisa with the Bells. We stayed a week and a half and had a very pleasant though very quiet time. Miss Powell & Miss Lizzie Bell were of the party, and Ned Powers came down for a few days and made himself agreeable to the young ladies. Viareggio is a small town with several hotels that are open in

the summer and bath houses numerous on the beach. They have an improvement in our bathhouses at home, but an improvement that could not be available where there was a tide. There is no perceptible tide in the Mediterranean. The bath houses are built on piles in a couple of feet of water and you enter the water by 8 steps from each compartment going through a trap-door in the floor. It avoids the unpleasantness and difficulty of sandy feet. We loafed and loafed and loafed and that is about all we did do except a drive or two about the evening.

Since I came back a week ago tomorrow I have been at work on a bas relief, which I fear will not be suc=

careful. (I should have mentioned in proper place, that Mr. Ball insisted on paying my bills at Viareggio is a piece of generosity that was uncalled for and which would have astonished me if I had not got somewhat accustomed to having favors showered upon me by the good Florentine Americans.)
The rest of this week I have spent in writing letters and drawing.
Miss Jewell departed this morning for America via Venice and Paris. We shall miss her very much. She was the most American young lady in the community. Miss Lizzie B. has been weeping most of the day for the loss of her companion.
I was surprised yesterday

at receiving a letter from Mungie dated at Paris. He and Porter are both there and will be roaming at large over Europe for three or four months. If they don't spend some money before they get through I am mistaken.

I got an invitation to Cleveley from Grenville H. Norcross, who I suppose is the young man who was at Kennebunk when I was your Father's guest there two or three years ago. I wonder where he got my address.

I have just been sort of half home-sick for the last few days, and I find that nothing, except perhaps Concord, appeals to my feelings as much as Umbagog. It seems as if two or three weeks up

there where I could get out of the sight and hearing of sculpture would do me more good than anything else in the world. I must stay here this month though, and next month hope to go to Venice with the Beals. We shall also go to Munich.

The hot weather has begun again after two or three weeks of coolness and rain. Cherries and plums are the fruits of the season. The biggest cherries that I ever saw, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches circumference is common and fine in flavor.

I received a short note from John and a very pretty one from his beloved. Had I made a charcoal portrait of Miss Vellin Powers when I wrote last?

I did so and succeeded in getting a very good likeness. I would send you a photograph of it if I had a right to which I have not.

Give my love to your Father.

Ever your affectionate friend
Dan. C. French.

French D. C.
July 2 – '75

4 Via Faenza degl' Alberti.
Aug. 4, 1875.
Florence.

My dear Will

Do you have "bestridden the hobby-horse." Well I have no objections if it has led to your purchasing a good one. I have a lively interest in your horses for the reason that I shall hope to drive with you in the future as I have in the past. I can imagine you and Jim, cigar in mouth discussing in an important & self-satisfied way the points of horses in general and of your own in particular. I don't mind if only you don't get into scientific terms when I am round; if you do I will talk Italian with Lucy Barrett all the time we are calling

upon that charming being.

The events of the past month have not been highly exciting to me, nor would they be to you. Mr. & Mrs. Powers & I spent a week in the country at the house of one of Mr. P's marble finishers, and had a funny kind of a time, (which his name was Cintolese) It was a big old fashioned house underneath anything at home, and had a farm attached, with many grapevines and much wheat. I saw a good deal of the farming which seemed awkward enough to a N.E. farmer. I longed to take hold and show them how. Mr. C. has also a very pretty daughter who talked Italian with me (to a limited extent) and was generally agreeable. Mr. Powers & I came into the city daily driving

in, in a hack in the morning and out at night, each round trip, twenty cents — not expensive for seven miles. The last day we were there was Sunday and we spent it in anything but a Puritanical manner. Some other people from the city arrived before noon and after dinner Mr. Cintolesi having procured some music and invited the neighbors to attend, the large hall (35 x 20) in the front part of the house was filled with people. Then the dancing began; polka mostly, and you might have seen your humble polking about there as if it were Friday night at Concord Town Hall. After dark Mr. Powers touched off some fireworks that he had brought up and so the day closed. The people were well worth seeing. I suppose

there were one hundred and fifty in all — country people in their best rig, and the way some of them danced would have called forth a smile I think.

Since then I have stayed studiously at home with an occasional evening at the "Bells" or Powers'. Miss Nellie continues lovely and Miss Bell is as ever quiet and serene. You should have seen Miss Nellie as I did the other night when she came over here at one o'clock at night saying that she and her sister Annie, who are alone at present, had heard a noise at the Studio and thought that somebody was there. Of course Mr. Powers & I sallied forth, but of course found no thieves though something or somebody

had evidently been on the roof. That is not the point, however. Miss Nellie was the picture I ~~began~~ intended to describe and behold her. She had not stopped to do up her hair which waved and curled as it would; she wore a light wrapper and loose drapery generally; in one hand she held a revolver in the other a dark lantern. If Rogers, the group man, had seen her before he made his "Home Guards" he would have ~~done~~ made a better thing. Said she, "you two go in and we (Nursey & sister) will stand here and stop them if they come out." How is that for feminine grit?

My work progresses about as it has ever since I came to Florence, poorly, but I hope for better success when I get ~~into~~ into any line, which is figures

as I hope to do when I return from my trip, with the Bells which by the way I may not have spoken about. We (Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Bell & I) are to start Monday next for Venice where we shall sail round a week and then go on to Munich by way of S. Tyrol where we shall stop a week or two according to the interest of the place. Possibly we may come home by the way of Switzerland. Altogether, I expect to enjoy myself mightily, and if I do not become acquainted with Miss Lizzie it will not be from want of association.

Our weather has been of the loveliest, just warm enough to be pleasant with hardly a hot day. Very different from what I

expected.

I had a letter from Munzig dated in Paris, much to my surprise. He said that he and Porter were there and should be in Venice &c about this time. I hope to see them.

Father wants me to send the plaster cast of my statue to the Phila. Exposition, and I think seriously of so doing.

What is Ruth up to? You did not mention him in your last.

Remember me to him please and to our other friends.

Your aff. friend
Dan. C. French.

The postage from America to Italy has been reduced to five cents, so don't waste your money.

Vevey Switzerland
Sept 9, 1875
Thursday

Dear Will

I have just written two letters that I could not conveniently delay, and should not attempt this letter out of regard to your feelings, were it not that I fear it is my only chance for a week or so. Please forgive its stupidity.

Your letter of Aug 6 gladdened my eyes when I arrived here Sunday afternoon. Since I wrote you I have had a long vacation travelling with Mr. & Mrs & Miss Bell. We left Florence Aug 9 for Venice where we stopped a week, and a great week it was. Venice entirely realized my early dreams

and was as poetical and beautiful as I could wish. We saw any amount of pictures, statues, churches &c very fine to see, and most uninteresting in description. It was hot though, and I was rather glad to fly to the mountains, as we proceeded to do after seeing Venice. We left Venice by rail and after a few hours ride, arrived at Conegliano a smallish town, where we spent the night and proceeded on our way early next morning, with a carriage and pair: Mr. & Mrs Bell in the back seat Miss Lizzie & I in the front was the way we travelled that day and the succeeding. We got among the mountains almost immediately and the scenery was very fine all the way. On the second

day by carriage we passed Titiano's birthplace Pieve di Cadore, where is still standing out the house, where the great painter was born. In the Austrian Tyrol, this was, among the Dolomite Mountains. In the evening of this day we arrived at Cortina a little town in a valley among the mountains 4 or 5 thousand ft. above the sea. The higher Dolomites are 11000 ft as not bad for anywhere. Mont Blanc is only 4000 higher. At Cortina we stayed nearly a week and then pushed on to Oberndorf a rather fashionable resort, though by no means as attractive, we thought, as Cortina. We only stayed a few days there, and then proceeded by rail to Munich, arriving a week ago Saturday

We stayed there a week finding it so cold that an overcoat was not uncomfortable. Munich is a fine city with one of the finest picture galleries in the world. There was plenty to keep us busy, and we were busy for a week. I ran across Porter & Mangis in Venice and again at Munich. They were having a great time and were there for health and pleasure they said.

At Munich I left the Bells Saturday for Bern. They were to return towards Florence the same day. I travelled all day from 7½ A.M. to 8½ P.M. and was pretty tired when I arrived at Bern at the latter time. I spent the night at Bern and had time enough next morning to run down

and see the city and the bears before I took the train for Lausanne. After ~~four~~ three hours of cars through the greenest and freshest country I have seen on this side of the water, I arrived at Lausanne and there changed cars for my destination — Vevey. And here be it said what I should have remarked before, the my reason for coming to Vevey was an invitation from a cousin of mine Mr. Taylor and his family to visit him here. I found my friends and relatives in one of the handsomest hotels I ever saw, most delightfully situated in the very place of Lake Geneva with everything about it to make it pleasant.

Switzerland is a most

beautiful country and I am very glad to have this opportunity of visiting it. We have made several excursions to places of interest — the Castle of Chillon and to Fribourg — and shall have probably tomorrow or next day for Mont Blanc which I will very much be sorry not to. I caught a glimpse of it yesterday from the cars. After that we pursue our way towards Milan where I have many friends, and go to Florence, Rome and Naples.

I never expected to see so much of this continent and consider myself very fortunate.

I have not received your article on the "Birds of Kitchi" but it is doubtless awaiting my return at

Florence. I shall read it with much interest. Perhaps you did not know that I am a foreign correspondent of the Art Department of the Chicago Tribune, with which Will is connected.

So your glorious beard has departed! How could you? Your Rye notes were interesting. I am sorry for Miss Inches. I rejoice in the recovery of Will than as you must, more than I.

I wish you could come over here. I shall be home sometime next May or June.

Mr. Powers has bought a house since I left Florence so you will have the pleasure of learning a new address, as only the number changes; the house is on the same street.

as the other one. I am not sorry to move, for the new house is much prettier than the old one, and more comfortable. The house belonged to the King of Italy, and he was a frequent visitor (a few years ago) to the fair lady who occupies it, but who was not exactly his wife. (?) I hope such events do not affect later occupants.

This letter is behind time but the cost of travelling must be my excuse.

My address will be as before till I tell you otherwise.

Your affectionate friend
Wm. C. French.

Thank you for letting yourself out on the statue. I am inclined to think you are right about the pedestal being too high. We will see to that when we get home.

Sept. 19

Via Farinata degl' Uberti
Florence Italy
Oct. 5, 1875.

My dear Will,

I wrote you last from Vevey. Since then I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth most of the time and have enjoyed myself greatly. Thus did we proceed. Leaving Vevey a few days after I wrote you, we went to Martigni two or three hours from Vevey and stopped over night there. Perhaps it might be well to remark that "we" consisted of my cousins Mr. & Mrs. Taylor and their two children; also may be included the Miss Armstrong of whom I spoke to you and her relatives four in number. On the following morning which was Saturday we took three excursions

With yours mother's permission I have made a collection of photographs which will always give me pleasant reminiscences of my visit to Switzerland.

and set out for Chamouix over the Tete Noir Pass. The scenery was very fine as you would imagine and after a pleasant ride of eight or ten hours we drew up at the foot of Mont Blanc. That I am was disappointed in Mt. Blanc I must confess. I had somehow imagined it as a good individual mountain, standing alone. Instead of this it is so crowded by peaks of almost equal height, that it loses its importance greatly. It was covered with snow from half way above the village to the top and looked very beautiful, ~~in the~~ by sun light and moonlight. Sunday some of us including Miss Armstrong sal lied forth for the Mer de Glace, some with ~~the~~ mules others

on foot; I among the latter. It was a pretty good walk, up hill and steep at that, of three hours or more, but it repaid us for our trouble. The glacier looked just like the photographs of it — a vast field or rather river of ice, broken and rugged, winding down among the mountains in a most miraculous way. It gives me an idea of eternity somehow, it is so slow, and as sure as time. We went part way over it, as far as we cared to, as there was nothing to be gained by crossing. Our return was very pleasant; down the hills we wandered hand in hand Miss Armstrong and I picking flowers, and talking such sense and nonsense as is common on such occasions, and an-

riving from tired and hungry.
Monday morning we retrace our steps over the Tête Noir Pass and passed the night again at Martigny.
Tuesday we parted from Miss Armstrong & her party and proceeded ~~in~~ by rail to Sierre where my cousin ~~we~~ hired a carriage and four to take us over the Simplon Pass, a magnificent road built by Napoleon. We were three days on the way and turned up at the end of that time at Baveno on the shore of Lake Maggiore. It is a most lovely lake as were the two others that we visited in turn Lake Lugano & Lake Como. At the latter which is the largest we stayed nearly a week, leaving there Friday the 24th. Thence we proceeded to Milan and

stayed over Sunday. The Cathedral which is the great "sight" in Milan is almost a miracle of architecture. Not that it impresses one as a whole so much, but the delicacy of detail is marvellous. They are still building away on the old thing as if it had been begun last year instead of in 1400 or sometime about there. The gallery in Milan is very fine and boasts some magnificent paintings.

Then Monday afternoon we went to Turin where we remained till Wednesday last, long enough to see the Gallery and to take a drive about the city. Turin is laid out on the rectangular system, which, however much it may add to utility, certainly detracts from the

interest that lies in variety. I was not sorry on Wednesday to set sail for Florence, my friends going to Paris. At Florence I found things much as I left them except that Mr. Powers has bought a new house and there is some commotion incident to repairing and getting ready to occupy. We shall probably get in in the course of the month.

I found seven letters awaiting me and three have come since, which accounts for the slight tardiness of this. Your letter was full of interest as usual. The pamphlet on the Birds of Kitchin County, I have not had a chance to do justice to yet, but am much pleased with the

introductive. Yes, William you write well, and I am proud of you. "Reprinted from the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History N.Y." reads well! I have got fairly back into the old traces again, modelling and eating grapes to my heart's content. Mr. Powers brought in a bunch today with grapes an inch and a half long on it. I never saw such a place for grapes in my life. Your borrowed sketch of Hiram Powers (base libel) came in very nicely, and amused Mrs. Powers and me mightily.

Now, there was a letter from Sallie that gave me much less pleasure than yours. That was on telling me of Lucy Barrett's engagement. That's the worst of girl friends, they will get married and that's the end of that. Well, all we

can do is to let their son go and set a trap for another. I am sorry, though, to have Lucy go, for it won't be easy to supply her place. She is a sweet and accomplished girl and I shall miss her very much from our pleasant Concord circle. I wish her lover was older, 23 is too young.

Misfortunes never come singly and father writes today that Will will probably not come abroad this winter. I am very sorry for I had built strongly on that.

I am sorry that I cannot send you a photograph of Miss Nellie. There are none that do her any kind of justice. I was near calling on Mr. & her sister last night.

I don't know when I shall be home. I should think in May or June or possibly before. It depends on health and business. You may be sure it will be a happy day for me. Your affectionate friend

Wm. C. French

Wm. C. French

No 1 Via Farinata degli Uberti
Nov. 4, 1875.
Florence.

Dear Will,

Your letter of Oct. 10, as usual full of interest, but too short. I came safely over the seas to 4 Via Pe. (N.B. Mark that we are No 1s now) I did not see many birds in Switz. and know hardly anything of those I did see. Near the Mer de Glace I think I saw a flock of birds that will have been first cousins to chicadees at home. They looked like our chicadees a good deal and were exactly like them in their motions. I am sorry you have no poor means at Manhattan Island. "Has" is it you say? Why, Italy is the paradise of the insect; Rome their head-quarters, but a detachment of three or four thousand may be

found most any where. We live in a particularly clean district and I am happy to say they are not numerous here, for they make my life miserable when they abound.

I am sorry that there is a doubt of Mr. Chapman's (Miss Lucy B's fellow's) brilliancy. Miss Lucy observes a better fate. Sallie writes that they are to be married in July so I shall probably be a witness of the interesting ceremony. I think I met Miss Longfellow, to whom Edw Dodge is engaged, at the "Assembly" that I attended with you years ago. I remember her particularly because she gave me a favor. It may have been a sister or a cousin, however. I hope you will launch Bret Ridgway's bride "all to thunder." Not that

I have anything in particular against Ridgway, but I shall rejoice in your victory.

Oh, ho! I would like to go shooting with you once this fall. Mr. Rowen has been once or twice and had great luck on some private shooting-ground. They found snipe, coots and other birds whose names I do not know from their descriptions.

I don't suppose Dick, the lofty and magnificent, would go out of his way two steps to find me, but, hang him! if he comes in my way he has got to do the polite thing, even if I have to make him. I shall probably hear of him from some one or somewhere and if I do, shall descend upon him.

As you perceive by the heading of this letter we

here got into the new house, though we are by no means in a settled condition. I have a very pleasant and handsome room, which you shall share with me if you will only come over here this winter.

As for work, in the last month I have finished a small ideal (so called) bust of a little girl, which has the foolish name of "May Queen". I should prefer to let it go as simply a child's head, but names are important from a business point of view. People seem to approve of the thing and think it pretty and it will at least bring me some money. The Cupid on a wallow, of which I sent you a photo, I think, is being put into marble, as is the child's head

to be. I am now at work on a full length model of a reclining youth, model a foot and a half long or more. I have been fortunate enough to find a very handsome model, who stands, or rather, lies for me, and gives me practice in the Italian language at the same time. I shall probably work on the small model a week longer and then set the figure up life size and work on him till I go home in May or June.

In fact, William, I am at last prospering as I hoped to a year ago, but as I did not do at all this now.

Next week I intend to have an Italian teacher, and I am already studying anatomy from the wax models in the Museum here,

The programme is as follows, ~~Mondays and Thursdays~~ Modelling from 9 to 1, anatomy 2 to 3 twice a week, Italian 2 to 3 or 4 twice a week, letter-writing, studying in the galleries or modelling, and exercises the rest of the time. Parties limited strictly to the neighborhood. If nothing breaks I shall manage to get a good deal into this winter, and I don't intend to let anything break if I can help it.

Last night I went to my first dancing party since I was sick and the effects are such that I do not intend to dance so much again. It was at Mrs. Ball's and was very pleasant, only that, as there were only about half as many men as ladies, I had to work harder than was pleasant.

this afternoon I had to go to walk with Miss Nellie Powers to recover my lost strength. The Lizzie Ball stock, so to speak, has risen about a hundred per cent since I travelled among the mountains with her. In fact she is getting quite dangerous and that, you know, will never do. The other folks in this community are as ever, very kind and as polite and kind to me as if I was of their kith and kin.

You will forgive my not writing more when you know that I wrote sixteen letters last month averaging I should think about six pages each.

Remember me as ever to your father. A year

ago I was in London. I am glad I have not this year to go over again.

Remember me to Ruth and John — what time is left of him,

Your affectionate friend
Dan. C. French.

Mr. Dan C. French
Nov. 4 1878

1 Via Farinata degl' Uberti
Dec. 7, 1875.
Florence Italy

My dear Will

I shall be afraid to open my home letters soon if they continue to bring so disagreeable tidings as they have in the last few weeks. None of them have given me more or as much regret however as your last telling me that you have been so seriously sick. I am glad to hear, however from your own account, as well as a letter from father, that you have got so well over your trouble. I shall not, as I suppose all your friends have done, worry you with admonitions to be careful of yourself, though I hope you will attach a safety value to your person in that you

may not be too careless. I never knew the misery of being weak and effeminate till my attack last spring. Since then (this is strictly between you and me) I have been a miserable caricature of my former self, not in appearance, but in condition. I can all well and unless I put on a little extra pressure of mind and then I find that I am not as I ought to be. In time I shall recover I suppose, but meanwhile I am a penniless man with his living to get and able to work about half time. It's the first drawback I ever had and I suppose I ought to be patient, but it is not pleasant. To add to the pleasantness of my position, the gentlemen of the town of Concord have concluded

not to pay me for the statue till next spring if at all. They say that I "ought to be satisfied with the reputation I have made out of it." Very good! If the statue had been so poor as to ruin my reputation I suppose they would have paid me handsomely. Besides that do you know how much that statue, base & all, cost the town? As merely as I can reckon it one or two hundred dollars. The Government furnished the cannon that paid for the casting (a plan that I suggested) & Eb. Hubbard left $1000.00 which was enu' almost to defray the other expenses. I don't mind like Emerson, but I doubt if they ever give me a cent. I mention this to you partly because I ~~can~~ have been very calm in the subject & in writing

home, and am therefore in a "sort of bottled up condition" and partly because you being so much in Concord will be likely to hear something about it and I want my side to be fairly stated. Then be generous in expressing my view of the subject at large.

To pass to more agreeable topics. Things have been going on tranquilly here since I wrote last; the young ladies are as smiling and helping is as prosperous as ever. My mind is occupied at present with some young ladies from Chicago, friends of Wills, who appeared on the scene a few days ago, and whom I am doing my prettiest to entertain. I took them round the city yesterday forenoon and have introduced them into the pleasant circle in

which I wore. Then are three young ladies and a young man, the first very pretty and the last tall and handsome. I am to be in it. There is a party at Mrs. Ball's tomorrow evening. For myself I go to no parties except in the neighborhood and am happy to get off so cheap. A dancing school which meets at the different houses every Sat. night is the chief excitement, and very pleasant. I am teaching you may be interested to know.

Dec 9. Here it is Thursday and still this letter is unfinished. Last night the party at Mrs. Ball's came off and was a great success. My young ladies attended and created the desired sensation.

It is said to be a sure thing that I am engaged

to Miss Lizzie Ball, a report which though without foundation, is not perhaps surprising, considering that I went in a hire with the family and have been seen much in public with Mr. & Miss B. I do not feel at all guilty in the subject (as I must own to have felt on former occasions of like reports) for if any body ever believed in a more cold-blooded manner towards a young lady than I have towards Miss Lizzie I should like to know it; and it isn't easy for me, whatever it may it may be for you, to be much in the company of a pretty girl without having a strong inclination to flirt. I hear at home that my former

are inquiring what man-
ner of young lady Miss B. is,
and her friends are seek-
ing information on the
subject of Mr. French. Al-
together it is getting most
to warm, but she is don't
complain"

How Miss Nellie undertook
on the early education of
her rat then I write last?
She got possession of a the
little beast before it had
its eyes open and has brought
it up on a very unlike
of a better cause. It is now
about full size and a very
aristocratic representative of
his race, and as tame as
possible. He will be very fond
of him too he quietly climbs
down beautiful teeth of his
through her finger and
then . . . I believe too
you of a candy scrape at
Mrs. Watson's like . . .

impressed upon my mind by the incident that Miss Nettie was eating a very short piece of candy when I suggested that I should like to bite off a piece — to which she assented, still holding it between her teeth. — — — I got about all of that piece of candy and it wasn't bad to take either. But I have neglected my profession. I am at work now on a male figure 4½ feet long (as he reclines) and have got it well into shape. (N.B. I shall come home when I get it done.) The beautiful of the Capitol in a vignette of which I sent you a photo. (did I not?) has been finished in marble and looks well. I want to sell about a hundred (or ten) of them for $175.00 each. The first copy is already sold. If you haven't a photo. of the thing I will send

more upon me. The bust of the noble child prodigy will be in marble and will be finished in the course of a month or two. Noll and Richards are to make casts of ~~the~~ my "Minnehaha" Man. The large one is suspended now at their store. I don't entirely like the idea, but we have got to have something to float the ship.

I let out in the town of Concord day before yesterday a little harder than I ought. Then don't repeat. I think they will probably do the right thing, but meanwhile it is a little awkward.

I enclose an article on Studio Hall that I wrote for the Chicago Tribune some time ago.

Yours very truly,

father and tell Ruth that I have not forgotten him though the pressure of business makes it difficult for me to write.

Take care of yourself till next June.

Your aff. friend
Dan. C. French.

Thomas D. C.
Dec. 7 1875

1 Via Farinata degli Uberti
Florence, Italy.
Jan. 27, '76.

Dear Will,

Your letter of Jan. 8 received yesterday was a reproach to me as well as great pleasure. I am not, however, so much to blame for not writing as it might appear. I have been so busy that, except a weekly letter home, I have written hardly any; I hope now, however, to get back into my regular habits and then I shall do better. Your letter gave me satisfaction such as I rarely feel, not ~~for~~ because of the mood it evidenced, nor even on account of the lectures, but because it showed an

interest in my affairs which I was beginning to fear you did not possess. Perhaps there is hardly time but the old saying "out of sight is out of mind" is so often true that I feared even we might feel the effects of a year or two's separation. The bonds of sympathy between us, however, is not so weak, I think, as you seem to suppose. Nature and art are closely connected and old Mr. Hewett was pretty nearly right when he said "the artistic is the natural". Both, if rightly followed tends to make a man purer and better by their influence and I think are twin brothers, or sisters perhaps would be better. How is that for sermon no. 1.

I was well aware that I wrote you about the blue letter that ever you received last month, but it was not written earlier. Everything seemed at that time to be working ~~about~~ as badly as it conveniently did, and, as I do my best never to write a blue letter home, I used you as a kind of safety valve, fearing that otherwise I should explode. I will endeavor not to do so again. Things in general have worked up greatly since I wrote, and I find myself on the high road to fortune. I take you, I think, of a reclining figure that developed into a group. My cousin, Mr. Taylor, who was here a few weeks ago gave me the commission to put the thing into marble for him.

and although I shall make but little money out of it, it is what I wanted beyond almost anything, and will help me in other ways greatly. Also Mr. Taylor took the flying Cupid, so that is well. Also Mr. Ball handed over to me a commission for a portrait but that somebody wished him to make. I am now at work upon that, having already nearly finished with the nitrate. The subject is (of course, you say) a young lady, but she is so very young that there is very little expatiatment in it. In fact she is but ten or a little more, thin and pale and ~~very~~ quite un-pretty: the five hundred dollars is not to be despised, and, in fact, is very welcome at this time. Mr. Ball called and

would ~~get~~ put me in the way of as much work of this description as I could do, but my thoughts, if not my face, ~~are~~ are turned homeward and I have declined to do any more business at any price.

Verily, Concord begins to appear in a better light and I think will come up to the mark when the time comes. She won't be like herself if she don't. Your remarks on the subject did me good and I am obliged to you for letting ~~off~~ the war-path in my behalf so vigorously. Give us another "stump speech" as you termed it. It was first rate.

Glad you liked "Studio Ball." I shall probably write no more of that time at present. It is so hard work and my hands and brain are occupied.

You relieve my mind any amount by assuring me of your good health. I was scared enough about you when your letter concerning your sickness came and although it was written in a very jolly strain I was afraid you did not quite feel the case that you assumed. This letter reassures me, however, and I hope to hear no bad reports of your state of body in future.
As for me, I did not intend to give you the impression that I was dangerously sick, I was, and am, only impatient at being obliged to be careful and not being able to work as I should like. I have always been so well that any obstacle of this kind is very hard for me to bear. As I said I was not in a pleasant frame

of mines when I wrote that complaining epistle, and probably laid it on harder than I ought. I must vindicate myself on one point, however. You accuse me of being fond of society. Now William what proof have you of that? If there is anything that I particularly dislike it is society. If I followed the dictates of my own sweet will (no pun intended though it does come in well) I should never go to a small party in my life. This winter is a proof of it; for now that I have the excuse of ill health I accept no invitations whatever, and except such small and early gatherings, as have taken place among the Balls and Towns, I have not been to a party this winter. Let Emerald I did like them, I will admit, but there we

were like a family almost, and even the sober William, if I remember rightly, did not object to Concord parties. Parties of strangers are a bore and not to be endured if you can avoid them. Thim's my sentiments.

You have of course heard of Jennie Hubbard's engagement. It is a good thing and I am glad for both her and Wheeler. They are suited to each other. Bad on our accounts, William, but still we will suffer in silence.

Was interested to hear of the addition to your family, even though it be a dog. Give him my regards.

I am glad ~~to~~ that your father is in so good spirits as you report. You must both feel very lonely at times. As you see I have answered your letter mostly in order. /

Yr

As for that boating expedition up Conway river next Jury I shall certainly be on hand if possible, but how I am to finish my group and burr and get home before that time heaven only knows. I don't dare to count the time. Art is long!

Our little circle here is still unbroken ~~much as ever~~. The blinds are much as ever. Miss Nellie and I have had a cloth or two and I am a little doubtful of my footing now with her, but while she smiles we will ask no questions. Everybody says I am engaged to Miss Bale and I say to everybody that they are welcome to their opinion. What a troop of beautiful wives I should have if only Mrs. Grundy were not very much mistaken

I am in no condition to make love and find it hard even to talk with a girl. Think of that!

You have probably that Mr. Ball was the successful competitor for the Lunar station. Good thing for Studio Ball and casts & reflected light in the pupil.

The weather is fine and I find the climate not so hard to bear as it was last winter.

Your letter of Dec. 13th & 26th was duly received and appreciated though I have not referred to it before.

I enclose most gladly the photo and am glad you like it.

Give my love to your father and with much for yourself

Your friend
Wm. C. Prime

Wm. C. Prime
Jan. 27/76

Villa Farinola degl'Alberti
March 4, 1876
Florence, Italy.

My dear Bill

Our monthly letter did not come last month and probably you did not write, owing to some slight irregularity on my side of the correspondence perhaps.

It is spring here and there has been spring like weather for two or three weeks. It is as bright and warm and lovely a day as the fifth of June; the almond trees are in bloom looking like cherry trees under similar circumstances, the birds are in full blast and everything smiling. The only trouble is that I fear this sixty offering will plunge us into the heat of summer before we are ready for it.

I have led my usual quiet and abstemious life during the past month and find myself in a state of health that is the envied of the natives. One disposition of head and there was a ball at the Borghese Palace a week ago tonight. Eight or nine of us went from this neighborhood and really when the ball opened it looked very much as if it were given for our special benefit. The first dance was a waltz and our four or five couples were the only ones on the floor, the couple excepted, and all dancing "the Boston." The rest of the assembly stood round and stared at these audacious Americans! I think I told you of a similar experience last year. The round was

so magnificent this year as before and the music was as fine. Being Xt. night we not danced till twelve o'clk when I for one was ready to stop. The young ladies of the parish would have given all they possessed, known, to have stayed later.

I had a letter from Mary a day or two ago in which she spoke of seeing you at a Temperance Assembly. I was really glad to hear that you had not entirely withdrawn into your shell.

I do not imagine I can recommend her of their bills to pay. This editorial correspondence with me for the last few weeks has been confined to good morning and good night or their equivalents, nor is it at all likely that it will be renewed. I am, with

I think I have mentioned, an engaged young lady, pretty, agreeable and 19 ~~who is a~~ sister of Mrs. Longworth Ward, lends enchantment to the scene and gives us hopes in what we are going to do if the weather not already spoken for.

Mrs Ward welcomed me and amiable. Knowing class at her house tonight.

The work progresses well. The bust of the small child will be cast Monday if nothing happens and the Bodymen goes on not swiftly but steadily. The Hayden of whom, with the bust is performing very handsomely gave me half the price on it's being finished in clay; the rest to be paid when it is finished in marble. I think he would always be so considerate of our poverty.

It looks now as if I should

to at home about the middle of July. The Balls are going at about the time that it naturally should end & that make it a point to join them. But it had been a fellow heretic like Miss Zizzy but rather dangerous. Than not to mention the fact that the Balls are to go home as they didn't want it known yet.

And I haven't said a word about Lennie Hutchens engagement! The old Thing seems to have got into the Cunard Girls lately. I wish they would stop it. There isn't to anything left if they go on in this way. Well, I am glad that Lennie is engaged & you fellows as Wheeler is. Who was clerking the Leap Year?

engagements. The Dr girls have it all their own way. My aunt Helen who lives with my grandmother, aged fifty + 10 — is as bad as any of them, and is engaged to be married. Father has never, perhaps, thought of have any doubts about it.

We been having a lovely hour this morning. Been to the Gallery and had a window seat out. I must say I preferred the former for real enjoyment.

I wish I could fill out this sheet, but my ideas won't flow today.

If you are anyone who knows Miss Dick Hanna or I wish you would enquire her address. Remember me to Ruth and much love for your father & yourself

Ever, French.

French B. C.

March 4 – 1876

1 Via Farinata degli Uberti
April 8, 1876.
Florence, Italy.

My dear Will

Your letter of March 22 came to me today, the article in the Portland term a few days since. I am sorry those fellows submit so easily to your chastisement for it is always pleasant to make your opponent squirm, but so decided a victory cannot fail to be encouraging and I congratulate you.

To ease your mind let me tell you that Tim & Nellie & I are again on the most friendly terms and smile upon each other. How long it will continue (the present state of affairs) I cannot tell, but want we make hay while the sun shines? The

beauty (for, being it!, she is pretty whether she frowns or smiles) is going to paint a water-color of some flowers for me to carry home. What do you think of that?

As for Dick Dana, he walked calmly into my studio last Monday and I have been devoting myself to him more or less for the rest of the week. He left for Venice this morning. Dick is a fine, manly fellow and not as airy as I had expected to find him. In fact not at all so. Mrs. Ball had him at a small party at her house Tuesday, and Mrs. Towers to dine Saturday. If he has been associating with any such two-faced people as the Marchioness of

home, he had the good sense to be silent on the subject. I was glad to see him, and he appeared glad to see me, and was interested to hear about your & your trip, the history of which I informed him.

I am glad you & Miss Trudie have made up. Will she paint you a picture? Let us see the Ornithological Magazine when it appears. Remember me to Miss Frazier of Waterton if you see her. William, don't fall in love with a sculpting woman, whatever else you do. It is not a feminine art. Send me a barrel of that new "Minute-Man" flour — free of expense. Good joke that!

Why didn't you go to

that marquises ball at Concord? It is described as being great.

I am this sculping away at Endymion & Co. with tolerable success. Two months & a half more to work in it, for you must know that I am going home!! The Bells, as I told you in my last, cross the seas this summer & I go with them. Our passage is secured in the Persia July 25th from Liverpool to Boston. So that is settled. Now my business is to get my work done in time to leave here the first of July. I am glad that the time of my return is really fixed. I am also working in a bas relief of Elsie Venner, a subject which

you may remember I
wrote you last ago.
This we will be an improve-
ment and will be cut in
marble. Mr. Spaulding
a gentleman who gave me
a commission before I left home
has been here for a week or
so with Mrs. and with
them & Dick I have had my
hands full. We must attend
to the goose that lays the
golden egg, especially when, as
in this case, she is a pheasant
biped. It does take time
though to ~~attend~~ do the
polish to nightcap, and I
have little to spare.

Our weather is fine
bracing and we work in
it. The leaves are about as
thick as hops. I saw one this
morning with two tails.
I have been to see Pearl's

for a month and hope for as pleasant a future.
Miss Ball continues tall & blonde & agreeable, and Miss Rose is the best.
We take a walk of a couple of miles every morning before work. Mr. Cooper makes the party even. This evening we go for a moonlight ramble with a call at the end of it. The getting engaged epidemic is as bad over here as at home. Don't fear for me. I have been twice in a fiery furnace and am proof.
I must rush off to my friends the Spaulding's if you don't excuse me. "My heart, my heart is over the sea."
Yours affectionately
Alan C. French.

Rec'd 8-15-1912

Via Farinola degli Alberti,
May 6 1876
Florence, Italy

My dear Will

This must be a short one, for I am full of work, and several letters to answer staring me in the face.

The last month has passed much as my other in Florence have, my time divided between business & pleasure with a balance in favor of the former. The group grows apace and I am giving my strength to it. I find my health improved that six hours a day with pleasant exercise have no ill effects, and if I can hold out for two months I think there is no doubt about my being

[illegible] observations for a young man who proposes to be second to Ward: you mean [illegible] this yet?

able to finish my work personally. In fact it is like the boy and the wood-chuck, "You got to do it."

Besides the Endymion I am giving a little of my time to a book of Elsie Venner of which I may have spoken in my last. I have had bad luck with the month for the burst of the small ~~Hecla~~ Hecla. They have begun in the third quiet now, and I hope it will be better than the two first, which had to be discarded, in the manner in which it was approaching completion.

I told you in my last, did I not, that I hope to leave here about the first of July and spend a week or two in London & Paris, taking the steamer Parthia on the 25th July at Liverpool for Boston.

Whether I start from here the first of July or not I shall leave Liverpool by that steamer, having already engaged passage. The Bells go at the same time, and that is well.

As to Miss Bell & Miss Lizzie the latter is well, and the former troubled with a cold, which does not injure her personal appearance. The pet cat Thomas and butterflies and such things occupy Miss Bell's time when she is not painting. Her plan for obtaining perfect moths & butterflies to paint from is not bad. She collected last summer all the caterpillars and worms that could be found of things that she desired, and fed them till they made their cocoons and they are now hatching finely. Of course in this way the specimens

as much more perfect than any she could get in the fields. Such is Miss Powers the younger. We haven't had a respectable rain for a long time, and I rather hope we shan't have before I leave. I find, now that the time draws near to depart, that I have a good deal of friendship for Florence and all that that implies. Yet I shall be glad and when my face is set towards home. This foreign air does never mean to be breathed by an American.

Do you know that Lucy Barrett wants me to be one of the ushers at her wedding, but it can't be done.

Remember me as usual to John & Ruth and write since love for yourself & your father.

Yours affectionately,

Lan. C. Fisher.

1. Mr. Clifford Westbrook (surname Beaty) father of the above

Florence, Italy
June 9, 1876.

My dear Will,

This is probably my last letter to you, before I get home. My time here is short with many things to do — only three or four weeks more, and the group not done yet. As the time draws near for my departure I find I have more ties to Florence, than I had supposed, and really I shall feel badly to leave the place where I have found so many good friends and pleasant acquaintances. I expect to look back upon my year & a half in Italy as one of the brightest spots in my life, after the disagreeable features have been

may be off from there, but don't fail to write me. Write immediately on receipt of this letter for yourself & for your father.

Effectionately Your, C. F.

tomed down by my time.
In reality sometimes it has been pretty hard work to keep the right side up, and not clash with those about me, and this has kept me from living in a purely poetical atmosphere.
At present I am I believe at peace with all about me, with perhaps a brilliant exception in Miss Nellie. She and I keep up a sort of running fight — first good friends with nothing but smiles and graces, and again in terms of unbroken silence. Lately she has been particularly gracious and I really have begun to think I should keep in with her till I departed, but last evening she gave me a parting "dig" that renders it rather uncertain

on what terms we shall meet next. There is a certain excitement about ~~to~~ your versatile young lady that the quiet miss lacks — the difference, as somebody says or ought to have, between a "toast and a "shiner."

To Miss Bell, I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you next fall as the Bell family are going home at the same time that I do. The old probably not strike you as very entertaining, being of the retiring kind, and not showing her wisdom till she is drawn out. I was about a year coming to this conclusion, viz. that she is one of the loveliest girls I know. Rather dangerous, you remark, to cross the seas with her after this concession. I'm not sure that

it isn't, but I shall try and I'll bet you a dinner at Perkins that I don't do anything desperate. But, hang it! this is enough for the girls in a four page letter.

It has been rather warm, even hot, for the past week, but I have experienced no ill effects from it as yet and don't expect to. My work is of course drawing to a close. The group will be cast in a week or two, and I am well satisfied with the progress I have made in my profession in the last eight months. I have received several compliments on my last work from men who ought to know and Mr. Ball seems to think well of it. To [illegible] I hope I may tell you without conceit, because I think it may please you, as your successes do me. Remember I sail from Liverpool in the Parthia on

Thursday 25th. Today and what I have to do in Boston. Otherwise, 5th. I hope you

137 E. Capitol St.
Washington, D.C.
Dec. 17, 1876

Dear Will,

It is long since we have communicated by word or pen, and time for me to break the silence.

Well, I am established for the winter in Washington & I don't know but what for all coming time. You must know that I am employed by the U.S. Government to model two figures for the external adornment of the St Louis Custom House. They are finally to be cut in granite 14 ft high (or long, as they recline) and I shall model them as seven footers. I have

a studio furnished by the government, and the expenses of the work are paid, besides which I get as much as is necessary for the present. I have been at work about two weeks, and have already got the small models well struck out. My studio consists of two rooms; one for a modeling room, the other for receiving my numerous friends. I am up three flights in a building very near the Treasury at 1421 G St North, where I shall be most happy to see you or any of your friends at any time this winter. The work is very interesting and I hope to have a good time at it.

Shall you not be in Wash.

this winter? Where is Henshaw? I called at the Smithsonian when I first came here but he was not there.

Will you go to Phila. and if so once you get there ~~then~~ at the time you expected to. I felt a little mean in going off before you came, but as your coming was somewhat uncertain, I concluded to risk it.

I am living at 1376 E. Capitol St. in the house of my aunt Mrs. French, where also are father & mother, not to mention the gay Lorita. My life is of the quietest, as I go to no parties and have few acquaintances. There are a few pretty girls who promise on closer acquaintance to be agreeable. Miss Lizzie Jewell also

was in Florence when I was, staying at the Cities, is here and is one of the main stays. Confound it! that Florentine experience has upset me overmuch, that I never expect to feel at home anywhere again. I have the blues whenever I am, knowing life is not good for anybody, and I should like to pause somewhere for a year or two.

Write me and tell me what you are doing, and what your plans for the winter are.

Remember me to your father & also to Ruth.

Very truly your friend
Wm. C. Gannett.

Received Dec 17 1876

137 E Capitol St.
Washington, D.C.
Feb. 5. 1877.

My dear Will,

I was happy to hear by your letter that you have decided not to deprive the young ladies of your acquaintance, of the pleasure of your society any longer. The engagements that you contemplate, however, unbrighten somewhat with your returns. Was not Miss Carrie's rather a blow? Miss Choate has made a fine strike! And Dick! think of Dick being engaged to

a Longfellow! A good thing though, I think. We shall have to hurry up William or there won't be any left. Latest from Florence says that there is a handsome & talented youth in my place in Mr. Ball's studio, — and I fear a little chance of my place in the affections of the master's daughter. "Not as I know of;" but I should think it probable.

I read your article in the "Bulletin" with much pleasure. It would be interesting to anyone, ~~[illegible]~~ whether he cared particularly for birds or not. The under-heartiness that you expressed, though, at the

necessity of telling the eggs was a little more than you could expect from those who know your entire want of feeling, to silence. We will forgive your duplicity this once though, for you certainly did it well.

Henshaw & I have seen each other several times. I called upon him at the Smithson, and he called on me at my studio, and afterwards introduced me to some artist friends of his, and was thus the means of getting me into the "Art Club." I hope to see more of him. He reminds me of you in his ways very often. He also introduced me to Prof. Baird

from whom I borrowed an eagle to model from.

My work goes on very well. I shall set up one of the large figures in a week or two, the models for the group being nearly completed. You may expect to see me at the north about the first of June.

Wouldn't you come down here to see Henshaw & me. We will be good for you, body & mind — and for us. I have lots of pretty girls and you shall see them all if you will come.

We expect to hear Hayes in the "White House" next March. What do your fellows think of the election? We think well of it. Give us a letter soon.

Affectionately Your Friend
D. C. French

137 E. Capitol St.
Washington, D.C.
May 24, '77.

Dear Bill,

I have a great mind to call you all kinds of names, for not doing your duty by me better, but instead I will punish you by asking you to do an errand for me. Mr. Morrill (Late M. Ex. Secty. of the Treasury & Ex Gov. of Maine) wished me to find out what has become of a bust that Dexter made of him while he was Gov. of Maine & whether it has ever been put into marble. Costes you not as much as con-

vincent, call at his studio in the Post, and seek the required information? If you can you will greatly oblige me.

Well, I am glad you have returned from Florida in good health. I am all ready to hear about any alligator, turkey or fish-story that you may have to relate, so sail in.

When you make up your mind about your plans for the summer let us know. I shall be at home about the first of July to remain two or three months. I am looking forward with real pleasure to the prospect. I shall

probably be in Concord most of the time, and I may even open a studio in Boston & go to work — dependent on what turns up.

I was much disappointed that you could not come to Washington. Henshaw & I chased you well for it, — and felt relieved. He, as you know, left some weeks ago for the great west.

I am very busy working on a statue of Peace for the St Louis Boston House as I may have told you. I shall finish it, next week if nothing interferes. I think I will send you a photo. of the small model of the

group.

The weather has been hot — the thermometer 93° in my studio on several occasions. Today it is cold & I have worn an overcoat with comfort.

Father & mother returned to Concord last week; mother to stay; father to return for a Sunday next.

Remember me to your father.

Hair finger. Mr. Morrell's best.

Truly your friend
Wm. C. French.

Wm. C. French
Mar. 1. 90

137 E. Capitol St.
Washington, D.C.
June 20, 1877

My dear Will,

Though I have not answered your letter of last week directly I availed myself of the opportunity you presented to me of congratulating Mrs Kellier.

I was greatly relieved by your pleasant way of looking at my mistake and am obliged to you besides.

I am glad you are going to be in Concord this summer. You will see me there in about two weeks.

The lightning is striking all around. My brother Will you probably have

heard by this time is engaged to Miss Lovejoy of Chicago. I tell you this thing can't go on any longer.

I will say the rest when I see you. Cy Hubbard & I think of going home together.

Remember me to Miss Kettle. I think of you & envy you your happy state. Adieu,

Affectionately,

Dan. C. French.

Grade 8.
[illegible]

1421 G St N.W.
Washington Oct 31. '77.

Dear Will,

I write particularly to congratulate you on your article in the last "Bulletin" that you sent me. Why, William, we shall be famous if we don't mind we are in literature as well as in science. Mother, who is perhaps as hard a critic as does difficult to please as any one of my acquaintance, broke out without provocation the other night in your praise, saying how beautifully written that article was; what such a elegance of style P.C. She always reads your articles & much is the conclusion she

has come to.

When are you & what are you doing? Are you & Jim coming down this way shooting, as Jim said you thought of doing? I wrote to Jim asking him what he wanted me to find out about the best gunning localities, but apparently he knows enough, as he has not written to me.

I regret that we did not get that row up the river last summer. I don't feel as if I had seen much of you.

I have got well started in my work here, with the second statue set up & well blocked up in clay; a bas-relief of Mrs. Gen. Butler &

begun, & a crayon portrait on the easel. If I only had some artist friends here, to sympathize with, I should quite enjoy myself. It is pretty hard to work alone & without sympathy as you have probably discovered.

Grace Hopkinson is to be married today. "Farewell, farewell to thee Araby's daughter" (?) They are just breaking me (all these weddings) up as to pocket, I mean; not heart; I'm past that, I fear.

Henshaw, I hear, is in the city, but I have not yet seen him.

I can't go to parties & things this year and appear

to have a quiet & unbalanced kind of a time. They are trying to abolish round dancing here on the plea of immorality. I don't believe they will make it go, for the girls "want it & they must have it." I have had my doubts about the custom myself, still I don't object.

You are having snow in N.E. & we are smiling & rosy.

Give my sincere regards to Miss Kettell, & as also to your father.

Write to me.

Sincerely your friend,
Ben. C. French.

Hiram D. C.
Oct. 31st 1877

Washington, D.C.
Feb. 6, 1878

"You 'omery dermed old long-legged" William. My boy, I'm glad to hear Mr. Henshaw & I have been throwing up our hats, & smiling from ear to ear with enjoyment & satisfaction ever since yesterday morning when he called on my studio to tell me the glad tidings. He has

just been in again this morning to see whether I had courage to go on to witness the lying of the knot. In the first experiment, it seemed barely possible that I might make my feelings bend to my inclinations, but I have been forced to consider it impossible to break away. It is the only wedding that I ever

had any desire to attend, and now it ~~seems~~ is very hard to resist this temptation. Henshaw is equally sorry as he has doubtless written you. We shall be there in spirit if not in person, & you shall have a blessing that will be more than has been spoken because uttered at a distance.

I wish to say a little offer.

ing on Miss Kettell's shrine, but the time is so limited that I must ask her to wait. I ask her with the less hesitation, because I know the days will glide swiftly, hand-forward.

Give my love & congratulations to her as Miss Kettell & as Mrs. Brewster, and for yourself, my boy, the blessing of your old friend,

Dan.

1421 G St N.W.
Feb 7 1878

My dear Will,

In the excitement of the more important topic I neglected in my note of yesterday to thank you for the "Bulletin" of the N. C. C. I always enjoy seeing your articles and thank you very much for giving me an

opportunity of so doing.

Only three more days, young man!

Why can't you take in Washington on your way South?

My heart goes out to you & yours.

Affectionately

Dan. C. French.

French D.C.
Feb 1874

1421 G St N. W.
Washington March 7, '78.

My dear Will,

I was glad enough to hear from you after this long silence & long to me; probably not to you.

I was as sorry as you could have been not to be present at your wedding. I shall always regret it; but it could not be. We have had various indirect, and therefore very probably incorrect, accounts of it, but they are small compensation for the loss.

Since you are to be in Georgia & Florida till May! What are you going to do then? Mother has heard from someone that you propose to spend the seni-

mor at Concord, and she is possessed with the idea of your that you should take possession of our house, as it is to be let to whomsoever wants it. I think it is probably too far from the river to suit you; but I make the suggestion, as she desires I should.

I am sorry that mother has decided, not to go home this next summer, but to leave the heat of Washington. I dislike above all to think of our home in Concord being given up; but I suppose it is best so.

My work here is ~~also~~ approaching its completion. Another month will finish

is, I think I am celibate. I have thought of going to Paris this spring, but shall probably not, till the fall.

I am really enjoying Washington this winter. I have indulged my natural taste for society to a limited extent & it was not so bad, though I have yet to see the time when I would not prefer utter tranquillity to a fashionable ball. — showing that my taste is not very strong.

Pretty girls! William, I know more & have been introduced to more in the last six weeks, than you have met in a lifetime & yet — I am not happy. Old-bachelor-lover stares me

in the secretary, covers my head, and still I cry "where is she." The lonely single flowers laugh at your double ones, but it is a laugh that hides a tear.

Return my "sincerest regards" to Mrs. Brewster & tell her that I hope we shall get nearer than that sometime.

I see Henshaw occasionally & we find a never-failing topic in you. He is responsible for this correctness of my eagle & if it looks like a turkey-buzzard" it will be his fault.

Sincerely your friend
Wm. C. French.

French
Brewster

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

help.

[illegible]

write to me about this occasion & let me know when I can come

to see you for a few minutes or more?

[illegible] your [illegible]
[illegible] C. French.

D. C. French.

Dec. 6, 1879.

Concord, Mass
Dec. 22. '79.

My dear Will,

I have not heard how you are getting on, for some days. I trust that "no news is good news" & that you are getting well fast.

I want you to let me know when I may come to see you. I thought of coming out from Boston last Sat. evening & then concluded that I had better wait till I was bidden.

Mr. Shaw wrote me a very entertaining account of your accident. It was very kind in him, & I wish you would thank him for me.

Is there anything that I can send to you or do for you that will add to your comfort? If there is, let me know. Surrounded as you are by lovely Oriental luxury, I imagine there is little that a sick person can do

[illegible]

to gladden your imprisonment.

Please remember me I was going to say, affectionately, to Mrs. Brewster.

With a "Merry Christmas" & a "Happy New Year" for you both I remain.

Very truly yours friend

Chas. Chester Brewer.

D. C. French.

Dec. 22, 1879.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

during all this long week. Well:
I [illegible] I have got through
the worst of it and shall be out in a
day or two. It can probably be of
much use to the world for a couple of
weeks yet. Meanwhile [illegible]
[illegible] to the end; I hope it will
[illegible] no more.

I hope many merciful answers to
your letter [illegible] in [illegible].

[illegible] to [illegible] the
[illegible] as the [illegible] of
is to be [illegible] with a [illegible]. I [illegible]
[illegible] sensitive [illegible] power of observation
[illegible] but if you should be [illegible]
don't [illegible] the difference between a [illegible]
of a [illegible], a [illegible] of a [illegible] you
have [illegible] their respect for the
profession that you should have.

I shall be glad to hear how
the [illegible] may [illegible] out. If [illegible]
[illegible] should [illegible] to open
his mouth, which by the way he [illegible]
do, I [illegible] ~~that~~ [illegible] the

[illegible] of them, how I [illegible] feel!

I hope you are [illegible] I find [illegible] the perfect use of your [illegible]. I [illegible] very sorry to [illegible] [illegible] to be not to see you before this.

What very [illegible] to [illegible]. I [illegible] all we have given you

Your [illegible] friend

[illegible]

P.S. I feel I have not given the [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] that is their due. When [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible], they [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] to the [illegible] & [illegible], [illegible], I believe, [illegible] very [illegible] from him. [illegible] you [illegible] to keep [illegible] quite clear, I [illegible] [illegible] they [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] 1880

D. C. French

March 5, 1880.

Ellen Hill

Your kind note of
Mr. Hilty was duly appreciated.
I thank you for it.

In your own words I can
understand very an answer
to me, it seems to direct when
I was a friendless orphan and
a time when encouragement was
real. I never receive a stranger
without some sorrow in my
life. But to your remembrance
that the noble character fails to
be only a well known exterior,
and that I need not expect it.
I understand this as I do
a friend's and I may be friend also, which
I claimed as our mutual aim
the remembrance of "Hill" which
and it was to make this house

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]. But I suppose, as there

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] to that effect.

Thinking of what the paper then

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with your

New York [illegible] [illegible] Mayor [illegible] [illegible]

of this [illegible]. If [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible].

As [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] it.

I should have thought you would

gather from my letter [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Sir

I am starting of going to Washington
tomorrow — delighted on hearing that father
will be gone about two weeks.

I am happy to say I have entirely recovered
but am not allowed to go to work yet, but to be
careful, which is such a case for me.

Give my regards to Mrs. Brewster.

Affectionately Your friend
Wm. C. Prime

Concord Place
Brooklyn N.Y.

D. C. Finch.

March 10, 1880.

Concord, Mass.
Nov. 23, 1880

My dear Will

Please to imagine me on my apologetic knees. Why I have not written to tell you that I certainly do want to go with you to see Bernhardt, I know not, except that my mind & time have been occupied to the minute, since you wrote. I am not often so remiss. I am very much obliged to you for getting the tickets for me & am looking forward to a delightful evening of which the divine Sara is but a secondary feature.

I was very sorry not to be at your game supper. I am afraid that in the hurry of the moment I did not express to Mrs. Brewster my regret, & my appreciation of

the trouble she took for my unde-
serving self. I was quite over-
whelmed by her coming for me
so far. Pray assure me that
I missed a good time.

Mother is expecting upon
Mrs. Brewster to escort her to Chi-
cago & will give this to her, whom
I write thanks in advance.

If you have anything otherwise
of that ticket it will have serve
me right.

Very truly yours
Dan. C. French.

D. C. French.

Nov. 23 - 1880.

Universe. Times.
Jan 28. '81.

My dear Will.

Your article in the Times-Times deserves an earlier recognition than this, but I have felt that it deserved was worthy of so much praise that I have waited for a moment of real leisure to express my pleasure in reading it.

In more varied, richer of a theme foreign to the reader it seems to me I never saw expressed in words. It is real out-door poetry. I feel better acquainted with a pioneer now than I probably shall be of my own dear myself.

Have you sent the article to Mr. Hoar? If not, please do. I invite

like to have him see it. I will have him come if you say so.

Telling of his Bremen Hayes to which I moved it (of whose opinion you may not care a straw — only not popularity) I were delighted with it & recognize the same qualities that I see.

Do come more & oftener now that I see all you write.

I am fond of poetry & there is lots of it in that article.

Affectionately your friend
Wm. C. French.

D. C. French

Jan. 28, 1881.

Concord, Mass.
Tuesday, Sept 19, 1882

Dear Will.

Your enthusiasm over our annual day on Concord river finds a ready response in me. There are very few things I would not sacrifice for it.

I find myself more limited as to available days than I could have imagined. What with a week or two (not more) a visit of Major Hollis, P.C. the only free time I can see are Friday of this week and Friday & Saturday of next week.

I want you to come to Concord Thursday afternoon or evening, spend the night at the G. Keyes's with me and stay till Sat. morning — of either week. If you can stay longer so much the better.

Certainly come prepared to stay anything from a tit-bit to a wild goose.

Fortune favor us in a perfect day.

Yours affectionately

Dan. C. French.

P.S. My boat "it were vain to call" any. but it is no worse than usual.

What do you say to starting this afternoon before say at four o'clock and putting up at some house on the way?

Yours

D.

D. C. French

Sept. 19, 1882

My plans for the

off for a fortnight "on an unknown river" or to the sea shore or into [illegible]

[illegible]

excursions, and I think it [illegible]

[illegible]

I enjoyed my short visit

Wm. C. French.

D. C. French

July 27, 1883

D. C. French

June 22. 1885

Concord, Mass.
June 22, 1885.

Dear Will.

I went to White Pond to swim yesterday with the Keyes twins, one of whom discovered in the fine sand, high up on the beach, where it was dry, a colony of ant-lions with their pit-falls. I had never met them before though I had read of them, and as I have never heard you speak of them, I thought possibly you had not run across them and would like to see them. As they are near the swimming place

I suspect they will lead an anxious life in future, as the twins and their pals frequent the pond. and if you wish to see them, I would suggest that you come pay them a visit soon. The blood-thirsty way in which they would grapple with a big black cat was enough to make your hair stand on end.

Also that unknown fish, flesh or fowl has been crying off an element recently in the meadow in front of the G. Keyser, but he is so irregular that I can't promise to exhibit him.

After a few days I can offer you a bed at our house. just now we are full.

Yours
Ken French.

Concord, Mass.
Dec. 2, 1885.

Thank you, dear Will, for your kind words of sympathy that I have just received.

You, more than almost anyone else, knew the relations between my father and me and I was sure of your sympathy before you expressed it.

The funeral is to be tomorrow at 9 o'clock in order that we may take him to Exeter.

Affectionately
Dan.

D. C. French

Dec. 2. 1885

D. C. French

Jan. 14. 1886 Concord, Mass.

Jan. 17 1886

My dear boy,

Nobody knows better than I how to sympathize with you, and I not only feel for you but I feel with you in the disaster from this death of your good father. I have not of course seen him often in the last [illegible] years, but I know [illegible] esteemed & loved, whenever we did meet, that we picked up the threads very easily and established the old relations.

As I write, the old days come back to me when we were boys

as your father tried to win
in us and was almost one of
us. How good to see your mother
was to us! Your old home is al-
most the only bright spot in my
memory of Cambridge in those days.
Never your father appeared the
good genius, who rested and almost
died given us everything to make us
happy. Thank heaven that that
bright memories cannot be taken
from us, but you must be as happy
yourself.

If you would like to see me
or if I can do anything for you
telegraph me here or Philadelphia Kling.
Boston.

Always your affectionate friend

Rom. French.

Concord, Mass.
Sept 12, 1890.

Dear Will,

I know not if you are in Cambridge or even within a thousand miles of it, but if you are, I want to see you. Why can't you come up and go on the river for a day according to the time honored but slightly custom? My boat is leaving the earth, as it were, for the trip and Mamie and I are both eager to have you under our roof for a night or as many of them as you can be content to stay and I assure you I have much to talk about with you

I go back to the first

Oct. 1, but I have no definite plans or engagements meanwhile. Just drop me a line when you will come over I am yours to command.

I want to tell you about the clapper-rail that I saw in the river Bay. & ones a number of us quasi-scientists - want you to tell us what the origin is of a peculiar and persistent sound in the meadow opposite our landing! How I bothered you!

Yours affectionately

Chas. Frunel.

Dan. Oscar French.

Sept. 12. 1890.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Dear Will,

It was a bitter disappointment to me that you could not come to Concord for the day in the river, but I ought to have written you before.

Now I write on a matter where our pursuits join hands. I have this winter to model an angel and it occurred to me the other day that you might help me to it in the study of wings. Can you, without much trouble while you are at Umbagog get me a lot of them? I should like a half dozen pairs or so

of different kinds and sizes not with a view to copying any one particular specimen, but for the purpose of studying up on the subject. They would serve any purpose that, alone just as they naturally close.

I am often reminded, when I make an apparently simple request of a friend, of the wish of Beauty in the story of Beauty and the Beast who you remember when her presumably grasping sisters asked that their father might bring them jewels & such, only wanted a simple rose, the cause of untold trouble to her pa. I hope this will prove no bull. By the way can time will do — when you get home for instance.

Mamie and I had once made a pleasant call from up upon them.

Brewster and Miss Emmons the regulars they could not take he with us.

I am back in New York this as a chet stone (not quite in the indigo stage) without Emmie and the babe. They remain in Concord a fortnight more or so.

Affectionately
Chas. E. Speed.

Oct 5 1896

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,

NEW YORK.

Mary Estes L. Shands.

Oct. 5. 1890.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Feb 23 1891

Dear Will,

I have read your two papers with great interest and thank you very much for sending them to me.

The robin story is all new to me. I wonder why they thus do congregate and this you do not tell me. Probably in some pre-historic time they assembled at some place naturally protected against some particular enemy and now they merely have the instinct to go somewhere. Why

the matinee hice was not gobbled up on this theory I can't exactly make out, but you can't expect a non-professional to explain everything!

I am more convinced than ever, after reading of the pecular noise of the gelsinite, that the cries that I once told you I heard in going over the Weyer causeway in Concord proceeded from those birds. Do they not make more noise towards evening than through the day?

We were sorry enough to miss Mrs. Wheaton's dear good call once I intended to write once tell you so. Shall you

not be coming on again presently. I want you & meet Devine who is very anxious to see you.

With cordial greetings to Mrs. Brewster from us both —

Affectionately

Wm. French.

Dear French.

Feby. 23. 1891.

~~Chester~~ Daniel French.

Oct. 4-1891.

Enfield, Mass.
Oct. 4, 1891

Dear Hall

I suppose you are on this back in Cambridge, with your mind stored with pleasant and valuable memories, while my thoughts go naturally forward to the trip that I am about to take.

Your letter gave me more pleasure than you know. So far from blaming you for not writing earlier, I was surprised at your finding time at all to write so long a letter to me. I was much interested in your impressions of the country and of the birds and trees. I agree with you perfectly about the English inn. There is a coziness about it that

makes our gentle entertainments seem very tawdry and uncivilized.

I have been hoping that I might get round to Boston before having had my summer vacation dissolved into thin air as the season advanced and I have been working myself thin in the effort to get my work squared up so that I could leave it. I have succeeded, but at the expense of my needed summer rest.

We have enjoyed our summer at a farm house in Cornish N.H. opposite Hanover N.H. and our little Margaret has waxed strong in the out door life. It is a beautiful country. In company of Mr. Gardner Mr. Gardner, Downing, Walker, Nothing has taken possession of the place and lead a quiet and tranquil life there

for usual months in the summer.

I come to this minute town Friday to see my friend & former pupil, Potter, who is making some studies for an equestrian statue of Hancock. He is a better on horses and I think will distinguish himself in this thing. I go on to New York tonight

We sail next Saturday for Havre on the Touraine and I am expecting a busy week of preparation. Hannie has never been abroad and I hope next spring and summer to show her some of the wonders of Italy & England.

One of the things that I expect to accomplish this winter is the working model ten feet high for a colossal statue that I have to make for the Chicago Fair of the

"Republic." Perhaps I have told you about it. It is to be 60 or 70 feet high — a transparency thing in plaster, gilded.

I am very anxious not to see you ever get a day in Europe now with you or some chance to see old, dear, dear associations.

How will you enjoy being a widower? I get so that I am in that condition that even the anticipation of getting back into harness has no power to delight me. Not like an older fool you know!

I hope we may see Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Summers over there.

If you should want an address of Summers, it is Rue Scribe, Paris.

Affectionately

Wm. Chester Minot.

6216 Ellis Ave. Woodlawn
Chicago. July 24. 1892.

Dear Nell,

Are you very busy? If not by the receiving of any letter so do you know that I am devoting body and soul to the studies here and that I am a student in Chicago.

This letter is to accompany a photograph of the Woodlawn Tournament which I mean you that you may see what I mean of the swing that you saw Minor caught to send me. I hope they will

sweet your offence in
grieved even if you cannot
decide at a glance what
genus or species of angel is
heartedness they belong to.

I do not know where
you are. You are probably on
Lake or Brussels, where I
know you have been staying and
where you have become an
owner of real estate.

In Tom Thumb still on
the sea. Very Parisian episodes
are ever about and I have
I come home in February,
leaving Hermie over there. He
and Russell Sturgeon have just
as yet to visit Spain on the
journey home [illegible]

of the two next week. We shall be here all summer, but I hope we shall get a glimpse of Concord in October.

Write and tell me what you are doing and

yours truly

Dear French.

May 24-1892.

216 Lydia Avenue Pittsburgh
Chicago June 19 1892

My dear Will

Your letter gave me another feeling of pain and pleasure. I have only heard lately that you were not very well and had no idea that you were seriously ill. I am awfully sorry. But on the other hand I rejoice over your recovery which you say is in rapid progress. Don't dare I order accept your invitation & visit you in your by cabin I am so sick of this pretender that that an attention much less than that would have a refreshing second. If I can get this old away from my bedside, I will get Chicago for a few

weeks more then I hope you will be there.

Yesterday Tuesday I received that business was settled, it appears we are happy when separated from their loves. Thomas returned from Paris carrying a hundred pounds and confess that the navvies needed that sum to be carried on board the steamer. ever the balance was concerted from over the ~~ff~~ fact that the navvies not ever mutinied for weeks before she left. I can happy to say she is well again now & hope the last pounds will return.

I can imagine if you are now there. Wednesday's old week which I am sorry to see you expect if in the first place that Mrs Thomas should have left

Dean French.

June 19-1893.

125 West Eleventh Street
New York, Dec. 30, 1891.

Dear Will,

It seemed like old times to get a Christmas present from you. It flattered me greatly to have had you think of me at this time and on to the nature of the gift, your sending these particular pictures showing that you knew I would value and enjoy them. I doubt if you did know how much, however. The river in general and Egg Rock in particular are full of reminiscences and I am glad to have the photographs on this account as well as because they reproduce two views of which I am particularly

fined. The wonder effect of the view from the bridge could be taken by anything I know I always think of it after sunset when there is the red glow in the sky and the water. It is easy to imagine your view or showing it at that time. The photographs "Thousand" reflect great credit on the management of the paper roll, and their being given work added to my pleasure in seeing them.

I hear of you recently from in Geneva and at the Geyser. I am glad to infer that you find that hospitable town as agreeable as it has been to a great many people in the days of old Switzerland. There are few places that receive the home so many persons, and few that welcome the coming guest with as much heartiness. It is another fact

of my unlucky behaviour is that you have seen them and know the house and its inmates."

Are you not coming to Stratford personally and will you let us see you?

Give my love to Miss Brewster.

Affectionately

Wm. E. Forster.

French – D. C.
Dec. 30, 1894.

[illegible] Hotel
March 11 1891

Dear Will,

You may have heard of mother's death & seen the notice in papers. She died of pneumonia following a severe cold contracted the day she died.

Although it is sad I am very thankful that her sufferings are over. The last year of her life has been very unhappy and she longed to go.

I remember with gratitude that you came to Baltimore funeral and thinking that possibly you might come if mother lived to be [illegible]

[illegible] are [illegible] changed [illegible]
[illegible] from [illegible] allowing
[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] I am
not [illegible] to give you the impression
[illegible] that I expect you to
come. I may [illegible] that you
might make a special effort
to come [illegible] allowing
not knowing of the change of
date [illegible] it was to come as
a [illegible] giving that I
wish to notify you that the
ceremony is really to be.

Give my love to Mrs.
Professor [illegible] believe me

Affectionately
[illegible]

French - D. B.
March 11, 1895.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

March 16 1896.

Dear Will

I saw Abbott Thayer yesterday and he told me of some correspondence he had had with you that seemed to have gratified him very much and expressed the wish that he might have an opportunity of expounding to you his pet theory of the coloring of birds and its relation to invisibility. He has gone into the demonstration of it very elaborately, among other things by sending a lot of decoys to illustrate his points. He seemed so desirous of having your interest and sympathy that it has occurred to me to write and offer as a suggestion that you invite him to come on to Cambridge to discuss it, if you are there I to see you. I think he would do it, and I am so sure that you would be congenial souls and would find he would be better place to boil in for knowing each other that I venture to make the suggestion. I have seen nothing of him about doing this so you are under no obligation. If you are at Dublin, I am sure Thayer will be happy to entertain him for a day or two for

All our tickets. By the way give her my love and tell her I hope to come on for a day or two.

I send you my best acknowledgements for your interest. The mechanics have done work for me. They are furnishing copper stamp makers and made the "Lima" on the Freedom Sq. Jordan tower — for H. Gaudens.

I hope I shall see you when I come on. Give my compliments to Mrs. Brewster and their children.

Yours truly
Daniel C. French

Robert H. Dwyer
Scarborough on the
H.G.

French - D. C.
Mar. 6, 1896.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK

Feb 10, 1898.

Dear Will

You really did send that photograph, didn't you? — and went on on Friday with the photograph that I did not expect, of the sculptor's wife. I didn't know you, so there. The picture of you is first rate.

Mrs Lincoln came in Sunday evening with her tall, thin country daughter and singing Irene, our crucible when the Boston Press thick & rare & Lincoln & we all astounded with the movements in the style. Since, I have received a copy of his paper and I don't mind so much. It is a serious drama he is trying to analyze the world's friends. I was an example of the movement of nature. Pond was & needs my hat & cake. I love you not enough — summer away & there. I am going Saturday to take me of the body

Yours truly

French-Daniel
Feb. 10. 1898.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 West Eleventh Street
New York

May 26, 1898

Dear Will.

Your letter enclosing the seeds came this morning and I hasten to answer it not only to thank you for remembering my garden, but to tell you how delighted I am that you are really thinking seriously of coming to us as at Stockbridge. You will find as warm a welcome as ever you had in your life. Come whenever you will and stay as long as you can. I fear I can hardly let you off until the day or two that you suggest. Early in July will suit us as well as any time, but if you should find it convenient to change the date do not hesitate to ~~so~~ do so. Just let us know when your plans are made that day to expect you, ~~and~~ so that we may be sure to garnish for us rare a guest. Really Will nothing has pleased me so much for many a day as the prospect of having a visit from you.

The "moved up" last week and I was there from Friday till Tuesday, seeing to all sorts of things about the place. My studio is well under way and I hope will be finished by the time you come. My garden looks like a bog, but I have hopes even of that. I find when I come to the point that I am awfully ignorant of the subject. The plants you sent me are all alive and flourishing I will I know what they are. The lerkspur I will plant when I go up for Sunday. It is awfully kind of you to take so much interest in my project.

I haven't heard any owls at the farm this year, but I found a Whip-poor's nest and a Wilson's thrush's (?) nest in the woods back of the house the other day only a hundred yards or so away. Scarlet tanagers abound

Affectionately Yr

Wm. P. Trench

French – Dan. C.
May 26. 98.

125 West 11th Street
New York June 14, 1898.

Dear Will

Early in June is rapidly approaching and I fear you should forget and make your plans leaving out Glendale. I venture to remind you that you are coming to visit us. Have you made out your programme definitely enough to tell me when we may expect you? I ask in order that we may reserve the best we have for you and keep off a possible invasion.

I am writing between two and this form since Saturday Sargent have been as at home since May 20.

Our Power has flourished amazingly.

Affectionately

Address Glendale Mass.

Dear Teddy

French -- D. C.
June 14, 1898.

Glendale, Surrey.
July 10, 1898.

Dear Will

I got round to this job in the shape of your two dollars and have a dollar left than I earned. I enclose a check with thanks for the accommodation.

I came up yesterday afternoon and found over a fine catch of letters & they just wait a joy and a satisfaction. You appeared to my mind great extravagance having me up wonderfully, and I shall go on with fresh courage.

Washington Irving has recovered and is now in my bookcase, Lakeman and the other men will come up, I shall put it up and begin the figure of George. No more roofing for me this summer!

Please present my own friendly & Mrs. Brewster and Miss Summers.

Affectionately,

Dean. Frank.

French-Can. C.
July 10.98.

May 29 1899.

Thursday, Noon.

Dear Will,

We moved up Saturday and during the pleasant of Sunday and Monday your box of flowers — red and green as when they left their native spot. I put them into the ground again with my own hands within an hour and I doubt if they ever discover that they have migrated. We had the fine rain last night that I hope reached you, if you needed it as much as we did, and that made assurance doubly sure. Dr Hearing drenching hold you, my hollyhocks were all eaten by something — perhaps by the same mice that devoured thirty or forty of my roses. Yours have come to the rescue and I am very grateful. I have set them out at the end of the wall garden against the shrubbery with which shows to a good background for them. For lining a valley I put under the overhanging apple tree. Do the other plants flourish? I have made them as if they were.

French – D.C. May 27.97

This morning I went across the road and dug up the much (?) plants that you admired last summer – with white flowers. There were quite a clump that I intended to send to you, but I accidentally cut off the big root and it seemed to show the effect almost immediately, so I packed up two or three small ones that I found after much hunting, put them in a box and they are now on their way to you. I tried to think of something else that I could send you but failed to do so.

How then are you coming on? We are quite good under Thorson. Day time let August in for the year & above. Mr. Brown can come with you this year; Fraser will write & see if no formality. Fraser has promised to visit some friends the first week in July so that that time is also ruled out.

I wonder sometimes if you will think I have spoiled the place with my improvements. It is not easy to make a place look neat without falling into the commonplace ruts of the professional gardener. I have not yet succeeded.

Thank you for taking so much trouble to give us flowers.

Affectionately Your Friend

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.

June 12 1899.

Dear Will,

Please consider my hands held up in unconditional surrender! I know when I am beaten, if I don't know beans or buttercups.

When I got home to Glendale the other evening and, walking prudfully in my garden, saw one of my much plants unblushingly turning on me the face of the familiar wayside flower, I collapsed with tumultuous laughter (joined in by my sympathetic partner) and then — I waited for the storm to burst in the letter that I knew would come. It is indeed a colossal joke on me and I would not spoil it if I could. Several things would tend to console me if I needed it; one that I have helped to add to the gayety of nations; one that my blunder elicited a fine bit of literature and much sweet sympathy from you; once one that the joke is in some measure on you, because the big plant that I didn't send you because I

French - D. C.

June 12 99

feared it was spoiled, is the real thing and after a somewhat pathetic struggle for life, has decided to live and to appear in its original role of the musk mallow. I am sorry, awfully sorry, to have failed to send you the only thing that I have to send to your beautiful garden. Better luck next year.

Now as to the visit - first I regret to hear that the old enemy is upon you again. I do hope you will get over this attack soon. Don't you think mountain air might be good for you? When you suggest putting off your visit till September I feel very much as I should if you suggested putting off today's dinner till next week. Except this, that I am hungry to see you, one time will suit us as well as another and Naomi directs me to say to you that you will be welcome and, moreover, expected in September while Marion is visiting us. I fear I shall try Olney and make a third a good deal of the time, but I will hold myself as well in hand as I can. We are sorry to hear that Mrs Brewster decides against us. Perhaps she may still relent.

I have just come down from Glencoe this morning for a few days work, to return Thursday or Friday. Remember me to Walter. Affectionately,

Dan. French.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

June 28. 1899.

Dear Will

Congratulations are in order and I give them with enthusiasm. I only wish I might be present to witness the ceremony. I am glad that Harvard has the wisdom to recognize your worth and I may add that I am not surprised at it. Although you may not value the honor as much as a more worldly man would, such a thing counts greatly with most people in their estimate of a man and really has a practical value, aside from the compliment which is great. I rejoice with you. How proud your father would have been.

I am grieved to think that my long silence should have caused you uneasiness. As my letter of last night will tell you, I was only waiting to hear from Will to make sure that the coast would be clear. It flows

me immensely to gather from your letters that you really want to come so much. We want you to stay just as long as you can.

With your letter this morning came one from Mrs. Brewster, so cordial and hospitable that I think I must reconsider about the visit to Peterboro'. Or rather, as she gives me permission to come almost at my own convenience, I think I may be able to steal away between work & visitors. Will you thank her very much for me.

Once by the way "you are not the only pebble on the beach"! I too have honors. If you read the papers as you should, you would know that I was recently elected a member of the "Accademia di San Luca" in Rome. Ask Miss Seymour about the institution and she will tell you that it is older than anything, founded A.D. 800, has forty-one members twenty-one Italians and twenty foreigners, has its quarters in a palace and is very fine indeed. I am the first American to be honored. Now will you be good? N.B. The Emperor William was elected at the same time I was!!! — a great compliment to him. Affectionately & condescendingly

(H Professor) Daniel C. French

French D. C.
June 28. 99.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Sept. 29, 1902.

Dear Will :-

Your letter and one from Mrs. Brewster came this morning at the same time . It is very pleasant to hear that you enjoyed your little visit so much in spite of unfavorable conditions . It is always a delight to have you here and to have Mrs. Brewster here at the same time made it an event . If only you would buy the Knight farm !!!

Margaret is full of excitement at the prospect of the arrival of the pigeons tomorrow . It was very good of you to attend to getting them off at once . The pigeon -house is in process of construction and , I hope , will be ready for their reception when they arrive . I am counting on much pleasure and interest in my new pets .

As to that farm , - I saw Knight today and he said that his price for the "home farm " , comprising about 12o acres , was four thousand dollars . There is a tract of wood-land lying to the north-west of the site of your house (!) that is not included in this tract . It consists of about fifty acres , mostly woods , some of it large timber , Knight said , and his price for this is one thousand dollars . From the way he spoke , I think he would reduce this price somewhat . In fact , I think the whole thing could probably be bought for forty five hundred dollars . He said he would like to know if you wanted to buy it, soon , because ,if not , he was going to begin to cut the wood off of a part of the out-lying tract . I think this is not

a

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

a bluff , because , owing to the high price of coal , it is expected that wood will command a much higher price than usual t'is winter .

How I wish it might appear wise for you to settle here ! Do look at it in all its aspects and as favorably as you can . As an investment I think it is reasonably safe . It is pretty nearly sure that real estate will increase in value here as time goes on and that you could get your money back in case you wanted to sell , - not the money that you might put into a house, however .

I will write again when the pigeons arrive .

Affectionately ,

Dan. C. French

French—N. C.
Sept 29, 1902.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Jan. 25. 1904.

Dear Will

Walter Deane wrote me a week ago of the serious turn your illness had taken and has since kindly relieved my anxiety by an occasional bulletin telling me of the improvement in the condition. I hate to think of the suffering you have had to bear and you may be sure that I have sympathized most keenly with you. The news today is that you are sitting up and I trust there is smooth water ahead. I wish there were anything I could do to help you.

I do not know whether you are well enough yet to even have a letter read to you, but I do want you to know that I am thinking of you.

Have I told you that Maxine and I have been invited by Mr. & Mrs. Robert de Forest to go with them in a private car to Mexico? We start (D.V.) on Saturday, Feb. 6 and expect to be gone about five or six weeks. Shall

French — N.C.
Jan 25, 1904.

a great chance? I am looking forward to it with great interest and incidentally am working myself thin getting my shop in a state to leave. I shall have lots to tell you when I get home.

I had a long and appreciative letter the other day from Mr. Warner who seemed very appreciative of your and my efforts to supply him with pruning-shears.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush are visiting us for a fortnight and they join with Mamie and me in love to you and Mrs Brewster and in prayers for the speedy recovery of both of your dear people.

Affectionately and sympathetically,

Dan. Finch.

Central Railroad Co. of New Jersey

OFFICE OF
Vice President.

CENTRAL BUILDING 143 LIBERTY STREET.

NEW YORK.

Tuesday, March 22, 1904.

Dear Will,

We are really very far from the place indicated above, our train being at present stalled with a broken down engine, in the middle of a desert of mesquite and Spanish bayonets in Mexico two or three hours from the border and Eagle Pass. We are on our homeward journey after about seven weeks absence and are due Saturday morning in New York.

We have had a great time, marred only by Mary's being upset by the altitude or something, and having been in an intensely nervous state for the last two or three weeks. We had to desert our party who went off down to Tula where the Aztec mines are, and look upon a book in Cuernavaca, a suburb of Mexico City. There we were the guests of a Mrs. Hallett at her beautiful old house, part of it dating back to the time of the Conquest, and with an enchanting old garden back of it full of summer flowers, roses and nasturtiums and poppies and lots of things that we could have in our northern climes. The most striking of all is a vine the Bougainvillia (I am not sure of the spelling) — that covers its wealth of purple blossoms over walls and trees and arbors everywhere in Mexico. It is a wonderful plant, but the color is enough to set your teeth on edge if against the wrong background, — red bricks for instance. Of course I asked Mrs. Hallett if she was related to the Prince of our youth and she said it was the same family, but not a very close relation

All the houses of any importance in Tepoztlan have or built round a court and have war, with a two story colonnade all round, upon which the living rooms open. The climate is so mild and equable that everybody, really most, live out doors, though of course they have exceptional weather while we were there; too cold for comfort except in the sun at mid day. Perhaps you know Tom Tuttle by reputation. He is an archaeologist, an authority on Mexican antiquities and the author of several scientific works on the subject.

We left Cuernavaca, after a visit of a week, ten days ago and came to Guadalajara where we awaited the return of the de Tomas. If they had been well, I should have enjoyed these two weeks — as Tom Tuttle and at Guadalajara more than anything else in our whole trip. And it is, I shall enjoy them in retrospect.

I have forgotten whether you have ever been in Mexico but I think not. It is a most interesting country, more "foreign" than any European country. I have ever visited and picturesque beyond belief with the landscape, the people and their habits. It is a painter's country essentially, but there is plenty for the sculptor too in the really fine faces of the natives, in their free action and the fine arrangements of drapery that are constantly seen in the way the women wear the rebozo and the men their gay serapes. I have taken a lot of photographs and bought others and then with some of the costumes I have collected, I shall display to you at Glendale and shall probably bore you somewhat in doing it! I was surprised to find a large proportion of the natives wearing sandals, very much like the Greek and Roman ones and the study of feet has been one of the things I have gained by this trip. Of painting and sculpture we

Central Railroad Co. of New Jersey

OFFICE OF
Vice President.

CENTRAL BUILDING 143 LIBERTY STREET.

NEW YORK,

in my letter in Mexico, but there is a wealth of material.

The journey has been very enjoyable as a whole with almost no disagreeable weather. The climate of Guadalajara, particularly, was perfect.

You perceive by my writing that we are again in modern use & I will abruptly close, only saying that Walter Dean has most kindly kept an notice about you. I am glad you are gaining strength if not as fast as we could wish. I know how hard it must be for you to be kept from your work so long.

Of course I do not expect you to answer this even by proxy. As soon as I get to New York I shall get Walter to write me about you and Tom Brewster.

We shall be ready for you at Glenwood after the first of June. My vacation will probably delay our going there till about that time.

Affectionately

Wm. Pierce L

125 West 11th St
New York

French - D. C.
Mar. 22. 1904.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Jan 23, 1905.

Dear Will,

Your fine letter which came this morning was the pleasantest and most comforting experience I have had for many a day. I can't begin to tell you how glad I am to hear that both Mrs. Brewster and you are so well. I was almost afraid to ask Walter lest he should give a bad report. It is indeed good news, and I rejoice with you.

Yes, Mary has been very wretched this winter, unhappy and nervous ~~and~~ to the last degree, but she is a good deal better now. She is under the care of a specialist in nervous disorders, Dr. Bailey, who took charge of her a couple of months ago. He considers her better, but thinks now that a change would be beneficial and orders her to go to Miss Mulhall's at Deerfield for a month or two. I have been interested in Dr. Jelliffe ever since you first told me about him and I should be glad to have Mary under his care, but I suppose it is best, if not necessary, to see this experiment through.

promises that she will be well after a few weeks at Uncle Lenthall's. I pray that it may prove true. From your accounts, one would almost think Dr. Jehring could raise the dead.

Mary will probably go away Wednesday or Thursday. One of her nieces, Annie Bush's sister is coming to keep house for Margaret and me.

Alas! I recognize too well the frame of mind you are in about your beloved farm. I, too, have gradually developed the Ghoulish place into a much more important and complicated estate than I had any idea of when I started in and I sometimes wish I had not. It isn't so much the expense as that it demands more care and attention than I have time to bestow upon it and I, too, sometimes long for a lodge in some vast wilderness! Those frozen water pipes have a most familiar sound. But water works are the devil and all, anyway. A pump out in the yard is good enough for me! I really am sorry that you don't find unalloyed happiness in the farm. I hope you did, although you have told me somewhat of your troubles with offenders. If it should lead to your planting your lodge in our wilderness, I am afraid my sympathy for you would be so mixed with joy, that you would get but a weak [illegible]

I can imagine nothing that would add so much to the happiness of my life as to have you at Glendale a part at least of the summer. Why not try it next summer and see how you like it?

I must come out to Cambridge and make a business of seeing my old friends sometime — Lowell Ford and others! As to Dick, white hair is better than none, which is fast getting to be my condition.

Let me congratulate you on the completion of the book. You will feel as if your occupation were gone for a while I fear. Or will you start in on another? I am curious to see it.

I am whittling away as usual on groups for the Custom House (still) and other things. I wonder if you have seen the Boston Library doors! I can't help being grabbed by the reception they have met ~~by the~~ from the Bostonians.

If I should come to Boston presently may I come out and spend a night with you! It may not be for a month yet.

Please thank Walter for his kind response to my letter, and give my love to Mrs Brewster. It is delightful to think of you both so well.

Affectionately Chas. Sprague

French - N.C.,
Jan 23, 1905

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 1, 1905.

Dear Will

This is a tardy acknowledgement of your hospitality, but one penalty of a vacation is that so many things collect in one's absence that have to be attended to. I have been overtaking ever since I got back Tuesday night and this is the first chance I have found to write to you. I am indebted to either you or Mrs. Brewster for sending my collar box after me! I am sorry to have made the trouble.

My little visit to you was a refreshing circumstance. The atmosphere of Cambridge is so different from that of this terrible city that it is refreshing even to breathe it for a day. I really did enjoy it more than I can tell you. The drive in town with Mrs. Brewster was a fitting finish to a delightful experience.

Well! I went through Mrs. Gardner's palace and sure enough it is a wonder! Blashfield and I arrived in the nick of time — at eleven — and for nearly two hours she devoted herself to us. She is a genius to have brought together such a splendid collection in such harmony. I know of no palace or gallery in the world at all to be compared with it in its variety and its charm, — the charm of seeing

French – D.C.
Mar 1. 1905.

fine things in their appropriate environment.

I keep returning to your suggestion that you might put up a home in the "Park." I just hope you will; in fact, I want you to so much that I can't believe you really will. At least, give it serious consideration.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster and thank her for, – well, for being so nice to me! I was really touched by her solicitude about my health, though there was no occasion, except that for the moment I was tired out. I have been bragging about your flowers to everybody.

Affectionately
Dan. French

P.S. I am invited to dine with Mr. & Mrs. John Nichols Tracy evening.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

May 10. 1905.

Dear Will.

As my plans are working out I expect to be able to be with you next Wednesday afternoon or evening if you want me then. I have to go to New York, for engagements Wednesday and Thursday, and to Boston Friday afternoon. I will let you know definitely as my plans take definite shape. I am looking forward with all the enthusiasm of a boy to my visit to you and I hope nothing will stand in the way of it. It will be short, only a day or two, but much can be done and talked of and felt in a day.

Yes the country is beautiful. I do not know when I have enjoyed it so much as during the last week. As a crowning pleasure, while I was dressing Sunday morning my soul was thrilled by the warbling of a wren and later when I saw him (or them) going in and out of my boxes my cup of happiness was full. I have to confess that they are flying with me, however, for I have them this morning at Mr. Hopkins's.

I will enclose an autograph for your niece with pleasure — if I can keep awake long enough to write my name. I am terribly sleepy coming up here.

Affectionately
Dan. French

French - N. C.,
May 10, 1905.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET

Dear Will,

It made me feel as if the old Cambridge days had returned to get a Christmas present from you. It was very good of you to remember my interest in your patent hatchet-case. It's first rate, — and I value the weapon itself a great deal more from the fact that it has evidently been an old friend of yours. I have laid it carefully by to await the spring migration. Meanwhile James is busy with a somewhat similar tool among

some big trees that I marked for destruction in the woods along the River Road. I feel like a lumberman to be cutting trees big enough to be sawn into lumber. It is primarily to open a vista from the garden down the valley.

I can't get over your the tragedy of your garden. Somebody describes pity as "but the imagining of another's misfortunes falling upon one's self;" but I feel as if I should be sorry for you even if I had no similar possessions of my own. Don't you suppose the moths will presently disappear as the canker worm did?

We were sorry enough to miss your call

which are as infrequent as the visits of angels.

I am now fairly in the school-pool of New York with more irons in the fire than I can watch, and so it will be till spring. The status of Governor Wolcott is claiming my chief attention in the studio.

I regret to say that Mary has not been as well this last month since I sent her up to Stockbridge, but work with Mrs. Buck. She came back much improved but I can see that she is losing ground again and I think she will have to be away from New York most of the winter.

Margaret has gone to Washington to visit the acrobatic Lowis for a week.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster. I wish I could hear that she was perfectly well.

With you both a happy New Year and may much of it be spent at Glendale.

Affectionately

Dan. Trueb

December 27 1901

Dear Will,

The "Birds of the Cambridge Region – Brewster" came this morning and I hasten to congratulate you on the completion of the work that has absorbed so much of your vitality and which will for so long a time keep your name honored of men. I am almost as proud of it as you can be and of course I take to myself a great deal of credit for inspiring you and

education and starting you right! Do you remember how we first became interested in birds? I don't.

I was not prepared for so large and imposing a volume. You must feel very happy over the appearance of it, — the paper, the printing, the spacing and all the details that I know did not come right of themselves. It is done on such a generous plan that it is a pleasure to look at it. So many books discourage one as soon as one opens them.

I have not yet had time to look into it at all, simply in

the most superficial way. But I know I should be interested in a large part of it even if the prime of my youth had not written and were not associated with every line. How I wish your father and mother were here to glory in your achievement. How proud they would be, — and who shall say that they are not here?

To thank you formally is superfluous. You know how happy I am to own this work of your brain and how interested I am to have it to show with pride to my friends. My [illegible] come on Thursday [illegible]

I shall look on it as a sort of birthday present.

We are already looking forward to your visit in September.

Affectionately

Ben. Perez

Phila. Pa.

Aug. 5 1896

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Feb. 10, 1907.

Dear Will,

What do you think? I have recovered the "grandfather gun!" not from Glendale, as you might expect, nor through any friend or even acquaintance but in this wise. I sent Heber, my assistant, off the other day to look up a chair that I wanted for the Senator Hoar statue and he presently returned, saying that he had located one in an "antique shop" in Forty-second Street. I went up there after office-hours and bought the chair and then, as is my habit, moused round among the old things to see what I could find. I have seldom seen so uninteresting a collection, but as I was leaving, near the door, I saw a lot of guns. The light was so dim that I could not see them at all distinctly, but I noticed that one was much longer than the others, and something about the size of the bore or the thinness of the barrel or something looked familiar and I asked the man to get it out. Imagine my surprise when it gradually came over me that it was really the long-lost gun, and not injured a bit. I tried not to show emotion, nonchalantly that it was an interesting weapon and inquired the price. "Four dollars", was the answer and I said I would take it. After the transaction was completed I told the man about it. He was naturally interested,

and said he would look up the purchase in his books. He found by his records that he had bought it of a man by the name of [illegible] in November 1905 for $12.00. That was all he knew about it.

Don't you think that that is not a remarkable? It was stolen from the house at Glendale in, I think, the winter of 1901-'02 and it might as naturally have gone to almost any place as New York; and in New York it might have gone to any one of a hundred ~~places~~ shops as to this one. I do not think I have ever been in this shop myself and I have only been in two or three such places this year.

I should not write at such length about this if I had not remembered your grief at its loss. Mrs. Bush was speaking of that today. It is an amusing story, anyway.

I saw John Nichols Thursday evening and felt as I always do, as if I had been on a visit to Cambridge. I told him my gem story and was rather surprised that he remembered the old thing. He had rather recently seen Herman Haupt somewhere.

Don't you coming on this spring as usual. Do give us a glimpse of you if you do. I want to persuade you to spend a good part of the summer at Glendale this year. You can build that cabin and take your meals with us and be as free as air. Think it over.

Affectionately

Dan Chase

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

May 3, 1908.

Dear Will

I returned Wednesday night from a tour in the West and South, occupying eight or nine days and I have found so many loose ends to be tied up since I got home that I have not sent you an answer to your letter as I should have under usual conditions.

I wish I could come to Concord this week but I shall be a prisoner here till about the fifteenth when we hope to move to Glendale. Whether I can get away at all looks somewhat doubtful, but it can hardly be before the last week in May, anyway. As you say you may not be in Concord to the end of the month, I begin to fear that I may lose my annual visit this year. I shall be awful sorry.

We are counting on you in June and you may choose your own time! What I should prefer, though, would be that your visit should begin on the first and extend to the thirteenth! Why not break through your Puritan principles just once and give us the whole month? I suppose the Bushes will be with us the last two weeks, – an added attraction for that period. In short, come when you can and stay as long as you can.

Alas! what a gloomy prospect it is for vegetation as you describe it! But don't you

suppose something will intervene? It is too horrid to contemplate. And I suppose our fate is only deferred?

Your power does seem an amusing diversion. When in time do the lion thing's come from? How should fishes get into that lake-locked pool?

I wish you would remember me to Stone and Purdy. I wish I were with you three this minute.

Do plan to give us all the time you can spare, spring and fall. I shall never be content till we get you there for the summer, the whole of it! I reciprocate all your sentiments.

Mackintosh expects to be on hand this year.

Affectionately

Dan. Beach

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

July 5 , 1908 .

Dear Will :-

I remmber your sentiments about type-written letters , but as I am writing this "in proprio mano " , I hope you won't refuse to read it .

The cherries wre fine ! They ~~xxxxxx~~ arrived in good oredr and met with universal applause and the family unite in thanks to you for sending them . We shall probably pass the basket along to someone else with samples of our horticulture . We had the last of our strawberries yesterday , not as large as heretofore , but still a great deal better than yours ! If you would just give yours the benefit of a little shade by letting weeds grow between them , you might succeed in getting as fine fruit as ours .

I have snet the photograph of the Palmer memorial and hope it will reach you all right . The photographs of the place have arrived and I will send you prints of the two old gentlemen reclining on the new seat . Gosh! do I look like that ? The seat is finished and is the pride of my heart . I will send you a picture of it someday . Yesterday Tom. Knight and I prospected for the new path up the hill back of the house and he is to begin to build it this week . I wanted to wait till you could be here to superintend it , but we can't afford to wait at our time of life . You can add refinemnts when you come in the autumn . We discovered quite an easy route that takes in the big rocks and all the features . Tom. seemed to think that there would be no trouble in making it .

We were relieved to hear that you got home without much discomfort , but I am sorry to hear that the trouble is pronounced to be sciatica . However if it consents to leave you soon I consider

that it is preferable to rheumatism which is recurrent if not constant. This , I believe , may never coem again after it departs . I sincerely hope so . It is a shame that your visit should have been ~~xxxxxx~~ shortened and spoilt by it .

I have marked out the pictures of the tools in red paint and have put a pad-lock on the door . If I succeed in keepingit locked , it will be the first thing I ever did keep locked . The first proof of the value of the collection occurred Friday when Tom. came into the studio and wanted some oil to oil a saw . I proudly unlocked the closet and furnished him with the article at once . Strange to say , he brought the oil-can back !

You did not say how you found Mrs. Brewster . I hope , better. Now I am going over to see Lukeman's new studio .

Affectionately ,

Van. Powell.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Aug. 30, 1908.

Dear Will,

I still cling to the hope that you can come here this fall. I trust I shall hear that Mrs. Brewster has improved in health and that you are over your ackes and that you will put in your annual visit next month. I sympathize with you keenly.

Mr. & Mrs. Bush are to come on the eleventh of September for the balance of the month and they will be disappointed if you don't put in an appearance.

I made a discovery about golden-winged woodpeckers this morning. Our lawn has recently been punctured with holes two or three inches deep and six wide, and Provincetown says it was done by skunks. This morning, as I was dressing, I saw a "golden-wing" hammering away at the ground right in a line from my window, with the fine-tool. I marked the spot and on investigating I found a hole similar to those I have noticed in other places. Of course

this is news to you! There were four of the birds on the same dead limb on the butter-nut this at the same time this forenoon and two of them acted as if they were crazy, bobbing "round and bowing and chirping in a most absurd manner.

The path up the hill is a great success. I find I go up to the outlook quite often now, as you predicted we would if the way were made easy. I started a flock of partridges up there the other day.

This is not a letter, but only a reminder.

Yours faithfully

Clara Burroughs

P.S. I am going to N.Y. Tuesday to work on the model of Sir Wilfrid's image, – probably the last sitting I shall need.

D. C. French told me in October 1908 that he had begun to suspect that he was having been wrong in assuming that the Jibbons would make the holes. He thinks they may have been made by flickers and that the Jibbons were merely photo-ing in them for warmth or food. J. A.

[illegible]S WEST ELEVENTH STREET.

Dear Will It seems like old times to be getting Christmas presents from you. It might seem more like it if it were not so one-sided! I really did try to think of something appropriate to you, but rabbits and guinea-pigs did not seem to be as attractive as they once were and I gave it up. Mary is as pleased with the book as I am. I did not open the package till today and as [illegible]

only read the first chapter, — which is fine.

I haven't yet got over the disappointment of your failure to make the American visit to Glendale. You owe it that we can pay the debt next June by staying twice as long as usual. Once that suggests that you should plan to spend the summer with us as you thought you might. Can't you do it? I can think of nothing that would make me so happy: and I believe that, among us, we could make you so.

I wish you were here this minute. We are to have a Christmas dinner in the studio in an hour and a half with eight

or two relatives and friends and they are all your friends and would welcome you with open arms. I have my studio all "done over" this fall for Lucygent and Dorothy & "come out in." That function was about the prettiest thing I ever saw, helped along by forty boxes of flowers sent & Lucygent by admiring friends. She and "Dot" looked prettier than the flowers. They have been on the crest of the social wave ever since.

Jim Lawlor took me by your house in his machine a couple of weeks ago

on the way back from Concord, but we had to catch a train and we could not stop. Jim appears to be delighted with his monument which of course is a source of satisfaction to me. I am better pleased with it altogether than with anything I ever did. The model is on exhibition here now and is coming in for a good deal of approval.

Don't you coming this way presently. Do come and see us as if you do.

Mary and Margaret would join me in a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" if they knew I was writing, — to you both.

Affectionately,

Christmas 1908. Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

May 26 1909.

Dear Will,

The conquest of the "brown-tails" does sound like a miracle, sure enough. It is almost too good to be true. I only hope the disease won't get a microbe before it has accomplished its work. What a triumph it is for your for your friend! If he can triumph over the gypsy-moths the country will be saved. Can't he do something for the chestnut disease which is rapidly working up this way? Or perhaps he started it, as it is a fungoid disease I believe! If only you scientific chaps would let us alone, you wouldn't have to perform miracles to cure us. Well, I am glad your woods are saved, anyway.

I confess that I laid myself open to jeers when I failed to keep my engagement to come to Concord, but you put a time limit on my visit and that was really too short. The 20th came too soon. I was bitterly disappointed.

We are looking forward to the first of July and your advent as a bright particular

spot in the summer. I wish you could get here a few days before July 1, so as to see the Burtons who are to visit us the last two weeks in June. Perhaps we can induce them to stay into July. They always enjoy seeing you.

We have been here a week and I have spent the time mostly in clipping hedges and doing odds and ends about the place. It never looked so pretty.

Jim Melvin wrote me that Mr. Ross had said something about the monument, but he did not say what. I am glad to have him think so well of my work, partly because he has much to do with making public opinion in and around Boston. I am not very fond of being compared with Saint Gaudens, for better or worse, however. Thank you for passing the compliment along.

I expect to be at Wellesley on the 7th of June at the unveiling of the Palmer memorial, with Longfellow and, perhaps, Miss Longfellow. I wish you could be there, too. I hope to catch Jim Melvin.

Yours affectionately

Dan C. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Oct. 28. 1909.

Dear Will,

I suppose you are home again long ere this. That I have not long ago answered your most interesting letter from the Black Forest – I believe I mean the New Forest – is due to the usual reasons. If I had known your foreign address, I think I should have responded at once. Your account of your chance acquaintance with Kipling was most entertaining and delightful, but I'm bet that Mrs Brooster and the other ladies will regret their forbearance all their lives, there was so much to gain and so little to lose. I met Kipling in New York years ago and he told me what a poor, rotten concern the British Navy was! He did not strike me as an impressive personage in any way, but who does shine at an afternoon tea, – what man, at least?

Well, while you have been conducting ladies over the British Isles, I have been sticking to my last, have finished (or pretty nearly finished) Coghlhorpe and various other ladies and gents, and am now packing up for the annual pilgrimage to New York, – a dreary business

P.S. You will, I am sure, be sorry to know of the death of Mr. Warner last night.

We expect to go down Thursday. It is that warm here today so that the shuttering arms of the city do not appear altogether unattractive, but I dread the turmoil that I know awaits me. It will begin with a hurried trip to Lincoln, Nebraska early in November.

I have been doing various things about the place since you were here. I have built a cistern in concrete that will hold 3000 gallons up in the woods to hold the over-supply from the rain, to use in dry times. I have strengthened up the garden wall which has settled out of plumb in a manner of which I am somewhat proud as an engineering feat. I have also taken out the platform and steps at the carriage entrance of the house and put in fountains that will be lasting monuments to me when the pyramids are as if they had never been.

Has Jim Hutchin told you that he didn't recognize my famous portrait of you? Think of that! He probably hasn't seen you up for forty years. My picture of Margaret seems to be a great popular success and I have been advised to set up as a fashionable painter.

I suppose it is useless to suggest that you should come to see us when you come to New York? If you would and would give me warning, I would have a dinner for you and invite a number of people to meet you who would quite equal Kipling in interest.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Dec. 29 1909.

Dear Will,

You bet I like it! It is delightful and I seem to see it hung on a wall of the Glendale house where it will find most congenial surroundings. There is something about those old prints that goes right to our heart. It was nice of you to think of me in so practical and charming a fashion and I thank you lots!

I was mad enough when I came home and found your cards and that we had all missed seeing you and Mrs. Brewster. It didn't occur to me to ring up John Nichols, to try and find out when you were, till next morning and then he told me that he understood you intended to leave early that morning. I do hope the next time you come, you will plan to stay over a day or two to see your friends. Mary has quite a siege of it with a very severe cold, from which she was just recovering when you called.

I shall like to see your paper on Mr. Merrill and I hope you will not forget to send it to me. I don't seem to remember him.

I have had Governor Ogilthorpe in my studio

him and have been working on him ever since I came back. He is finished now and goes to the foundry Monday. I have another studio outside where I am supposed to be working on the Meerkell Field statue, though, as a matter of fact, I have done nothing on it yet.

Abbott Thayer sent me his monumental work on the 'Concealing Coloration' for Christmas. It is certainly an impressive work and a very beautiful publication and, I suppose, a most important contribution to science. Is his discovery universally accepted? I suppose it will make his reputation.

You will be interested to hear that Mary Lawton is to appear at the Hackett Theatre here on Friday, Jan. 7 in "Olivia Latimer's Husband". She and Mr. Jefferson are doing the whole thing and we are greatly excited over it. I think of announcing that I take the part of the "Husband," — who doesn't appear at all.!

I hope Mrs. Brewster is well ere this. Give her my love and tell her I am sorry New York treates her so shabbily.

Affectionately

Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

January 17, 1910.

William Brewster, Esq.,

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Will:—

Your letter has just come and I fear that unless I answer it in this way, I shan't answer it at all for too long a time. I cannot thank you enough for going so exhaustively into an estimate of Abbott Thayer's book. I really think that what you have privately written to me ought to be published; it seems so clear and fair and sensible. I intend to put the letter in the book where it may be read by those who are interested in the subject. You certainly give him enough credit to satisfy almost anybody, but, of course, in his enthusiasm he insists on the acceptance of all his statements. I had noticed the flamingo sunset and it seemed to me a somewhat extreme case. I expect to see Thomas Dewing within a day or two and shall take the liberty of showing him your letter. I really hope you have kept a copy of it so that when you are called on for a criticism of the work, you will have it to refer to. I do not believe you could do better if you tried ever so hard. I did not appreciate that Gerald had so much to do with the work. If I had read the preface, as ~~any~~one ought always to do, ~~and~~ I probably should have learned of his association with his father. It certainly is remarkable that he could leap into such excellence of literary expression at once.

I was pained to see in the paper on Saturday the notice of the death of John Hopkinson. I always think of him as a young man, but he had completed

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

his three score years and ten, during fifty of which I have known him. He was a useful man and the work that he has done will have a lasting impression in the minds that he has helped to form. The picture that you sent me at Christmas continues to be a joy, and we will take it up to Glendale when we go, as perhaps I told you. It seems just suited to that environment.

Please give my compliments to Mrs. Brewster, and believe me, as ever,

Affectionately yours,

Dan French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 12, 1910.

Dear Will,

One of the things that dampens my enthusiasm about going away for the summer is that I shall miss your visits at Glendale. There are few things that I look forward to with the pleasure that I do to these and nothing that I shall find in foreign lands will take their place and I therefore set them down as dead loss. It makes me blue to think of it! I can't even look to a visit from you in the autumn for, while we may come back in September, we are trying and expecting to let "Chesterwood" and it is improbable that our tenants would vacate until after "the season" in the Berkshires. If you hear of anyone who wants to pay $2500.00 for it, let me know.

We expect to sail about the twentieth of May for Naples and work up and over towards England by easy stages. Dorothy Schoonmaker is to go with us. I want to settle down somewhere in England for a month or two to paint.

I am sorry to hear of your cousin's death and for the complications that followed it. There are lots of mean men in the world! I do not think I ever knew Harry Bailey, though I have heard you speak of him.

Dick, as you know, wrote me inviting us three — Mary, Margaret and me — to visit at his house in Cambridge in May and to suggesting to me to take a

tramp with you and him. I try to think it feasible but I know how things will pile up in those last few weeks and I fear it is improbable that I can do it.

We are sort o' in quarantine now, as Margaret has "whooping cough." It has been running a month and they don't promise much alleviation for two weeks yet. I had no idea it was so distressing a disorder. She has really been very uncomfortable most of the time and she looks like the ghost of herself. She is really better now and begins to take an interest in things. Like a well-ordered New York girl, the wicked dissipations being ill with the season's gayeties were over and Lent has begun!

Every and I heard Peary tell about the North Pole last night at the Natural History Museum, — most interesting. The more I know about it, the less I feel like discovering anything in the Arctics. It is incredible what they went through.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster. I wish I could see you both, — and your beautiful flowers. I bought some tulips growing in a pot this afternoon for Margaret I suppose they were grown in the way you grow yours?

I hope to be in Boston sometime soon and shall see you if I am.

Affectionately

Dean C. Peck.

Address Brown Shipley & Co.
123 Pall Mall
London.

Ravino. Lago Maggiore
July 6, 1910.

Dear Will,

I sent you a postal yesterday. Today finds us - Mary, Margaret, Dorothy Schoonmaker and me - on the beautiful shores of Lake Maggiore where everything is quiet and peaceful and restful at this season when there are hardly a dozen people in the Hotel. I have just come in from climbing the hill back of the house, as picturesque a place as could be desired, full of winding paths and little brooks and all over-grown with big and little trees and grape vines and bushes. Lots of birds, too, and it seemed strange not to recognize a single note. There seem to be more birds that sing well than with us, but this is less certain. Isn't this so?

When we talked about it at home we always spoke as if we would travel slowly, but we have really been rushing through Italy in the American style. We shall rest two a few days and then go to Chamonix for a week and then to Paris. August I hope we shall spend in England, to which I have never done justice. We return home about Sept. 15. but not to Castlewood which will be in the possession of the enemy through the season.

Yours affectionately Dean C. Worcester

PALACE HOTEL

BAVENO

(LAC MAJEUR)

William Brewster Esq.

145 Brattle Street

Cambridge

Massachusetts

U. S. America.

VIEW FROM LAWN.

Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst,

New Forest,

STATION:
LYNDHURST ROAD,
3 MILES.

Aug 23 1910

Dear Will. If I am not mistaken you wrote me about a year ago from this Hotel. I have thought of you as I have wandered about among the splendid trees and through the lovely wood-paths and have, naturally enough, wished you were here to make me enjoy it a hundred-fold.

We arrived here three days ago — on Saturday night — in the rain and the cold, and it has been raining a good deal of the time and cold all the time since. "We" means Mary and Everyeret and Dorothy and Miss Longman who joined us in London on the eighth, fresh from New York, and who will leave us to our regret day after tomorrow to go to Paris.

The New Forest is certainly beautiful with a beauty that is not at all like the beauty of our woods and fields and I don't know why I do not find myself quite in harmony with it, but I am not, and I should not mind leaving it any day.

We had a delightful excursion today to Salisbury and Stonehenge by auto through as charming a country as I have ever seen and Salisbury looked so attractive that we think of transferring ourselves to it the last of the week: Did you go

there? The cathedral, in its charming setting of lawn and trees, is most impressive and the cloister is the home of peace and tranquility. We found Stonehenge, too, more interesting than we expected and very mysterious and solemn.

I believe it was from Venice that I sent you a shabby little letter. From there we went to Verona and from there to Lago Maggiore and Geneva and Paris, where we stayed a couple of weeks, and then to Holland. We came over to London on the seventh and, — there you are! We have had no startling experiences, — nothing to make good history — but it has been sufficiently interesting and our girls have benefited by the journey immensely. I have not appreciated what an educational influence such a trip would have on receptive young minds.

We sail for home on the St Paul on the third of September

due in New York on the 10th. I expect to stay in New York and get my studio going, since Mary will probably go to Concord till New York is fit for a lady to live in. Margaret will visit Dorothy and her Stockbridge friends. You know "Chesterwoods" is let, so we cannot go there. If Mary is in Concord, I shall hope for a glimpse of you there. I wish you would tell me your plans addressing me at 125 West 11th Street.

Give our love to Mrs. Brewster.

Affectionately

Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Sept. 16, 1910.

Dear Will,

Think of my letting a week go by without responding to your welcoming and welcome letter. That added appreciably to the joy of getting home. You will readily believe that I have found a good many things to pick up during the past week and will forgive this hardy letter.

I supposed that you stayed at the "Crown" when you were at Lyndhurst and I imagined your scraping acquaintance with Lyon in the smoking room across the garden. I shall have much to talk with you about when we meet, — and this leads me to say that I rather expect to be in Concord in October and if I don't spend a part of the time with you, it will be because you won't have me. Wasn't it great to have Dick Dana up there? He certainly does seem much as he used to when you get below the surface. I hope we may all get together next spring.

Your report of a profitable summer makes me feel guilty for wasting so much time, but I guess I needed a break. I did not feel half as well while I was away as I do at home, but now that I have got back, I am conscious of a sort of numbed vigor. It was good for Mary, too, and as for the "kid", she gained twenty pounds

and more knowledge of art — painting and sculpture and architecture — than she would have got in a thousand years at home. It is wonderful how a young person assimilates things. Incidentally, she enjoyed every minute of it, and so did Dorothy.

I am already busy in my studio, chiefly with a study for the Lincoln statue that I started last winter. I shall be left alone for a month — unless she is going to Stockbridge and Concord, N.H. and Lexington, too, will be visiting; but I am not dismayed at the prospect. My work seems more interesting than ever to me and I am particularly interested in the things I am doing now.

I will warn you of my approach if I decide to go to Concord. Incidentally I am

Yours effectionately

Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Nov. 28, 1910.

Dear Will,

It seems impossible to write a letter in this busy world unless there is some definite thing to focus the intention upon a definite moment. You will be amused at the reason for this one. I want to know what you do in case of mice in the Dardanelles? I am not crazy, either! My friend Bacon, the architect, has a wife and she is at present visiting her uncle in the Dardanelles where Bacon originally found her. She writes that there is a plague of mice in the land, that they are destroying the crops and pretty much everything else, I infer, and Bacon asked me to write to you for a remedy; — so, there, it's off my mind and onto yours!

I have so much to talk about that it is useless to attempt it now, when at mid-day I am snatching a moment to write. You may have noticed that I did not carry out my threat to visit you at Concord. It looked so easy to accomplish when I wrote, but really I couldn't come anywhere near it. The third-floor region me soon after I got home and I have been in it ever since. I do mean to see you when I next come to

Boston, though I have no definite plan for coming on now.

We are, as a family, in better health than usual and reasonably happy. Same to you! My compliments to Madame.

Affectionately

Alan Trueblood

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Dec. 1, 1910.

Dear Will, I feel guilty to have stolen any of your time from your book to write me about killing mice. On the other hand, I felt quite proud to be able to give so much information on the subject to Mr. Bacon, — who writes his theatre. I say Mr. Barroughs last night and he could only suggest cats or a remedy!

Worra, worra! Are you going to England next summer? I have been counting on your spending a good part of it at Glenedale. I might even give you a house of your own to live in, for I am very gradually buying the Hawkins place next door. You will come up for a while before you go; won't you?

Your modest surprise that Kipling should remember you is amusing. He may be surprised that you remember him! The Grenfell trinity must have been amusing. I seem to see you dandling the bebe! I don't like 'em as young as that, myself.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster. Does she ever does Miss Simmons know Paty in church? The poles are nothing to it.

Affectionately
Dan. C. French.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

February 19, 1911.

Dear Will,

I am truly sorry on your account that your trip abroad has probably been nipped in the bud. It will, I know, be a great disappointment to you if you cannot go. Selfishly I feel happier to have you at home.

You may count on me for the day with you and Dick at Concord. I shall let nothing interfere with it, but will make my plans quite to yours at any time you appoint.

Mary and I are interested in the treatment that Mrs. Brewster is taking. It sounds extraordinary. I am rather too thin, but I think I won't try any experiments and Mary is having a period of health so she does not need assistance either. It is a cause for rejoicing that Mrs. Brewster is improving so under it.

I really did not expect you to acknowledge that newspaper. A letter is a heavy price to pay for such literature, but I was naturally glad to get one.

We are beginning to plan for Glencoe and

hope to make an early start. My men will go up early in April to get things ready for me in the studio and we shall probably follow early in May. I told you that I had bought the Hawkins house; did it? Added responsibilities! Why do we do it?

I am glad to hear that the Umbayoy book is coming on well.

Affectionately

Dan Beard

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

May 28, 1911

Dear Will

The reunion was a great success! I look back on it with the greatest satisfaction now and it will be a pleasant thing to remember as long as we live, and I hope we may live long enough to have another. The only thing I don't like to think of is the fearful havoc that those terrible moths have made and are making in your beautiful woods. I cannot imagine a greater calamity to our possessions. It seems as if something must come to check the destruction, and I sincerely hope it will.

We arrived home safely Wednesday evening and it made it seem more like home to find the ram out of order and no water! I got it going next morning, however, and we have had water enough since, in spite of the fact that the electric pump refuses to work. In fact about everything on the place is out of order, owing to our having been away so long. I am enjoying life, however, pottering about, pruning and training vines in the way they should go, and planting and doing all sorts of odd jobs. Meanwhile my able assistants are doing good works in the studios.

I do hope you will be able to visit us this next month. You may choose your own time. The aforesaid wedding won't matter. It is not till the 29th anyway.

Well, here's thanks for the good time you gave Dick & me. It was splendid.

Affectionately,
Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Sunday, July 16, 1911.

Dear Will,

My family went off in the "auto" to sup over at Stockbridge first an hour and a half ago and I am all alone. I should have gone, too, but I came from Washington to New York last night by the worst night train I know and I confess to being tired. It was merely cool there in Washington the two days I was there, but it has been nothing hot there lately as everywhere. Our thermometer stood at 98° on the studio piazza one day and 97° on the carriage entrance porch. And it is terribly dry. I have never seen our lawn so badly burnt and the flower-garden is pitiful to look upon. I have one thing there, however, which is the realization of a dream, — a fountain! I think you saw my design. Well, it's finished and the water turned on and it's the prettiest thing you ever saw, — if I do say it as shouldn't! When you visit us next month, I will show it to you. I haven't done anything else remarkable on the place this summer, nor has anything remarkable happened, unless the addition of a "victrola" to the machine music in the studio may

to coincidence or an event.

We have been living much the same life as in past years, with people coming and going and Margaret's friends very much in evidence. The substitution of an "auto." for horses seems to work well and I am [illegible] sure that it will cost much more. It certainly is convenient to have the horses all harnessed, as it were, and ready to go. And I believe it is safer, too, in spite of the "scare columns" in the papers.

I am working on the Lincoln pretty constantly and I am rather expecting you to applaud it when you see it. I am also painting a little, just for fun!

Some friends of ours are looking on the Wright farm with covetous eyes, but I doubt if they will come up to the point of buying.

We are rather expecting Mackintosh here this week. His father died about a month ago, leaving, I [illegible] enough money to make Newton comfortable and free from care the rest of his life. I wish he might have given him the money years ago.

Do let us know when you are coming home and when we may expect to see you. Give my love to Mr. Brewster and Miss Summers. I [illegible] are having the best work of time.

Affectionately [illegible]

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Sept. 19, 1911.

Dear Will,

The apples are wonderful! They are altogether too handsome to eat and I have been reluctant to sacrifice them. I still have a half dozen of them in a bowl on the table in the hall to properly impress callers when they enter. I think the strawberry apples are the most delicious ones I ever ate. Are they from your old trees? I can't make out the name of the dark red ones. What are they? And the big ones, — I never saw such apples out of a show. I haven't been the heart to cut one up yet. I have samples of the apples baked, but I could not tell one from the other when they came on the table, so the experiment was not altogether successful, but I think it was the strawberry that I thought particularly fine.

I shall certainly try to spray my trees in your way next year, but they need much more than spraying and I have no expectation of getting any such fruit as yours. I can't cultivate under my trees because they are in my lawn and I care more about looks than utility in this case.

going to try to do better by my young orchard, however. It was mighty good of you to send me this object lesson.

That chestnut-tree with the dead top has the disease. Dr. Thompson came over the other day and passed judgment on it. I suppose this is the beginning of the end. James will chop this one down at once.

I have a pleasant letter from Mill Stone this morning, in appreciation of their little visit.

My sciatica has practically disappeared and I seem to be as well as ever, but I have not quite the same confidence in the future that I had.

Yours affectionately

Dennis C. Funck.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

February 4, 1912.

Dear Will

I have not had a tranquil hour until today in which to do justice to your monograph on the gulls and your memorial of Purdie. They both interested me immensely. It still seems to me that there must be something "not dreamed of in our philosophy" that keeps those birds aloft. Why don't you send one of the pamphlets to the Wright brothers? I mean it. I am sure it would interest them very much. Please understand that I am not rejecting your explanation. I only wonder if it is the whole thing.

I wish I might have read your paper on your friend Purdie, while he was alive. I never knew him at all and, just meeting him as I did, I did not estimate him at his worth. I now see that I missed my chances of becoming acquainted with an exceptional personality. Your tribute to him is very beautiful and, I have no doubt, fully deserved. I knew how fond you were of him and I see now, more than before, how wider a gap his death has made in your life.

I was delighted to hear that you will give us the first two weeks in June. Say four and I shall be

it better. What would you think of inviting Dick to come to visit us while you are there? We hope that George Keyes will come in the fall to try his luck again at tennis, so you must arrange to come then, or well or in June. I am arranging my work so as to have more leisure than usual this summer, so, even if I don't have sciatica, I expect to have more time to devote to my friends. By the way, our doctor here says that it wasn't sciatica at all. "A rose by any other name"!

I have an honor thrust upon me the other night when the Architectural League gave me a "medal of honor" at the annual dinner. I had to make a speech in accepting it, — a heavy price to pay for anything.

Pictures of my Lincoln are coming out in the March Century magazine and I believe my celebrated essay on music is to appear in the same number, — in the "Open Letters" department. I was amused to get a check for twenty-five dollars for it the other day from the Century People. I see myself degenerating into a garrulous old age.

I hear that Abbott Thayer is at a sanitorium somewhere in the City for a "rest cure". Brush tells me that he is morbidly sensitive to any criticism of his work — as you have found him. It is too bad.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster.

Affectionately

Wm. Merritt Chase

P.S. I saw Mrs Simmons the other night for the first time in years. They say he has turned over a new leaf. — a rather sere one!

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET,

Dear Will

When we were sitting so comfortably and cosily in front of the fire in your old house in Concord the other night and I watching you expending so much power in lighting your pipe by wielding the big tongs, the thought of the neat little pair, made for the purpose, that I brought back from England, came into my mind and now I am sending them to you with the hope that your Christmas

may be the merrier for them. It may add to your interest in them to know that they come from the old town of Salisbury

Now I am perfectly aware that an old gentleman like you (or even me!) has fixed habits and if you scorn to have your life made easier by a tool that is proportionate to its office, I shall not be surprised. At least you can hang them up by the side of your fire-place ~~and~~ where they will remind you occasionally of

Your old friend

Dean. Punch.

Dec. 1912

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

February 3, 1913.

Dear Will I am off for Panama on the "Lucon" tomorrow with Margaret and Dorothy to keep me company. If we have good weather, we should have a good time, though I do not contemplate fourteen days at sea with any great enthusiasm. We expect to get back the last of the month. I shall try to see a tropical forest as you advise.

I shall be interested to hear the future developments of the Thayer controversy. As you say, it is a pity to have this fight over a book written in good faith and at so great a sacrifice of time and labor by so sweet and unusual a man as Thayer. He is intensely sensitive and I hate to think how harrowed he must be by the unkind — even if just — attacks upon himself and his book.

Your description of President Lowell's house might apply to President Butler's — of Columbia — since Mary and I dined the other night. I am not sure that it is a good example for the students.

I am glad to hear that the book is getting on well. I suppose you will be making your summer plans soon. Leave plenty of room for flowers. Give my love to Mademoiselle and Miss Summers. Affectionately

Dan. C. F.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 20, 1913.

Dear Will

Let me say right here and at once that we can have you at Glendale at any time in July or August and if you can spend the whole of the two months with us, so much better. When I told Margaret of your letter she said "Tell him he must make us three visits this summer because he only made us one last year." Why not make two of them together and cover the two months?

I can imagine that your Concord sojourn is not unalloyed happiness. You have better courage than I should have. The entrance of the gypsy moth in my woods would mean my exit as soon thereafter as a ticket for a remote corner of the world could be secured. You spoke of the spring birds; isn't this a record for earliness? I tried to hear a blue-bird last Sunday when I went out to Chesterfield to see the Buskes, but I concluded that it was only a starling in the distance.

I suppose you can't stop to see my new studio when you pass through New York on your way to Washington? I wish you could.

Yes, we had a fine time on our trip to Panama perfect conditions at sea, comfortable weather there and no end of interesting things to see. I was surprised to find it not too hot for comfort. They say the summer

stands at exactly °85 every day at one o'clock and at °74 at the coolest time in the night. It suited me exactly. I tried it in a tropical forest as you advised and did get on the cage and look in, but they told such tales of "red-bugs" that I refrained from penetrating far. I saw enough to get a new sensation of tangle and luxuriance. Once I twice made the acquaintance of the "umbella ants" of whose habits I had read before I went to Panama. The Canal looks just as it does in the pictures. Other things really interested me more, — pelicans for instance! Did it strike you, as it did me, that they look like gigantic humming birds when on the wing. We saw thousands of them in the Pacific. They are the most comical of birds.

I infer that the book is nearly finished. Congratulations! I, too, am just finishing the Emerson sketch.

We are beginning to think of Cherbourg, and the problem of what to do with Bacon's beautiful marble vases will soon be presenting itself again!

I expect to be in Washington on the fourth of April. Shall you be there then?

Affectionately

Dan. C. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 26, 1913.

Dear Will,

Your letter has made me "just as happy as a big sun-flower"! I am perfectly delighted as I know Henry and Everett will be when I tell them. It seems too good to be true and I shall be anxious till I really see you at the station at Glendale, lest something should happen to deprive me of the thing I want so much. Don't fail me nor let anything even cut into the full six weeks you promise. You shall have full liberty to use your time as you please, — in writing or loafing or improving your mind in my society. It looks as if I should not be "rushed" with work this next summer, so I shall have time to play with you if you feel inclined that way. Also you can help Henry and me celebrate our silver-wedding on the seventeenth of July!

I feel as if though I ought to devote pages and pages to telling you how glad

I am, but I hope you will infer from what I have said that I am glad, — which you might take for granted anyway.

Rosamund Dana! Well, well! It seems as if she must be a hundred years old, but I don't suppose she has got along much faster than we have.

Much obliged for the clipping about Dick's son, Edmund. I haven't had time to read it yet, but it looks interesting.

I still hope you may have time to look me up on your way to Washington.

What a time we will have!

Affectionately

Dan. C. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

June 25, 1915.

Dear Will :-

The stage is set , the play is in progress and we only await the appearance of the "first walking gentleman" to make eveything perfect . I have more than the ordinary array of live things to present to you . In the first place a wren (or a pair of them) has built a nest on top of a last-year's robin's nest on ~~top of~~ one of the posts at the carriage entrance of the house and their songs , as you may imagine.are ringing through the house a large part of the time . I half suspect that this nest is a make-believe and that they have another for family use somewhere else , but they are certainly fond of this one , perhaps to spite a robin who has brought up a brood on the other post six feet away .

But my great boast is a family of barred owls whose stamping ground is the vicinity of the seat upon which you sat last year when I cut out the view of the birches up the mountain. I first heard one hooting at nine o'clock one morning two or three weeks ago and going into the woods a little while afterwards , I found him sitting on a branch in plain view . Since then I have seen one several times and last evening before it was dark , Margaret and some of her friends saw two and heard , as they said, four young ones calling to each other . One of the young men seemed to know what he was talking about and it may be true ! The presence of these amiable birds may account for the fact that I have not seen a red squirrel about the place this summer .

We see occasional deer and pheasants,and rabbits disport them selves on the lawns daily . Other birds and beasts are about as usual .

All this is introductory to the theme of your advent. I hope that nothing has occurred to make you change your plans and that we shall see you next month with the alarm clock of your visit set for six weeks . I find I am a little mixed and not sure whether you are due the first or the middle of July . Please let me know so that we shall be swept and garnished at the right time .

There is nothing of particular importance to report. Things are moving along much as usual with the exception that Robert Vonnoh is here painting Margaret and me . He conceived the idea that he wished to make a full length portrait of me and I have been wasting a great deal of valuable time sitting to him during the past two or three weeks . He is a good painter, so perhaps the time is not wasted after all ! He has made a charming picture of Margaret.

I am at work on the Longfellow memorial and it just occurs to me ,- why should n't I work you in as the Village Blacksmith or Miles Standish ?

This is a personally conducted letter so you will please forgive the type-writer .

Give our love to Madame .

Yours faithfully ,

Dan. French.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Will,

I sent you – to the house among the lucions – a copy of Farm Drainage this morning It has seemed absurd to talk about drainage these last few months when there has been no drop of water anywhere, but, as if to excuse my sending you such a gift, there is a real, steady rain tonight.

Your fine card, & dear, dear appreciative letter was read by every member of the family and with increased self-esteem. We are glad you like us! – and we are glad that you appear to have enjoyed your visit as much as we did. We shall not be quite sure of this until you prove it by repeating the experience. I have been going 'round like a cat that's lost her kittens ever since you departed.

I do wish you might have been here over the fourteenth. Our reunion was a great success. There were fifteen of us all told from Wednesday to Friday, – a nice little family! The chief function was Thursday afternoon when we all assembled in the little glade in the woods, where Will read a lot of

of father's and uncle Major's letters. They were of course carefully selected from a great mass of material and they proved most interesting and amusing. I set up a bust of father on a pedestal at the right of the table where Will sat and the auditors seats were arranged so as to command a view of the steps as well as of Will. The day was well-nigh perfect as to weather and indeed everything was propitious.

I imagine you at the 'Stone' where I wish I might drop in and see you and them. I have frequently thought of inviting myself to visit them — the wish being father to the thought — but I fear that pleasurable experience will only be enjoyed in the imagination. I wish you would distribute my love and regards appropriately among them.

James and Michael made the bolts all the way through the pasture yesterday and day before, from the tall tulip tree to the view. It is a great improvement.

Well, well! your visit was a great event and I shall live it over many times in the coming months till the memory of it is displaced by another of the same kind next summer.

Your picture of Mr. Brewster singing among the flowers to celebrate your return was appreciated.

August 22nd, 1913. Affectionately Dan Forbes.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET.

Dear Will, I wondered for several days what the mysterious box could contain, but my flights of fancy were not within miles of the truth. I think you spoke to me of this ingenious and most useful invention which I am most impatient to put into action. I can imagine it as saving a lot of wear and tear at Glencoe next summer, when open fires are in evidence most of the time. Then you can show me how to use it to best advantage.

We had quite a festive time Christmas day. Miss Longman came to breakfast and spent the day and we "dressed" a Christmas tree and arranged the studio for a dinner of seventeen in the evening. We had some bright people who brought rhymes and letters and absurd gifts and it was very festive at the dinner.

I am not at all sure that the book I sent you will be of much interest to you except the pictures which are, some of them, quite beautiful I think. I know Dr. Dixon, who wrote the book, through a scheme for erecting a colossal statue of an Indian in New York harbor that Mr. Wanamaker has in mind.

Did you ever see such a winter as this has been? A castor-bean in a yard a few doors above here held up its head bravely till about the seventh of December when the first frost made it droop. Last Sunday the shrubs in one of the parks were putting out little leaves and on some of them were feeble, pathetic little blossoms, so imperfect that I couldn't make out what they were. Poor things! I guess they are sorry today that they came out. It is a real winter's day, our first.

All is well with us and I find myself enjoying life more than I usually do in winter. And Mary is happy in the possession of

"limousine," — not her own, but hers to use when she wants it, which is most of the time!

You may be interested to hear that Mary Lawton is here in one of Bernard Shaw's plays, "The Philanderer." She has the principal woman's part in an English company chosen by Shaw himself. They are to go to London when they finish here.

The winter is passing and it won't be long before I shall be meeting you again at Glenveale station.

Mary wants you to join in wishing you and Mrs. Brewster a "Happy New Year" if she were here.

Yours affectionately

Wm. Peach

December the twenty-eighth, 1913.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Feb. 11, 1914.

Wm. Brewster, Esq.,
#145 Brattle Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Will:

It is always inspiring to see your hand-writing on an envelope and I wish the sensation could be more frequent. I have mixed feelings about your letter, however. We had made up our minds to a long visit from you next Summer, such as we had last year, and it is a decided come-down to see that you intend to give us only a paltry two weeks. That is infinitely better than nothing, however, and let us be grateful for it. You are welcome at any time you may elect to come, and if the first two weeks in June are more convenient than any other time to you, please set that down in your calender.

I am interested to hear that Mrs. Brewster is sailing across the sea and I rather wonder that you do not go with her and see something of Italy. I fear it would not compete with England in your affections, but I am sure you would find it interesting and I should regard it as a fresh bond of sympathy between you and me.

I wish I lived where Dick Dana could drop in upon me every week as he does upon you. I see his son every little while, usually at some art show. He and Mrs. Dana seem to be genuinely interested in fine art. I had some people to see the Longfellow memorial the other day, and not only did Mr. and Mrs. Dana come, but they brought Richard the seventh with them.

My Winter is going as you say yours is, much too fast, but on the other hand, I have seldom enjoyed one so much. My principal work has been the Wendell Phillips statue. I shall enjoy, when I see you, telling you of President Eliot's remarkable letter about the original. He seems to think there never was as great a malefactor as Wendell Phillips!

Mary and Margaret are also enjoying themselves, if one can judge by outward appearances. Mary is particularly happy, however, being the director of a limousine. She does not own it, but controls it "to beat the band." The humble head of the house is sometimes permitted to ride in it.

I always feel apologetic for writing you with a machine, but on the other hand, it is much easier for you to read and you ought to be thankful. Give my love to Mrs. Brewster and my compliments to Miss Simmons.

Yours affectionately,

Dan. French

DCF/EEH

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

September 3, 1914.

Dear Will, The new records have come and we have rejoiced with those that rejoiced and wept with those that are weepy and have blessed you with them all. George Keyes and I made the maiden trip with the "Three Trees" together and were immensely amused thereby. We had the family and guests out in the studio last night to hear it and the others. (Enter Emergent who says - "Tell him we are touched to the core, and tell him to come to visit us soon." Please do). What a lovely rendering of "Abide with me"! It was good of you to send them.

I understand that you and I have got into the papers as having discovered a new bird in the Berkshires! I did not know it; did you.

You ought to be here to see my troupe of performing chimney-swallows. An unusual flock of them nightly roost in my studio chimney and it is one of our daily entertainments to sit on the curved seat in the garden and see them drip into the flues. I think there must

to a hundred and fifty of them at least. They come every year, but never so many as this year.

I spent most of last week in New York working on the Longfellow monument. It is all finished now and there should be signs of life at the site in a few days. We expect to have the whole thing in place this month. I understand some of the Cambrai people think the present steps not equal to the old ones! I don't either, but ours are not the principal features. I thought I detected a shadow of doubt on your countenance that morning when we inspected the foundations. Don't you worry. That's going to be a good monument if I do say so as shouldn't! The relief has come out so well in the marble that I am feeling quite happy about it.

We are looking for a letter from you daily saying when you will come to see us.

Which side are you on in the war? The whole thing is sickening whichever way you look

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster.

Affectionately

Dan. C. F.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Sunday, Nov. 21,
1914.

Dear Will, This is a tardy answer to your letter, but these first few weeks of getting settled in New York are so full of distracting detail that any sins of omission, if not of commission, may well be forgiven. I return General von Disfurth's frank statement which Mary and I have read with rising ire and utter consternation. It is worth something to know what the policy of the militant German is, but we must not forget that probably a majority of the German people would not subscribe to any such sentiments. How hopeless the whole thing is!

A letter from Dick tells of the pleasant dinner at your house. I wish you might have been at the dedication of the monument. It was the only thing lacking to make it perfect.

We got back two weeks ago, leaving Stockbridge with more regret than ever. Before leaving I planted a new apple orchard – for posterity! – a very little one of only eight trees. I also made Mackintosh a present of an assortment of apples and plums and pears and cherries, some of which at least should mature in time to add to his pleasure.

There is nothing of special interest to report, except perhaps that an artists' club, the Saturnalia, made me its guest of honor at the annual dinner last night. If you had heard all the fine things that were said about little me, you would be glad you knew me! John Nichols was there with Charlie Carter's elder brother. My speech was of the Drexel, which in itself is a virtue.

Margaret attended the foot-ball game yesterday and saw Harvard's victory.

Yours affectionately,

Wm C French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

January 22, 1915.

Dear Will

It was good of you to write me so fully and graphically about Jim's funeral. It has made me feel almost as if I had been there, as I am very sorry I could not have been. I find it hard to think of his essentially live personality, so full of force and vigor and the joy of living, as having ceased to exist on earth.

We have been shocked to hear of the death by suicide of one of our Lenox friends, Mr. Dixey. I don't know whether you ever met him or not. He was very much in evidence in the social world of Lenox and Stockbridge and much loved.

To turn for an instant from these sad topics, you will be glad to hear that one of this Lanyman's friends has given her a "Victrola". And have you seen that I am to make the Lincoln statue for the Lincoln Memorial

in Washington? You must help me design it next summer. Once speaking of that, – isn't it about time for you to be making your plans for next season? We speak for three months!

Affectionately

Dean. French.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

February 1, 1915.

Dear Will,

There is rejoicing in this household over the news brought by your letter this morning that you will give us July and a good slice out of August at Glendale. This is almost too good to be true. Don't let anything interfere with it. We will let you bring your "records" or anything else that will make you feel at home, even to your own mattress or tooth-brush.

I am glad indeed to hear that Mrs Dana is on the high road to recovery. I wish I could see them every week as you do.

It seems a pity that you should not write something about Jim. Lulvin's life and character, — you know, so much better than anyone else and you write so well. I hope you will write something even if Dr. Cummings does. I am glad if my letter brought a grain of comfort to Mrs. Lulvin. What I said has at least the merit of sincerity.

I wish Jim might have lived to see his brothers' memorial in the Metropolitan Museum. You know I am making a replica of the one in Philadelphia

to go in the Museum? I wrote him a month or more ago that the marble was to be in my studio and expressed the wish that he might come to see it. I am putting the finishing touches on the marble and expect to have it ready to put in place within two or three weeks. I suppose there is no chance of your being in New York soon? I should like to have you see how well it comes out in white marble.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster and to Miss Simmons if she is with you.

Affectionately

Dan. French.

P.S. There are some good pictures of "Chesterwood" in this month's "Country Life Magazine."

Return to W. B.

125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET

O, Will, I am sorry! To passes a good, true, upright man and I feel the world immeasurably poorer that he is gone. Poor Mrs. Mulvin! The shock of his sudden death must have been terrible and I can imagine how empty ~~the~~ life will seem to her without the brave spirit that has been inseparable from hers for so many years.

To you, too, Will, the death of this intimate friend and companion will come as loss and a grief that will be with you all the time, and I can imagine how much you will miss his genial and sympathetic presence.

I can see that there is nobody who can take his place in your heart and in your life. You, of course, know that you have my sincere sympathy.

For myself, I feel that I have lost a valued and dear friend, one associated with my early life as well as my present life, and endeared by countless memories and incidents. Our relations in recent years have drawn us together closer through the making of the monument at Concord. You know how fair a sense of justice he showed in regard to it and how more than generous he was in his business dealings with me, as I have no doubt he was with everybody. One of the very keenest pleasures of my professional life has been his frequent pleasure in the work that I

dice for him, and it has been and is a matter of the greatest gratification to me that it turnes out to be one of my best things.

I really wanted to come on to the funeral, but I could not very well get away. My thoughts will be with you all tomorrow and with him, as they have been all day today. I shall write to Mrs. Lincoln even though there is so little one can say.

I am sorry to hear of Mr. Dana's serious illness. Give Dick my love and sympathy. I am thankful she is recovering. As you say, we must draw closer together as our friends depart and get all we can of each other's affection and

society. I remember your old flame, Carry Hayes and am sorry to hear that she, too, has joined "the choir invisible." It seems nearer than it used to and its music sometimes sweet!

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster and keep a good deal for yourself.

Affectionately

Wm. Tuck

January 20 1915.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 19, 1915.

Dear Will. I have no words in which to express my sorrow in the calamity which has befallen Mrs. Brewster. It is a tragedy, since I cannot see how either you or she can look on it with any sort of resignation. While you say there is little hope, if any, that the sight of the affected eye can be saved, I still hope the doctors may be mistaken as they often are. Do give her Mary's and my love with our deep sympathy.

We all rejoice in your promise to make your visit at Glendale longer, since you may be sure of a welcome whenever you come. You name the 25th of June, but if you find you can come earlier, I hope you will. We don't mind your bringing your own bee, only stipulating that, if you are going to leave it, you will guarantee that it will fit the figures of our other guests.

I suppose you will be glad to hear that I have had to stay in the house — since monthly in fact two days — lately nursing a cold! I don't know whether it was the doctor's heroic treatment or what, but that was two weeks ago since I am not quite free of it yet. I don't know when I have

has such an attack. It has at least put me in a proper frame of mind to sympathize with you.

We have our "accommodations" engaged for starting for California the first of April. The two Elbert's are going with us and two ladies whom you don't know, - Mrs. Powers and Mrs. Von Rosenfelt. We are to be away six or seven weeks and we expect to see all there is to be seen.

Thank you for remembering to write to Mr. Thayer about the fertilizer. I really would like to try some experiments in that direction, but I suspect that I ought to send a sample of my soil to Washington and find out what it lacks.

I don't envy you the prospect of going to Washington to visit your dentist. I can sympathize with you in that, too, as I have been having a nerve killed all winter. It aches here! It is my first experience.

Speaking of Washington, — our little friend Miss Longman went there on business two weeks ago, was seized with appendicitis and was operated on at the Providence Hospital there. She is coming home all right, but it was a serious case.

It is reassuring to hear what you say of Mrs Dana. I wonder if she will entirely recover? - I mean to be as good as new?

I am enclosing a notice of a concert at which our protege Rosalie Miller is to sing. I by no means expect you to attend.

Affectionately
Dan. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

September 26, 1915

Dear Will. The peaches are indeed "lookers"! The idea of niggers, stern old New England producing anything so tropical looking as this gorgeous fruit. I have no idea that such peaches could be grown so far north. Everybody is surprised when I show them as examples of your horticulture. They arrive in fine order and none have been stolen. Mr. Stone is indeed a Christian! I fear I am no better than you!

I have just been examining my "buds" and I regret to say that I think they are all dead. I don't care, I did it all right! Possibly one or two of them may survive.

We are eating the little white grapes, the only ones that are ripe. I doubt if the others will ripen before frost. They are very backward this year. We have had baskets of pears and the peaches are yet to come.

I am getting lots of fun out of laying out Mrs. Leonard's garden. I am not sure that I shall not retire from sculpture and take to lawn-scape gardening. By the way

Miss Tuckerman was showing me about her garden yesterday and I remarked particularly upon the beauty of some garden seats. "Yes," she said, "you made me the drawings for them." I had entirely forgotten it!

O! Renshaw and his wife were here a week or two ago and the first thing he said when he arrived was "Is Mr. Brewster here?" All the youths approve highly of you.

Speaking of Mr. Lamont's garden, - you don't happen to have a photograph of the old summer-house in the Cambridge garden; do you? If you have, I wish you would send it to me and give me the general dimensions. I am working out for Mrs. Lamont.

Affectionately

Dan. C. French

P.S. How late shall you be at the farm? My brief visit would, I fear, have to be at the very end of October if at all.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Sunday.
Nov. 7, 1915

Dear Will,

This is a tardy acknowledgment of your hospitality, but it does not indicate any lack of enjoyment of my visit at the farm that I have been so long in telling you what a good time I had. The whole thing was delightful and full of interest. The fable of "the goose and the guinea-hen" has made me a popular guest at various feasts and the fame of your apples and peaches is rapidly spreading over New York.

And already I am wondering whether you can endure another short season of my society? The National Institute of Arts and Letters holds its sessions this year in Boston and I plan to attend some of them. The program begins with a reception at President Lowell's house, Wednesday evening November 17 and this is really my chief reason for coming on. Are you to be back in Cambridge by that time and, if so, (and if Mrs. Brewster approves) may I spend the night at your house? I should arrive in Boston by a train due in Boston at six and I should return home Thursday. You must have no hesitation in turning me down. There are various places where I could go, only I want to come to you.

We arrived home without incident in time for me to keep my appointment with the Governor and the Mayor of Albany on the 24th. Since then I have been getting things in order for the winter campaign. Sargent arrives last night from Stockbridge.

Give my love to Mrs. Brewster, — and will you tell her that I am mindful of the fact that I still have her book on Lincoln. I should like to keep it a while longer?

Affectionately

Wm. Tweed

Three cheers for Harvard!!!

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

June 3, 1916.

Dear Will.

There is rejoicing in this household in the promise that you will spend a month and perhaps more with us. Don't let anything intervene. You will find Mary and Margaret apparently well, whether they are really so or not. Mary seems, even to me, quite herself again and if I had not seen her relapse so often, I should feel quite reassured about her. As it is, I can only hope this is as well as she seems.

I am sorry indeed to hear that Mrs. Brewster's eyes continue to fail. I am full of sympathy for her and for you.

I arrived here two weeks ago today when there were few signs of summer, but this short time has effected a complete transformation and the world is full of flowers and greenery. The first pæonies opened yesterday. Our lilacs are still a great show. The mice and rabbits played havoc with vines and shrubs, but otherwise most things came through the winter well. I have been somewhat disturbed about the big pine back of the house, whose needles showed more red than was regular and which I fear had some disease, but I doubt if it is anything but the

effect of the winter. The little chestnut tree, however, is a "goner". The whole upper half of it is dead and there is nothing to do but to cut it down. What sort of tree would you plant in its place?

You will be amused to hear that my Christmas present to you is on its way, – from New York to Concord. I hope it may arrive in good order. It has taken six months to find it and if it does not fit your anatomy, I shall be disappointed. It will need to be made to harmonize with its surroundings, I suppose, anyway, having only, ~~a having only~~ its under-clothes on at present. I suppose I shall never know whether you like it or not!

One of the first things I did on my arrival here was to put up a half dozen bird-boxes and a wren was going in and out of one the same day. Another is filled with sticks and the wrens are singing all day long. I think they are here to stay.

Also, I have my own cow feeding in my own pasture this year with the result of oceans of milk, and ice-cream every other day. Where can I buy little chickens? Mary seems to think she wants to raise some for the table.

I am glad to hear that Dick seems happier.

Affectionately

Chas. E. Norton

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

July 1, 1918.

Dear Will.

From your saying nothing in your recent letters about the date of your coming here I had inferred that you would not come the first of July, so your letter that came this morning setting a definite day for your coming was hailed with joy. We shall depend upon seeing you on the twelfth. Your promise to stay a month or more was welcome too. I hope you won't curtail your visit as you have been known to do. Marie asked me this morning when you was expected, saying that your bed must be brought down from the attic. Jacques also was inquiring for you.

I am really mortified about the strawberry plants. I am afraid we missed a link somehow. You will have to give exact instructions when you come.

I shall look for the gull soon. Thank you for sending it.

I am delighted and relieved to hear that Mrs. Brewster is so much better. I am sure her well-being will reflect favorably on yours.

Your owl doesn't seem to realize yet that you are coming. At least he gives no sign.

I have read with admiration once more a second time your "Blueberry Pie". Why haven't

you been writing this sort of thing all your life? — an easy road to popularity and more lucrative than corn and potatoes; — good literature, too. I am going to carry it down and read it to Mackintosh, after Lucy and Margaret have read it.

I rather expect to be in Boston next week. Perhaps we can come home together?

Affectionately

Wm. French

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

July 20, 1918.

Dear Will.

I am sorry to hear of the tragedy that has come upon you! I arrived home last night and found your two letters awaiting me. The first one sounded sinister indeed, but the later one, giving the result of your interview with the doctor gives much more than a ray of encouragement and really seems to promise pretty certain relief and success. I pray that it may be right. However happy the result, however, the dread of the ordeal and the alternative that you cannot help facing must necessarily fill you with anxiety and dread. We shall await your report after the operation most anxiously and I hope you will write me as soon as practicable.

I shall insist upon anticipating so happy and successful a result that, sometime this summer, we may still have your visit here. It was added to our disappointment not to have you here on Wednesday because it was the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding and we celebrated by having our new neighbors — five of them! — and [illegible] to dinner. We missed you very much.

You know without my saying so how much I sympathize with you both.

Always affectionately,

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
GLENDALE
MASSACHUSETTS.

August 30, 1918.

Dear Will. The Dickens pictures have come today, thanks to Miss Simmons, and they are all that you described them to be. They are quite remarkable. The whole family, including Mr. Powers and "Dot," have been much edified by them and full of admiration. The artist seems to be as modest as she is gifted if one may judge by the fact that her name does not appear on any of the drawings. Her characterization is extraordinary and she has a decided beauty sense, too. The face of "Little Nell" is charming; so is her grandfather's, for that matter. "Miss Pox" seems to me one of the finest and also "Pecksniff" is delicious. I am not sure that he is not my favorite. I want to keep them a few days to show to some of our friends and then I will return them. Meanwhile will you thank Miss Biggie for sending them to me and for her letter.

Mr. Smith is anxious to hear from you about ploughing about his apple trees. He apparently respects your wisdom and advice. I only hope you may be the means of saving the trees.

I have been looking up the yellow flower that you carried home specimens of and I think it is

called Rudbeckia Trilobe. The deep orange one that was just coming into flower is Helenium Rubrum and, I consider, one of the most effective of perennials.

I finished the portrait of Mrs. Powers today. The family seem to approve, but I fear the critics would pronounce it timid in treatment, — which it is, and much harder, but it is something to have an excuse for looking at a pretty woman in a becoming gown for twenty hours, more or less!

The Smith summer-house comes on apace. They are putting the roof on it already.

Just after you left we heard of the death by accident "at the front" of one of Margaret's young soldier-boys, Captain Philip Mills. He was at our house a good deal last winter and I am afraid Margaret cared a good deal for him. She was all "broken up" by his death and is still very unhappy, — shut and thin and tearful, silent and, I suspect, tearful when alone. It is her first real grief. I hope against hope that the war will end before any more of our particular youths are killed. The news is most encouraging.

You will let me know when Mrs. Brewster's ordeal is over. I pray that all may go well.

I miss you all the time. Affectionately

Wm. C. P.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
125 WEST ELEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

April 29, 1919

Dear Will

Although I had a good deal of faith in the efficacy of Concord to restore you to health, your letter showing that it has already well started the good work is a welcome relief to my mind. I am delighted that you feel so much better and that your courage has returned and that nature is seeing to it that special objects of interest are brought to your door. I can even imagine somewhat of what it means to you to get back to the old pipe. Let the good work go on.

I was sorry to hear about the calamity that had overtaken your hens, but apparently you are in a fair way to repair the loss with your young stock, though you can't reasonably expect many eggs from that source for some time.

I am going up to Glendale tomorrow to visit Mackintosh for a day or two, returning Friday. My errand is to see James about things, and to set some of Mr. Smith's projects in motion. It is mapping out enough new ventures to keep me busy all summer. It is amusing to me to find how almost completely my interest has been transferred from our place to his.

It looks as if we should not really move to Glendale much before the first of June, on account of Mary's and Margaret's work here. I think of visiting the Smith's and Mackintosh, - and incidentally getting my studio running, - a good part of May.

You are fortunate to have found such a place as your farmer and his wife. His effort and

the recent showers genius.

I shall try to join Dick at October Farm sometime in May. I am glad to hear he is all right.

A letter came for me yesterday from a sculptor who is exploring in South America and it interests me so much that I am enclosing it for you to read. You need not trouble to return it. He is an odd genius. Perhaps you will remember the little nude dancing lady that we had, in bronze, in the centre of our dining table a year or two ago. That was his.

Affectionately

Dan

Amherst, April 8th

Dear Will

I arrived here safely and you don't know what a nice time I had at your house. Your father and mother were so kind to me that I couldn't help having a good time. I got here about 7½ o'clock and then went that evening to the College Exhibition to hear the students declaim but I didn't care much about it.

The next day I began school and the boys seemed to be glad to see me, and I am having a good time here, though I thought I shouldn't like it at all. Yesterday we had no school and ~~yesterday~~ in the morning I played ball till nearly dinner time and in the af-

ternoon ~~I~~ we (our family) all went to a "sugaring". We started about a quarter of two with a "carry all and two" and went to Deerfield, which is about seven or eight miles from here. We went to Mr. Stebbins's house where we found a great pot of maple syrup on the stove boiling away. ~~as~~

When it got nearly boiled down to sugar they got some ice and we each had a saucer of the hot sugar in a liquid state given to us which we dropped onto the ice and it would become like candy and we had pickles at the same time so that we ate ever so much and brought some maple sugar home. ~~It~~ Mr. Stebbins has made about a thousand lbs of sugar this year and will make a good deal more, probably. His sugar is the whitest that I ever saw and I am eating some

of it at this minute. I don't you wish you were. I saw a phoebe last Wednesday and a lot of them Thursday and I saw a purple finch Friday which I guess was the first of the season in these parts. Yesterday I saw several grassfinches while we were riding. I have written a good deal in the book that your mother gave me, and I am ever so much ~~obl~~ obliged to her for it. Next Saturday if nothing happens to prevent I shall go trout fishing with father for there are ever so many trout around here. We intend to move into a house on the College farm next month sometime. It is not a beautiful house but we shall keep a horse, two cows, some hens, pigs, ect, and I am going

to have a turkey for my Special property and I intend raise a flock of 'em next summer. We had a little snow last night but there is not much of it left now. Give my love to your father and mother.

Goodbye

Your off friend

Dan.

Branch D. P.

April 5

it. But I will now close. Good bye
Your off friend
Dan.

P.S. Direct your letter to the care of Alex S.M. French Chester N.H.

Chester N.H.

Dec 1

Dear Will

You will be surprised on looking at the heading of this letter to find that I am in Chester and you will think that I ought to have come out to Cambridge to see you, but I will tell you all about it. Last week I received a letter in which grandmother and Aunt Helen said that they wanted me to come here and spend the Winter, and after a while father decided to let me come. I intended to start Tuesday and come to Cambridge spend the night with you, but father said that he would go, if I would wait till next day and spend Thanksgiv-

ing; and so I decided to do so.

We started Wednesday morning at 6½ o'clock and arrived at Boston at 11¼ and then started again from the Boston and Albany Depot at 12 o'clock. I should have liked to stop and see your father but you see we didn't have much time. Thanksgiving Day we had a very nice time, only I was not very well.

Thursday it snowed a good deal of the day and last night it snowed again so that now there are three or four inches of snow on a level. Yesterday afternoon I went skating with Will (who is up here) and we had a very good time only the ice was very rough but it was smooth enough for Will to astonish the boys a good deal with his fancy strokes and they said they had

never seen anybody skate "anywhere near" as well before. I shall begin school here, tomorrow and expect to have a "tip top" time. I get up in the morning, as soon as I can see, and go down into the kitchen, and make the fire for grandmother, and I get all the wood and water, that she wants; and I can tell you I don't feel much like getting up in the morning so early for it isn't so warm as I have known it to be but I don't mind it after I am once up. A little while ago a bear was killed about five miles from here that had escaped from a hotel some ways from here. You asked ~~me~~ whether I kept account of the bird's go migratings this winter and I must answer that I do not but I have noticed them a good deal

and I have not seen any robins or bluebirds for two or three weeks, but the goldfinches are flying around every where. Yesterday I thought I saw some snowbirds but I am not sure about it and if they were snowbirds they were the first ones I have seen this ~~year~~ Winter, but I saw six or seven whitebellied nuthatches about a week ago, and have seen a good many chicadees.

About two weeks ago I went walnutting with a gentleman and we got over a half a bushel off of the college farm. Friday night the people here had a festival ~~in~~ and tableaux and Will exhibited the elephant (of which I was the hind part) "and wax biggers" as it was put down on the handbill. Perhaps you don't know what "wax figgers"

are so I will tell you. They are like tableaux only that they make motions that is when the curtain went up the figures were motionless and then Will went round and pretended to wind them up and then he said when he pressed a spring they would all begin to work; so he rapped with his fist and then they all began to work and it makes a pretty good show. Some of the figures were Caesar, Brutus, Washington, Franklin, The Chaine Giantess, The Maid of Athens, Hercules, &c. I was Brutus in the act of killing Caesar and also was kneeling at the feet of The Maid of Athens trying to recover my heart which she held up and she was handsome enough to be the Maid of Athens or any thing else so I didn't object to kneeling; but you needn't say

anything. The tableaux were mostly statuary the persons in them being chalked and dressed in white. They wanted to have white light to show them off better but Will wouldn't have any thing to do with it, as he thought it was dangerous, but the girls wouldn't give up so easily and they attempted to have it but they held it too near the curtain so that it blazed up and the girls scattered pretty fast but Will and some other fellows went right through the curtain from the outside and at last they put it out without hurting ~~anything~~ body badly but it is rather funny as they had on light dresses. You must excuse this torn paper as I didn't notice it till I had written on